

A DAY ON THE WESER.

TOURISTS who pass through Europe in the old, beaten track, consider Germany sufficiently "done" when the Rhine has been navigated, and the larger cities—Berlin, Dresden, Munich—visited. Of the lovely scenery, lying a little apart from the highway of common travel, nothing is seen or said; and there are spots on the less well-known Weser River, that possess all the beauty and all the charm of romance and tradition, for which the river Rhine is so highly vaunted.

I have in my mind the territory lying on either side of the Weser River, from Nienburg upward to the pass of Porta Westphalica—an enormous cleft in the Weser Mountains, made there, centuries ago, by the water of the Weser breaking through the rocks, and pouring its volumes through this forced channel into the lower-lying land. Just below the pass is the ancient city of Minden, one of the strongest fortresses of modern times, and said to have been the residence of Wittekind, the old Saxon Chief, in the days of the dim, gray Past.

But of Wittekind and Minden, more anon: it is to an old, half-ruined, half-modernized castle, on the banks of the Weser, that I wish to take you at present. Situated on the right of the river, as you come up from Nienburg, it is not more than six or eight miles from here to Minden. Jutting out into the stream, its vaults and dungeons built partly under the water, it is further encompassed by a moat, several hundred feet wide, on the north side, which still extends quite a distance beyond the present limits of the court-yard proper, ere it makes a sharp curve, and loses itself in the fields, which have been formed by filling in the

moat, during our "utilitarian" century. On the south side, the place was protected by immense walls, which, partly leveled years ago, have been transformed into terraced gardens, where the fragrant lilac, the gaudy tulip, and the sweet-breathed hyacinth nod, and wave, and dream, just above the loop-holes in the walls, that once echoed to the shout of the mailed vassal, or the moan of the shackled prisoner; but now peacefully hold the stores of grain, and garden-fruit, the rich acres bear to the present tenant of the old stronghold.

A passing glimpse that I caught of the round tower, at the north-west corner of the building, had shown me the figures "1549," in splendid Gothic characters, over the low-browed entrance-door; and this date alone, I thought, would warrant my attempt at a description of the place. A prince-bishop's seat originally, it was built at a time when the highest power of the state was in the hands of the prelates—the strength of this now ruined fortress, and the breadth and extent of the domains formerly under contribution to it, proving how mighty this, of all bishoprics, must have been. It is said that, at times, when the walls of Minden were not considered strong enough to withstand storm and attack of the enemy, to *this* place were brought the prisoners and treasures the Lord-bishop was most anxious to hold. Under the terraces, that now give so picturesque an appearance to the south side of the castle, were the casemates, the magazines, and the stables for those mighty war-horses which we look upon with such delight, in the pictures still to be seen in the building. The loop-holes that I have already noticed ap-

pear in two different tiers, upon two sides of the building: under the terraces and around the corner, above the river, from where the brazen tongues of the cannon could leap out across the water, where still more territory was to be protected from the enemies of the prelate reigning within the walls. A specimen of what these walls were, is still to be seen at the end of the building forming the corner where the river flows into the moat. It is colossal, and would furnish ample material for full five miles of sea-wall around Fort Point.

In Luther's time, the town, with the castle of Petershagen, was a place of much greater size than at present; and, next to the bishopric of Bremen, it played a most important part in the religious wars; as, indeed, at all times previous to the dismantling of the fortifications, the fastness must have been a terror to the besieging host. Let us go to the upper terrace, in front of the main entrance (of the present day). It is said that all the land in sight, from this point, on this side of the river and that, at one time belonged to the lord of the castle; and the peasants farming it were in duty bound to deliver their tithes into his granary. Highly favored were these peasants, when, by paying, in money and fruits, their tithes for ten years in advance, at one time, they were afterward at liberty to keep for themselves what they had raised by the sweat of their brow. Not only every tenth sheaf of grain in the field was claimed from the peasant, I am told, but a certain number of eggs from the hens in his barnyard, and sausages and hams from the "porker" he had fatted and killed; and, besides this, he must leave his own ground unplowed and unsown, till "his lordship's" farms and gardens had been put in order by the peasant and his work-cattle. Jurisdiction and law-making were also in the hands of these little kings, who judged and sentenced their

subjects before the courts established on their domains. Only since 1848 has this oppression been done away with; long after the time of the prince-bishops, every civil officer under the King who occupied the castle still claimed a certain amount of tithes, and unpaid labor, from the peasants living within a certain distance of the castle.

I almost hated the old, stubborn-looking thing, while listening to the stories of wrongs and cruelties practiced here, under the cloak of religion and cover of the Bishop's hat. And still a flood of sunshine streams into my heart with the memory of a bright, June morning, spent under the linden-trees on the upper terrace. Three hundred years old were these trees, and fastened with iron chains to the walls beyond, so that the wind should not tear them from their time-honored places. Heine says that the *Linden* should be the emblematical tree of the Germans, for every leaf of the foliage is heart-shaped. Not the foliage of these hoary giants alone made them dear to me, though it was very, very beautiful to see the shadow of each leaf, as it moved in the soft wind, falling on, and playing hide-and-seek with, the gray, moss-covered statues, that stood in the niches of the wall.

The ivy clung fast to the wall, and around the pedestal of the stone figures; and the shadow of the linden-leaves flaked the deep niches, and the forms of the gods and nymphs, who had watched, with their sightless eyes, the growth of the once slim striplings, now pelting them with green leaves and snowy blossoms. Not the foliage alone attracted me toward the linden-trees; but the soft, vibrating music of an Æolian harp, hidden among the branches.

Like a new revelation seemed the poetry of Uhland, Wolfgang Müller, Mösen, Arentschild, as I stood under the linden-trees on the terrace, and my eye roamed.

"Weit hin über's sonnige Land,"

and well I understood the passionate grief, the bitter *heimweh*, that has dug an early grave for so many a German exiled from his native land.

Directly before me, as I stand with my back toward the river, is a long flight of stone steps leading from the upper terrace to the garden below, from whence we can reach the dusty highway. A row of Italian poplars borders the road on either side, forming a magnificent avenue from the castle to the town. Instead of stepping out on the highway, we will turn to the left, which brings us in view of the moat. Alas for romance! The moat, where not filled in, has been turned into a harbor, which fishermen now utilize in their calling. And here we are before the round tower with the Gothic inscription, "1549," above the entrance. Before we ascend the stairs, let us turn a moment, to look at the old stone-trough by the pump in the court-yard. The pump is an innovation—quite a recent affair, in fact, not more than fifty years old; but the well itself was dug when the castle was first built, and is so deep (I quote tradition) that "if you let yourself down to the water's surface, you can see the stars in the noon-sky." (Now I don't vouch for the truth of this, or any other thing that was told me; but if any one doubt it, he had better go to the spot and try the experiment—the place is not hard to find.) This square court-yard was once the parade-ground: on two sides it is inclosed by the building; the third side looks toward the harbor; and the fourth, looking toward the highway now, was formerly likewise protected by a moat. When on the upper terrace, awhile ago, I thought the building was but two stories above the vaults and cellars; here I count four stories above me. The mystery is solved thus: The terraces themselves form the roof of the casemates and magazines that extend so far out on the south side. Originally the main building had been five stories

high; but the upper story was destroyed by fire two hundred years ago, and the subjects of the bishopric, attempting a revolution about the same time, refused to rebuild it in its former style; then later, in the present century, the old roof became so dilapidated that it was found necessary to remove it—a roof of modern red tiles taking its place, and detracting greatly from the antique appearance of the castle. Two of the largest halls are each forty feet wide by one hundred feet long, and twenty-four feet high. In the uppermost hall were held the assemblages of the people belonging to the bishopric, and owing tithes to it. Viewing the lofty hall, I could not help thinking how much I should have liked to witness a gathering of all these peasants, artificers, and tradesmen. Abject as the slavery of that class of people looks to us at this distant time, they must have possessed not only strength and integrity of character, but a certain sturdy independence; for did not Luther spring from this stock and race?

Schloss Petershagen was built when stone-cutting, stone-masonry, and architecture in general, were flourishing: this (north) side of the building exhibits traces of great, but fast-decaying beauty. The long, balustraded galleries and heavy, carved cornices seem to frown darkly on the crowd of plebeian children at play on the green brink, near their father's fishing-nets; and the old tower above looks as though it felt deeply the humiliation of having been "taken down a peg," and brought under the same roof with the rest of the building, in 1828. If we enter the lower story here, we will find the old kitchen, spacious in dimensions, and paved, of course, with flags; next to it was the brewery, and, across the court-yard, the chapel, the granary, and the wine-vaults on the same floor. To judge from the size and capacity of these different institutions, I should say that the garrison might have

held out a good long siege, when vats and bins were well filled, which, I feel sure, the gentlemen who wore the mail-coat over the priestly robe took good care of. Near the kitchen is a heavy, well-secured door: the entrance to the dungeons and cellars underground. Only the upper tier of these cellars is now in use: they are remarkably well finished and well preserved; but the entrance to the dungeons below has been closed, to prevent accidents, since the stairs leading down have crumbled away, and there is no safe passage to reach them. Standing where one of these had formerly existed, a stone thrown below will raise a ghostly clatter among the chains and other remnants of a barbarous past. I am assured in all sincerity that the good Bishops once seated here had a humane trick of bringing their prisoners into these dungeons, fettering them to the chains fastened in the walls for this purpose, and leaving them there to die the easiest way they could. Here, also, is the entrance to a subterranean passage extending from here all the way under the river to a monastery—Lokkum—some two miles away on the other side. When hard besieged, this passage, the entrance to which was not generally known, afforded the Bishops safe retreat to their faithful allies across the stream.

"That was the romantic age," I said to myself as I emerged from the lower world, and my eye passed along the two wings of the house, and rested on the "year of our Lord 1549." But the thing looked grand, it is not to be denied: huge blocks of stone, piled smoothly over each other, and graceful devices in cornice and balustrade, hewn out of the same imperishable material, weather-stained and often dismantled, but glorious still amid the dust of the past and the irreverent light of the new, realistic day. Fallen greatness! Departed glory! I can not help drawing a little sigh as I begin to mount the stone-steps

(deeply scooped out, every one, from the "tramp of ages") of the round tower; and I hang my head a little as I think of the white-haired lady, once the mistress of these echoing halls and broad corridors, who has long since found a home on our own shore, and had charged me, particularly, to visit her old *heimath* in the *Vaterland*. I drop my eyes, partly because it makes me sad to think of all the changes that have passed over her venerable head, partly because I had been told that this particular tower was the habitation of one particular ghost, often seen on the narrow gallery running around the tower above, by people who had the hardihood to look up while mounting the winding staircase. A wide gallery connected the tower with large, old-fashioned rooms in the upper, inhabitable story of the castle, with windows looking out on the Weser. I was conducted to the best room, and invited to a seat on the divan, *in the window-sill*. If this sounds like a "traveler's story," I must remind the reader that the walls of the castle were the width of any ordinary-sized room, and a little table and two chairs found room there, besides the divan I occupied. My kindly entertainers always took their after-dinner coffee here; and as they dispose of dinner early in this country, we had still a long, pleasant afternoon before us, and I prepared to listen with eager attention to all that was told me about Petershagen and the surrounding country.

There was at least one tie between me and these people: the love for the gray-haired lady whose home this had been. It was her brother, by the way, who at the breaking out of the last German war was Adjutant-General to the Elector of Hesse; and, loyal to his Prince, was taken prisoner with him and held captive in the Fortress of Minden, only an hour's drive from here. And it was her father who, in 1809, when

the little band of patriots under Schill fought that desperate fight for Germany's liberation, and were defeated, captured, court-martialed, and sentenced to death at Braunschweig, saved the youngest of the number by assisting him to escape. The Baron, I must explain, was a *French* officer at this time, by virtue of the Captain's commission he held from Napoleon's brother, Jerome, King of Westphalia; and these men were rebels against the existing Government, so that he risked his own life in saving that of Schill's youngest officer. Bitterly he must have felt the French yoke, when Schill's men, sentenced to death by a court-martial of their own countrymen, who wore the French uniform, were led forth to execution; and in honor to his memory and his ashes, be it said that, according to the printed records I have read, he, and he alone of all the German officers forced to serve under the usurper, had the courage to withhold his consent from the murder of these men.

And yet farther back into the past we traveled, while the sunshine was dancing on the stream gliding by below, and the tones of the wind-harp came sweeping around the heavy walls and into the open window. Across the Weser all was beauty and repose: green meadows covered with peacefully grazing cattle; clumps of trees dotting the valleys and the banks of the stream; hills in the hazy distance, and the picturesque ruins of what had once been the residence of the steward of the Petershagen domains (the Koppel) in the immediate foreground. The air was balmy; the thin, white clouds floating in the sky threw light shadows on the beautiful German earth; and, when I think back of the land so far behind me now, I break out into Heine's pathetic lament:

"O Deutschland — meine ferne Liebe!
Gedenk' ich deiner, wein' ich fast."

But when the ice of the cold, German winter melts under the first soft breath

of spring, the scene is altogether different. Then the angry river, throwing off its winter fetters, covers the banks with its muddy waves, and climbs impatiently up to the broad windows of the upper story of the castle; and at such a time it was, long ago, after this domain had passed from the ecclesiastical grasp into the hands of profane rulers, that the lord of the castle had committed the wife of his bosom to the cold embraces of the roaring flood, thus furnishing the round tower with the ghost to which every old tower in this country is entitled. The reason assigned for this ungallant conduct on the part of the "stalwart Knight" was his overweening affection for some other fair one; but tradition says that the spirit of the wife so summarily dispatched gave him little leisure to dream of his new charmer—the spirit having contracted the unpleasant habit of cowering at the foot of his bed every night he attempted to pass in the castle after his "dark deed."

I leaned far out of the window, to see how deep below me was the Weser; and was told that the present height of the castle was 140 feet. Under the window I again saw the two tiers of loop-holes that ran around two sides of the building, and formerly, in continuation, for a mile or two down the stream, in walls and fortifications long since crumbled into dust. Below these loop-holes were other openings through which a spare light was admitted into some of the upper dungeons; in the lower there was eternal night. During the Seven Years' War and the Thirty Years' War, Petershagen held its own; and there is not a foot of ground for miles around to which there is not some historical interest attached: the very ground still yielding to the plowman at labor in the field its hidden treasures of stone-axes and other war implements used by the native Saxons against the Roman invaders. Iron was not known in this Northern Germany—called Saxony then—at that time;

and the swords used by Charlemagne and his warriors were of Roman workmanship. Above Minden, the place is still seen where Wittekind, after his conversion to Christianity, and his own baptism, drove his hordes of pagans—men, women, and children—into the Weser, anxious that they, too, should enjoy the blessing forced upon him at the point of the sword. And when, in turn, other hordes of unbelievers persecuted him and his Christianized people, and he was hard beset, and famishing with thirst on the mountain high above the Weser, his charger, pawing the ground impatiently, struck a spring of clear water that gushed out of the rock, and is still to be seen close by the Wittekind Chapel, on the Margerethen Cluse, at the present day.

Somewhere about this period—750–800—three of the churches to be seen here, and within sight of each other—all three built on rising ground above the river, placed in a triangle, an equal distance between them, equal in height and dimensions, their altar to the south and the steeple to the north—are said to have been built by Charlemagne and Pepin the Short, his father. Indeed, all churches up to the sixteenth century were built so as to front in this manner; and until very lately, the Germans held to the custom of burying their dead with the face turned south—toward Palestine. Still one step can we go backward, while on this ground. There are burial-mounds found here, and all through Lower Saxony, Thuringia, and toward the Netherlands, built by the Huns, always containing a set number of graves—the largest invariably facing the North Star. But these graves do not hold hideous skeletons: only urns with ashes, and sometimes a few little pieces of bone. The bodies were all burned, and the ashes consigned to earthenware urns, which vary in size according to the rank the person held in life.

Retracing our steps to more modern

times, we find that some of the most decisive battles were fought on this ground in 1762, during the Seven Years' War. The enemy was defeated here, and the whole French artillery driven, or rather decoyed, into a deep bog, where every man and horse of the outfit perished. The feat is said to have been accomplished in this manner: Native German guides were pressed into service by the enemy, to stretch ropes through a dangerous, swampy territory, by which the vanguard could find the narrow path by night: the intention of the French being to occupy a certain point with their artillery, from where they could surprise the German troops by their fire in the morning. But the guides found means to communicate with some German peasants, and these changed the direction the ropes indicated, so that one gun after another, and horseman after horseman, found a silent grave in the treacherous swamp. Sometime later, Swedes, Prussians, and their English allies fought a battle on the Haller Haide, near Petershagen, and lay encamped in the neighborhood a full season. Up to the present time old flint-lock muskets, horse-shoes, and cannon-balls are found on this ground, where the former site of the trenches and breastworks is now to be plainly traced, and even old coins and golden trinkets, finger-rings, and so forth, occasionally fall into the hands of the more fortunate.

Nor has Petershagen been bare of the light which a royal countenance sheds over every thing in a monarchy like this. It is well known, and still the boast of this once important town, that King Frederic the First held Court here, once a year, in the ancient manor-house lying at the other extreme end of the town—a stately place called Bessel's Hof—not so old as Schloss Petershagen, but with a larger number of old paintings, and better-preserved works of art than the other can boast of. Formerly it was the seat of a Prussian Landgrave.

"Who has the ordering of the garden?" said the gentleman.

"My son," replied the Baron; "he knows every plant, I may say, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall."

"Indeed," said the gentleman, "I shall think very highly of him soon."

The Baron took him into the village, and showed him a small neat cottage, where his son had established a school, and where he caused all the poor children who had lost their parents, to be received and nourished at his own expense.

The children in this house, looked so happy and innocent, that the French gentleman was very much pleased, and when he returned to the castle, he said to the Baron:

"What a happy man you are, to have such a good son."

"How do you know I have a good son?"

"Because I have seen his works, and I know that he must be both clever and good, if he has done all you have shown me."

"But you have never seen him."

"No; but I know him very well, because I judge of him by his works."

"You do; and please now draw near to this window, and tell me what you observe from thence?"

"Why, I see the sun traveling through the sky, and shedding its glories over one of the greatest countries in the world; and I behold a mighty river at my feet, and a vast range of woods, and I see pasture grounds, and orchards, and vineyards, and cattle and sheep feeding in the green fields; and many thatched cottages here and there."

"And do you see anything to be admired in all this? Is there anything pleasant or lovely or cheerful, in all that is spread before you?"

"Do you think I want common sense? or that I have lost the use of my eyes, my friend?" said the gentleman, somewhat angrily, "that I should not be able to relish the charm of such a scene as this?"

"Well then," said the Baron, "if you are able to judge of my son's good character by seeing his good works, how does it happen, that you form no judgment of the goodness of God, by witnessing such wonders of His handiwork as are now before you? Let me never hear you, my good friend, again say that you know not God, unless you would have me suppose that you have not the use of your senses."

Fireside Miscellany.

A GERMAN STORY.

In that beautiful part of Germany which borders on the Rhine, there is a noble castle, which, as you travel on the western bank of the river, you may see lifting its ancient towers on the opposite side, above the grove of trees which are about as old as itself. About forty years ago, there lived in that castle, a noble gentleman whom we shall call Baron. The Baron had an only son, who was not only a comfort to his father, but a blessing to all who lived on his father's land.

It happened on a certain occasion, that this young man being from home, there came a French gentleman to see the old Baron. As soon as this gentleman came into the castle, he began to talk of his Heavenly Father, in terms that chilled the old man's blood, on which the Baron reproved him, saying: "Are you not afraid of offending God, who reigns above, by speaking in such a manner?"

The gentleman said he knew nothing about God for he had never seen Him.

The Baron did not notice at this time what the gentleman said, but the next morning took occasion to show a beautiful picture which hung on the wall.

"My son drew that picture," said the Baron. "Then your son is a very clever man," replied the gentleman.

Then the Baron went with the visitor into the garden, and showed him many beautiful flowers and plants.

A Pen and an Inkling.

A CERTAIN HERR BISSENGER, of Pforzheim, has presented BISMARCK with a golden pen, set with jewels, with which to sign the treaty after the capture of Paris. Foresight is well enough in its way; but if the treaty which is to end this war is not a very different one from any BISMARCK has yet suggested, penning his signature to it will be merely a preliminary to his repentance for being so short-sighted as not to see that Sedan, not Paris, was the place at which to make a lasting peace.

A Chance for Metaphysicians to be Useful.

THE German metaphysicians who have been so long bothering the world with reports of their searches after the undiscoverable, should now exercise whatever skill they have gained in this pursuit, in looking for signs of republican protest in Germany against the growing tyranny of their Prussian masters. Such a course would do their own country good, and, if successful, would be most grateful to the rest of the world.

A Twist of the Cable.

TELEGRAMS per cable state that "VON DER TANN is retreating"—also that "a Prussian bark has been blown up."

Combining these two statements, we obtain an excellent quality of Tan Bark, which may or may not be suggestive of further "Hidings" of the Prussians by the French.

Grant-ed.

RECENT disclosures concerning the President's Cabinet would go to show that this piece of administrative furniture is a cabinet with Drawers.

Bad for their Health.

TRAVEL is so impeded by the terrible state of affairs at present existing in France, that the Prussians cannot take Tours.

New Occupation for the President.

A DISPLAY heading in the *World* of November 18th has the following astounding line:—

"GRANT cuts SCHURZ."

dull stereotyped remarks uttered in my hearing day after day, and the irksome conventionalities of life generally. I was becoming thoroughly *blasé*, and looked to travel for relief. I felt that I had used up London, and that now London was using up me. I was alone in the midst of the crowd. My only real companions were my books. I was sick of the cold cynicism of some, and the empty frivolity of others; sick of the despotism of custom, more potent than law, which threatened the entire destruction of whatever individuality I possessed, and the effect of which I saw was to convert men into machines; sick of petty social ambition, and the spectacle of poverty struggling to keep up false appearances; sick of the tyranny of opinion, of religious cant, and religious intolerance; sick of the tinsel glitter of fashion, of mammas with marriageable daughters, always planning the conquest of elder sons, and of bachelors always on the look-out for ladies of fortune; sick of the heartlessness of those who feigned friendship, and of the pretensions of those who counterfeited aristocracy; sick of the women who kissed each other at one moment, and slandered each other the next; and of the people, and they were many, who would flatter to the face and vilify when the back was turned; sick of the pride which arrogantly asserted itself, and of the still greater pride that aped humility; sick of the dissimulation which passed as a current coin among the leaders of *haut ton*, and of the sham, and the gilt gingerbread by which the reputation of so many was sustained; sick of the worshippers of Mammon, and the sycophants who bent the knee to rank and power; sick of the parasites, who, sacrificing their independence, clung tenaciously to their patronizing supporters; sick of the coquetry of maids, and the intrigues of wives; the blandishments of some, and the deceitfulness of many; sick of the spurious and the base wherever found; of selfishness and ostentatious charity; of the manners and mannerisms of "snobs," and the illiterateness and affectations of "swells;" sick of those who used religion to cloak their sins, and who were merciless towards all backsliders, till found out themselves; sick of fashionable parsons, who looked upon the Church simply as a means of getting a *living*, and drawled out, "He that hath yaks to yah let him yah," without any concern for the good of souls; sick of all these sins, vanities, and follies of people whose great aim in life was to disguise their real character, and assume a fictitious one; to subvert nature, and become as artificial and incapable of strong feeling as possible; to crush and stifle their own healthy human instincts; to dwarf, if not entirely destroy, their own individuality; to ignore the dictates of their own conscience, and to minister only to that inglorious trinity, the world, the flesh, and the devil.

"I knew, that, by leaving England, I would not be escaping all these vanities and vices; for where circumstances correspond, human nature and human society are pretty much the same in spirit, if not in form, all the civilized world over; but I should at least have change of scene, and a wider and newer field of observation; I should be enabled to see nature and human nature under more varied aspects, and feel, if possible, a larger sympathy with my fellow-men, under all conditions of life. I should flourish and luxuriate, instead of vegetate; and learn, if I had not already learned, to regard all countries and all creeds impartially. Not, indeed, that I was more prejudiced than any of my neighbors, the case was always the reverse; nor that I was ever bigoted in religious matters, for all sects and all religions were ever alike to me; and I never thought the worse of a Hindu, because he was a Brahmin; or of a Scotchman, because he was a Presbyterian; or of a Welshman because he was a Methodist; or of an Irishman because he was a Roman Catholic; or of an Englishman, because he was High Church or Low Church; for liberty of thought and action in religious affairs I consider, as I always considered, to be one of the divine rights of man.

"I had travelled enough in books to have a vague idea of everything I was likely to see, wherever I might go; for I had always relieved my graver studies when a boy both at school and college, by the eager perusal of voyages and narratives of explorations and adventure; and what boy has not a relish for mental pabulum such as this? But that only whetted my appetite to learn more. A tour, too, that I had made with my father, of France, Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland, when only twelve years old, had somewhat developed my natural desire to see the world.

"Most of my friends would have shrunk from the course I marked out for myself, and have regarded it as the worst use to which they could apply their money and their time; and we all know the proverb, which says, that 'a rolling stone gathers no moss.' But I looked upon it as a trifle; as for time, I was young; as for money, I could bear the loss of it.

" 'Join me in the grand tour,' said one. I gave a negative shake of the head.

" 'Take a run up the Rhine with us,' said another. I declined. 'No; there was nothing new and fresh enough for me in the Old World; I would go to the New, where society was younger, and nature more primeval. I even thought of travelling beyond the boundaries of civilization, and leading for a time the wild life of the aboriginal tribes I might meet with, sharing all the risks and hardships of their rude existence.

"The prospect of a few stirring adventures and hair-breadth escapes in any part of the world was decidedly stimulating. It would be something new to be 'stuck up' by bush-rangers in Australia, or attacked by banditti in Mexico; to have an encounter with a grizzly bear in California, or a tiger in Bengal; to be threatened with *hari-kari* in Japan, or with being cooked and eaten in New Zealand. It would be, moreover, exceed-

ingly interesting to have a conversation with a Hottentot at the Cape, and to introduce myself to the gorillas—at a respectful distance—as a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and a firm believer in every thing that Baron Munchausen had written about them in his celebrated travels in the gorilla country. It would be pleasant to sail up the Nile from Cairo to Benisooef, (and be cheated by a dragoon, of course); to scratch one's name on the top of the great pyramid, (under the false promise, made in consideration of *backsheesh*, that it would never be scratched out again), and then to take a look at the dancing dervishes. A glance at Niagara Falls would be refreshing, a buffalo-hunt on the prairies exciting, and a flirtation with a New York belle delightful—for a change."

"You are decidedly cosmopolitan and unconventional in your ideas," I observed. "It would be well for mankind if all had as much individuality as you possess."

"Yes; perhaps it would, for in proportion to the individuality of a nation, so has that nation been invariably great and powerful; and without individuality in the atoms you can not have it in the mass which those atoms compose; and without some individuality our civilization would die out altogether. We have an example of that in the Byzantine Empire."

Our acquaintance had progressed so satisfactorily that before the vessel reached port he urged me to take passage with him by the Australian steamer, instead of a sailing-vessel, as I had originally intended; and, delighted to have met with so agreeable a companion, I agreed to do so.

My first business after landing was to finish a very long letter to Gertrude, and then mail it at the general post-office, with my own hand. It took the form of a diary, and recorded thoughts more than incidents, and it breathed, more than I had ever dared to breathe to her by word of mouth, the love I bore her. I found that I could be far more eloquent with the pen than the tongue, and that absence only fanned the flame of that holy, sublime sentiment, which made all the world beside insignificant in comparison. No conventional attachment was ours; it was the welding together of two hearts—the blending together of two souls for life, come weal or woe. Courage returned to me, and I nerved myself anew for the battle of life. For her sake I would go forth and conquer. I needed no stronger bulwark than her love to defend me against every assailing wave in my journey over the sea of life. Up, then, and to action! The time for sorrowing was past. God helps those who help themselves, and, as Napoleon well said: "Heaven is on the side of the strongest artillery." Despair vanished as a gourd before me, and hope once more kindled bright visions to allure me onward. I grew sanguine.

Meanwhile I anxiously awaited a letter from New York.

CHAPTER XIX.—MY FIRST INQUIRIES INTO THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

The great town of Liverpool served only to remind me of the bitter past, and the dark, damp days hung heavily upon me while I awaited the coming of the steamer which should bear me glad tidings from the woman I loved. The docks, with their ten miles of spars and rigging, were to my eyes as bleak and inhospitable as a forest of naked hickories; and the muddy, smoky, and noisy streets as prosaic as the looks of the busy toilers who trod them, with thoughts intent upon pig-iron, Russian hides, American cotton, and the multifarious commodities which are the growth of civilization, and with no soul above the counting-house. How I pitied them, poor and obscure as I was.

I began to hate the jingling roar of the lorries, to shiver at the murky sky, and to grow disheartened at the non-arrival of a letter as the days went by. And when a fortnight had elapsed without bringing any tidings from the New World, I became apprehensive and despairing. Had she changed, and were those lines indeed to be interpreted as a final farewell, or had her letter been detained by accident, or could it be that she was ill? I pondered sadly over these thoughts, and many were the weary hours I passed in silent meditation.

While scanning the columns of a local newspaper one morning, I read a paragraph making mention of the arrival of a spiritual "medium" of whom I had before heard, but to whom I was entirely unknown, and as his address was given, I went to him, not because I had faith in spiritualism, for I knew nothing of it beyond hearsay; but in order to give it a trial. I introduced myself, as I entered his apartment, by saying: "I have come to ask you, or rather the spirits, a question."

He fixed his eyes upon me for a moment, and said: "You have come to ask about a living person in New York."

I looked amazed, but said nothing. "She's a young lady with light brown hair, and she's sick of a fever. She's been so since you left New York. You've been expecting a letter from her, but she's not been able to write one. The spirits say that person will get better, and that you will marry her."

I was completely dumbfounded by these revelations, and but for the foolishness of the question, would have said: "How do you know?"

"Have you any more questions to ask the spirits about her?"

"Yes," I paused to reflect. "What has she been thinking about most during her sickness?"

The medium's hand trembled, and he took up a pencil and wrote very rapidly on a slip of paper, Washington.

"Do you know any thing about that?" he asked.

"Yes, I understand it," was my reply, and the old sense of suffocation and tears stole over me.

There, it seemed to me, was proof enough of the presence of the supernatural to convince the most incredulous. Can it be

ADRIFT WITH A VENGEANCE.

A TALE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XVIII.—MY FELLOW-TRAVELLER.

It was not till within four days of our arrival in the Mersey, that I made the acquaintance of a tall, fair-complexioned, brown-eyed, delicate-featured young Englishman, of about twenty-eight, who wore his hair, which was straight, fine, glossy, and longer than the fashion, parted in the middle. His epic face attracted me, and I regarded him from the first as a superior being to most men. If I had been asked to pick a genius out of the crowd on board, I should have selected him without a moment's hesitation; if a man of cultivation and refinement, the same. This impression only increased as I became more familiar with him. He was returning from a three months' tour of the United States and British Provinces, to take passage by the next Australian steamer calling at the Cape. There he proposed to have a little lion-shooting, and afterwards proceed to Australia, and from that to India—just to see the world, and enjoy sport.

In the course of conversation he communicated his reasons for travelling, and his views of society, in something like the following language:

"I felt a longing for change. I was wearied of London drawing-rooms; wearied of Rotten Row; wearied of the streets and of the people; wearied of club life; wearied of public amusements and my own idleness. For me the Park had lost its charm, and the languid indifference I felt towards society, made me slow to appreciate even the belles of their first season. I walked through a quadrille with the air of a man suffering from *ennui*, and looked upon the opera as a bore only to be endured occasionally.

"I had even become incapable of enjoying the flower-shows at the Botanic Gardens, but I attended them, because I considered they were things to be done just as much as walking or riding over to hear the band play in the Kensington Gardens, on Tuesdays and Fridays, during the summer; or going to the Royal Academy on the opening day of the exhibition. I was tired of small talk, and the formalities of dinner-parties; tired of the women who had nothing to say, and of the women who had too much to say about nothing; tired of being wedged between two great walls of crinoline at dinner; tired of the powdered and liveried lacquey standing behind my chair, who listened to, and doubtless criticised every word I said, and kept a strict watch over my knife and fork; tired of the cold formalities of the drawing-room after dinner, and the

clairvoyance? I asked myself. If so, I stood in the presence of one who could penetrate my innermost thoughts; if not, I heard footfalls on the boundary of another world. In either case, the source of the power which enabled the medium to make these disclosures must be to some extent unknown to himself. His own wonderful insight and utterances were perhaps almost as much a mystery to him as to me.

"Think of some one who's dead," he said, "and point with a pencil to the letters of the alphabet. When you come to the initial of the name, the spirit will answer."

I thought of my mother, and took the card-board on which these were printed in my hand, and commencing with A, touched them one by one in their proper order till I came to Z.

"Go over them again."

I did so, and the medium listened attentively.

"There is no answer," he said. "Are you sure that person is dead?"

I candidly informed him that I was not, but was anxious to ascertain.

He clutched my arm, saying as he did so, "I have an impression that the person you were thinking of is your mother; the spirits say she is still living," and he fixed his eyes upon me with a wild, supernatural look.

I grew pale, and felt a chill of astonishment.

"Think of some one else."

I thought of my father, and again pointed to the letters of the alphabet, but, as before, there was no answer.

"That spirit is still on earth," said the medium.

"I'd like to ask some questions about that person," I observed.

"The spirits tell me he's in New York, and you'll meet him unexpectedly."

Again I marvelled.

I put more questions, but the medium had no more impressions to communicate.

"Think of some one you know to be dead," said he, "and write down names of places, as many as you like, and among them the place where the person died."

I wrote, without allowing him to see what I wrote, about twenty names on as many slips of paper, each of which I then crushed into a pellet between my fingers, and placed in the centre of the table.

"Now point to the letters."

I did so, and at D three taps on the chair denoted the presence of the spirit. The medium pencilled, under inspiration, *Daniel E. Redfield*, and pushed it towards me. That was the name of the man I was thinking about.

"Now take up the papers one at a time, and when you touch that giving the name of the place where he died, his spirit will answer."

One by one I lifted and separated them from the rest. As I raised the tenth pellet, the three raps were heard, and opening it, I read, *Brooklyn*. There he had died. Suddenly the medium again seized me spasmodically by the arm. "That spirit," he said, "is standing here behind my chair. He is a short, stout man with a moustache, and he says he'll write his initials on my arm." The description of his appearance was correct. "He died an accidental death," continued the medium. It was true; he was killed by being thrown out of a wagon. The medium bared his right arm more than half-way to the elbow, and rubbing the inner surface slightly with the palm of his left hand, there appeared in bright red letters, very much resembling the deceased's own hand-writing, the letters *D. E. R.* These remained distinct for more than a minute, and then gradually faded away like a rainbow in the heavens. The medium sank back in his chair with a sigh and look of exhaustion.

I put the question, "Are you happy?" to the spirit, and the reply traced by the medium's hand was: "Yes, I am."

The interview terminated with the payment of a fee of five shillings sterling; and I left the house wondering and perplexed, and on the whole convinced that spiritualism was not quite the humbug some people would make believe. I am no Spiritualist, however, and never shall be.

My thoughts reverted to Gertrude. She was sick then—poor, darling girl! I knew now why she had not written, and I reproached myself bitterly for being the innocent cause of her sufferings. Alas! how often do we inflict pain upon those who love us!

I repaired to my room in a dreary Lime Street hotel, and wrote another long letter to the woman I adored, telling her all that the medium had told me, and asking if what he said about herself was correct. In no other way could I account for her silence, and deeply and tenderly I unburdened myself in words of sympathy, of anxiety, of love, of adoration, of sorrow, till language could no further express the intensity of my emotions. This gave me relief, and I walked with a lighter step than I had trod for a week before to the general post-office to deposit my own letter.

The Australian steamer was advertised to leave Plymouth in three days from this time, and I had already engaged a passage by her, so it would have been imprudent for me to linger longer in Liverpool. I left at six o'clock the next morning for London, where I met my English friend by appointment, and the same evening dined with him at the Athenæum Club.

It was the last week in May, and the height of the London season. The upper ten of England had gathered together in the world's metropolis to exhibit themselves to their friends, and dine and wine, and be dined and wined; and anxious mammas with marriageable daughters were actively on the look-out for elder sons, who, alas! were not always to be found, and when found, not to be led captive away; and anxi-

ous bachelors were equally eager in their search for heiresses, who were not always willing to exchange their money for matrimony; and people with small means, but, of course, great expectations, were struggling to appear as rich as the richest, and in order to do so the better, were more liberal in their promises to pay than their fulfilment of them warranted; and the spectacle of petty social ambition struggling in the vortex of fashionable life, to make itself heard and felt, was to be seen in all its miserable glory. But for me there was no time to linger, and I was in no mood for it if there had been.

I left London with my companion on the following morning by a Great-Western express-train for Plymouth, and during the journey he developed his vocal propensities by singing a song in which I caught the following words *a propos* of "the situation," as we say of military affairs:

"'Tis a splendid race! a race against time,
And a thousand to one we win it.
Look at those flitting ghosts,
The white-armed finger-posts;
If we're moving the eighth of an inch, I say,
We're going a mile a minute!
The quivering carriages rock and reel,
Hurrah! for the rush of the grinding steel!
The thundering crank and the mighty wheel!"

"You're evidently not very sad about leaving London," I remarked.

"No," he replied, "I'm glad. I'm sick of London; sick of England; disgusted with finding nothing new in the Old World and nothing old in the New; tired of the sham of society, the pretence of piety, the affectation of superiority, the—heigh ho! 'a mad world, my masters!' Ah! London is a queer place—a gulf a man may soon lose himself in. I never liked it, but I was always fond of studying it inside and out, and it's a splendid school for the student of sociology, I can tell you."

I expressed a desire to see it when gay with the decorations of Christmas.

"Ah! that reminds me of the morning I left for America. The sky was gray and the air was frosty, and the scanty herbage in Hyde Park, as I passed, was covered with rime glittering in the faint sunshine. The city was odorous of prize beef and mutton, and fat geese; and the largest turkeys in the country lay dead on the poultryers' stalls. It was Christmas week, and the people of all conditions were busily preparing and providing for the great day of the year in England. The grocers' shops were showily decorated with fancy boxes of French plums, and confectionery, and Smyrna figs, and Malaga raisins, and sticks of Ceylon cinnamon, and heaps of candied lemon, and samples of Patras currants, suggestive of plum-pudding and mince-pies—the whole tastefully ornamented with evergreens; and the street-boys flattened their noses against the windows, and gazed in silent admiration and hungry longing upon the inviting show, only regretting that a pane of glass and the presence of the shopmen prevented them from helping themselves. The butchers' shops were hung with colossal sides of beef, heavy saddles of mutton, and ridiculously fat pork, into all of which sprigs of holly were stuck jauntily; and those who had seen the fatted animals, of which these were the mortal remains, on the verge of apoplexy a few days previously at the cattle-show, the pigs blinded by their own excess of flesh, could now see them cold and tickled in death, awaiting the inevitable fate of chops and sirloins.

"The churches and chapels were being decorated with evergreens by young ladies of their respective congregations, who were admirers of the clergymen officiating, and those of the latter who were too old or too ugly or too unattractive and uninteresting to have any young lady admirers were left to do the same work at their own expense. In either case it was being done, and on Christmas day the clocks would be wreathed with green leaves, and their whole interiors more or less festooned with clustering and glossy foliage—with holly, with mistletoe, and with laurel.

"It was the carnival of children, for toys and sweetmeats and picture-books and pocket-money and Christmas-boxes generally came to them in abundance, and the theatres were performing pantomimes for their special delectation. It was the carnival, too, of domestic servants, who were receiving presents, under the black-mail system, from the tradesmen all round, in consideration, of course, of overlooking any imperfections in the articles supplied, and saying that black was white whenever a question arose to the contrary.

"The faces of the rich and well-to-do looked bright and happy, and there was an air of cheerfulness pervading the streets. But in the holes and corners of the city, where lay the squalid homes of those steeped in penury and bent down with hunger and wretchedness, there was a dismal contrast. To many thousands of the London poor, Christmas had no charm, for they had no friends to make them presents, no money wherewith to buy the necessities, much less the luxuries of life. From the homes of the wealthy to the homes of the destitute it was often only a step, but that step led into another world."

(To be continued.)

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

ALPINE RAILWAYS.

WE are not surprised that the scheme of the St. Gothard Railway should excite strong commercial and political antipathy in France. French carrying companies have already lost much of their traffic, thanks to the competing Italian communications with the East, and in spite of all the help they give themselves by means of malevolently arranged correspondences and richly subsidized steamers. It is not pleasant to look to the opening of a new line through the Alps, which Northern and Central Germany, Scandinavia, the Netherlands, and the British Isles will find the shortest cut to Southern markets. Regarded patriotically and politically, the idea is still more objectionable. Still-smarting from the aggrandizement and consolidation of Prussia, Frenchmen see their mushroom rival lengthening her cords and strengthening her stakes, providing herself sympathy and certain succour in the event of the long-deferred war proclaiming itself. Nor will France neutralize this advantage by forcing on the tunnel through the Simplon, as is suggested by the leaders of the Left Centre. Although the St. Gothard Railway will run altogether upon Swiss ground, yet the southern keys to both approaches will be trusted practically to Italian hands, and the advantage given by either will depend on the existence or absence of Italian sympathy. In the event of their having to choose a side, the French have no doubt whatever as to how the Italians would decide: and in that lies the sting of the situation. All the Italian gratitude is less for favours past than for favours to come: to be let alone is pretty much the drift of Italian policy and the climax of Italian ambition, and that is a benefit she looks for more confidently from Prussian hands. The French occupation of Civita Vecchia gives in Italian eyes a material guarantee for perpetual French intermeddling in affairs at Florence. So we repeat, it is sufficiently clear the French have good reason to dislike the proposed railway. That the railway will be made there is little doubt. It is a necessity. It will bring unmixed gain to Switzerland, although joining cantons may squabble over their share of the profits. Bismarck has made up his mind that it is to be, or the scheme would never have assumed such definite shape. If anything could stimulate the cordial co-operation of Italy, it would be the avowed jealousy of France. That France will take it up as a European question is now scarcely probable, though, of

course, there will be much angry talk about it in the Chamber.

Our own objections to the line are of a different character. We admit its utility, and to a certain extent its convenience. German commercial travellers and Swiss tradesmen will be delivered in the cities of Lombardy and the Romagna with punctuality and despatch. Drove of cattle and flocks of sheep will be spared a long and painful journey over dusty roads in a burning sun; in winter, if you have occasion to follow that particular route, you will be transmitted in tolerable comfort and warmth through the bowels of the mountains, instead of being dragged over their tops, amid ice, snow, and storm, in draughty rickety sledges, always upsetting. But a very agreeable fashion of summer travelling is likely to be knocked on the head. For it must be remembered that members of Alpine Clubs, although they are the aristocracy of Swiss travellers, form, like most aristocracies, an insignificant minority of the masses. There are people with a profound reverence for the grand and a keen sense of the beautiful, to whom the most insignificant col is a feat as impracticable as the Matterhorn, to whom the mildest mountain climbing is an impossibility, and to whom the mountain mule or pony is sorrow and tribulation. These people found, with Rogers, that "over the Simplon, over the Splügen, wound a path of pleasure." They ascended leisurely into the heart of Alpine nature by excellent carriage roads. There are more agreeable vehicles than the lumbering diligence, and of course you might as well travel packed in sand in the boot as smothered in dust in the rotonde or interieur. But many a pleasant travelling memory clusters about that low banquette, although the leather cushions were so thin and hard, and the apron-top so sharp; although you were always crushing your unlucky wide-awake against the low hood; and on the perennial declivity on one side and the other, the conductor as he screwed on the drag kept his elbow grinding your unlucky ribs like a coffee-mill. If you chartered a vast Italian vettura for an insignificant return fare at Flüellen, how pleasant that used to be! You and your friend could stroll all about its spacious quarters as it crawled deliberately up the mountain side, behind its four gaunt horses carefully guarded from the gadflies by waving green boughs and tasselled nets. You could enjoy the soft or savage bits, comfortably lolling at length in the banquette, or when you came to some *triste* Valley of the Shadow of Death, with its tame stretch of stone and barrenness,

you could draw down the green blinds and recruit yourselves with a quiet siesta within doors. Or if you were of more impatient temperament, or time was valuable, you hired a light open phaeton and a pair of powerful mountain cobs at Andermatt, and rattled up behind a cheery young driver who woke the echoes with his *jödells*. Some of the most charming entrances to Italy are by these carriage roads — that by the Splügen, for example, where you look down from among the summer snows through a mountain arch at the white campaniles and green trellised vines of Italy. In the St. Gothard, as it chanced, the Swiss side of the mountain has engrossed the chief charms of the route, and there is nothing after you pass Airola equal to what you admire as you mount by the jovous torrent that comes leaping down from the Bridge of the Devil to the lake of the forest cantons. But the line up the St. Gothard is but the beginning of the end. The French already threaten the completion of that other line by the Simplon which has so long been stopped by the side of the mountain and the want of funds. Soon the boring-rods and blasting powder will be at work in the gorge of Gondo. The Grisons, irritated by the growing prosperity of their neighbours of the central cantons, will stand on their federal motto, "One for all and all for one," insist on reciprocity and a vote of federal funds for a line by the Splügen. You will be hurried along in the depths of the Rheinthal, between walls of rock and hedges of pine, with the Via Mala well out of sight, running thousands of feet above your head. In the next outburst of joint-stock insanity in England, rival promoters are sure to apply successfully to our capital for a competing line by the Bernardino. In short, the impetus once given, the example once set in the Central Alps, the roads will have no chance with the railways. And the railways once opened, the deserted roads will be left to the tender mercies of the winter elements, without the watchful guardianship of the *cantoniers*. The Swiss are too poor and too practical a people to keep up one and the other. We have already witnessed the fate of the Stelvio, since Austria parted with the *raison d'être* of her costly military road. It was comparatively unimportant that rails should be laid over the Brenner, lowest and tamest of passes. One lost something more by Lanslebourg and on the French side of the Cenis; but still there was nothing so grand there but what you could endure to see it sacrificed with tolerable resignation. Moreover, you could always look forward to

your return by the Gothard, the Simplon, or the Splügen. But when all these have become the prey of the engineer, and the mountains that overhang them are abandoned to sheep and goats, lammergeier, and Alpine Club men, those middle-aged men who still delight in Swiss travel will begin to discover what they have been robbed of.

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Ladies' Department.

From the Atlantic Monthly for April.

AN ALPINE HOME.

If my poor mother as a good Catholic had not acted very wisely in consenting that I should be sent to school in Germany, she scarcely chose a better part when I came home to Mantua infected with Protestantism to such a degree that I abhorred with youthful ardor, not only the confessional, but all the officers of her religion, and in accompanying her to church never could be got farther than the doors. The case is a very common one in Italy now, but thirty years ago affairs were different. Converts to Protestantism were rare, and the *laissez-faire* treatment was by no means in favor. A family and ecclesiastical council was held concerning me; and it was decided that nothing would do me so much good as some months' reflection in the cell of a convent, where I could enjoy perfect quiet without the distractions of books or society. This decision was made known to me by accident; in fact, I overheard it; and being only eighteen years old, and absurdly in earnest about personal liberty and the freedom of religious opinion, I could not bring myself to look upon it with equanimity. I ran away from home that night; and pursuing my northward journey through Lombardy, up the Lake of Como, and across the Septimer, I stood at last with my hand on the railing of the stile that formally separated Austrian Italy from Switzerland. At this important moment, when I thought to leave my troubles behind me forever, two gendarmes, belonging to the little custom house on the frontier, suddenly appeared, crossed their muskets above the plank in front of me, and, lightly touching me on either shoulder, begged me to do them the pleasure of halting. They had been watching me for some time, they said; they knew I had a companion laden with smuggled goods, and was a lure thrown out to divert them from him; they added that whilst I was making up my mind to tell them where my comrade was, they would trouble me for my passport. "If you should happen to have such a paper," they added, "you can of course go at once."

Now I happened to have no paper of that kind, and I could only surrender myself in despair. The gendarmes marched me off towards their station, putting a hundred questions to me on the way, and among the last the demand, "Where do you come from?"

"Mantua," was the answer.
"Mantua! I don't know how it is," said one of the gendarmes, "but your voice sounds very much like that of the captain we had when we were stationed at St. Benedetto, not far from Mantua."

A ray of hope broke upon me, and I eagerly asked, "Was it Antonio T. . . ?"
"Exactly!"

"That is one of my brothers," said I exultantly, "he is in that neighborhood yet." And on the impulse of the moment I poured out my whole story to my captors.

They listened, and when I had done, they laughed, and one said: "Why didn't you mention this at once? We should not have kept you a minute in suspense. It's our custom to handle roughly those who fall into our hands, for spies are often sent to see if we do our duty; but we never arrest, when we can safely avoid it, either deserters or young men flying from the conscription. Many a time we are tempted to go over the bridge ourselves, instead of serving these accursed Austrians. As to the smugglers, we know them too well to act against them, except when Austrian officers are among us; then we show fight, in order not to be betrayed. You can go where you like; but mind that, whatever happens, you have never seen us."

So saying they both shook hands with me. I gladly gave them something to get a good dinner and a bottle of wine in which to drink success to my enterprise, and, stepping lightly over the stile, found myself in Switzerland.

I suppose that any traveller who now chanced to cross the Septimer by that obscure pass, would not find it at all different from what I saw it, nor would he find the mountaineers of the region in the least disturbed or changed by the great events that have taken place during the last thirty years. I am sure, therefore, a sketch of a family of these people as I saw them will have at least the merit of novelty and of fidelity to existing facts.

The Canton Grisons, where I now found myself, is the largest in the Confederation, or as large as Geneva, Zug, Unterwalden, Schwytz, Glarus, Solothurn, Bale, Schaffhausen, Appenzell, Thurgovia, and Neuchâtel put together, but has only about fifteen thousand inhabitants. More than one-half of these are, of course, in the capital and the forty or fifty principal townships, leaving to the square mile for the remainder of the canton some sixteen or seventeen souls. These few thousand Grisons, up to 1848, governed themselves in twenty-six independent, microscopic republics, having each a complete legislative, executive, and judiciary; but in remote times when the Grisons were yet fewer in number, they formed but three leagues, called respectively the League of God, the League of the Ten Jurisdictions, and the League Grisha, or Grey, from the color of their clothes, and this league gave its name to the whole canton.

My object was to reach some Protestant friends in St. Gall, upon whose hospitality I knew I could rely, and I had arrived in this Canton Grisons, as I have said, by the Septimer, choosing the most direct road because I had neither money nor physical strength in superfluity. Yet the Septimer had not in itself been a delightful anticipation, for I knew that it would take me into the wildest Alpine region and among vast glaciers.

Persons who, in closed and comfortable sleighs, coaches, and, recently, railway carriages, have crossed the Simplon, St. Gothard, Splügen, Mt. Cenis, or any other passes, may suppose that all the Alpine roads are more or less alike. But this is a great mistake. Very few travellers indeed cross the Septimer for two reasons: first, it leads only into wild regions; secondly, the road was and is indescribably bad. That miserable communication between Switzerland and Italy is used mostly, I should say, only by cattle drivers, who sell their stock in Lombardy, in the neighborhood of Lake Como, and by smugglers who know every tree and every stone.

Streams and ravines cross and recross it at every moment, and the hand of man has done nothing for the road, except where it runs quite upon the brink of the precipices. At times a vestige of a path disappears, and for all guidance you might as well be in the prairies of the West or the untrodden fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains.

I hurried forward with what speed I could, but my feet soon became so swollen that I could not endure the pressure of my boots, and having slung these over my back, I picked my way barefoot through the snow and frozen gavel. The only relief I found was occasionally afforded by the slippery

rocks, polished by ice, rain, snow, and extending across the space between the frequent curves of the path; sliding twenty or twenty-five feet down these would save me ten or twelve minutes' walk; but even this pleasure had its pains, for I could not always stop on the path below, and sometimes brought up in a snow bank or a briary thicket.

The reader who is enamored of this method of travel will regret to learn that the accommodations by the way are poor. His food will be rather worse than that we give to cattle; hair or spring mattresses there are none; and he may be obliged one evening to invite slumber on a bundle of straw, another to stretch his weary limbs in a hay loft, and only where civilization has outdone herself may he have happy dreams on a nice, clean, dry, comfortable heap of oak and ash leaves. The minister or the priest in larger villages may shelter a respectable traveller for one night, but inns or hotels are unknown; for if they existed, who would support them?

Crossing marshy fields, pursuing rough paths, and descending rocky slopes through thorny brakes and primeval forests (I had the misfortune one day to follow the dry bed of a stream which I mistook for a path, and so lost myself in a large wood), coasting, as a New England boy would call it, without a sled down these smooth rocks,—I had left the Septimer behind me, and was one day, after a miserable breakfast, dragging slowly onward. The sun had passed the meridian; the mountain air and the exercise had so sharpened my appetite that it could have competed with the finest razor in keenness; I had become cross and fierce enough to dispute the hind foot of a lamb with a wolf; but I had given up all hopes of finding a human habitation (and it would not have been the first night I had spent in the hollow of a rock), when I reached a very small valley containing a solitary house.

As I eyed the structure, a dreadful doubt seized me; there was no chimney, yet the house was too good for a cattle shed, and besides there were many steps; that decided the matter in my favor. The cabin must have been some thirty or thirty-six feet long, and perhaps twenty feet deep. The walls consisted of round trunks of trees cut within a few feet more or less of the same length, and placed lengthwise one on the top of the other, and fastened here and there with strong wooden pins. The interstices between the logs were filled in with a composition of fine cut straw and mud or clay, which, when dry, makes such walls wind and water tight, and forms a perfect quadrilateral for vermin and insects. When I saw on Boston Common the log cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born, it appeared to me almost the exact counterpart of this Alpine home.

The strangest part of the whole building was the roof. Thick logs took the place of rafters, and in their turn were covered, not with stone flags, shingles, slates, or tiles, but with monstrously thick wooden slabs, also fastened with long pegs; and, in order to resist the wind, which in those valleys sweeps everything before it at times, enormous stones, some of them weighing more than a hundred pounds, were laid on the slabs, and kept from sliding by wooden pegs.

Not having seen any smoke, I waited for some other sign of life about the place, but to no purpose. It harmonized perfectly with the death-like stillness of that whole region.

The cabin had two floors. The lower, a very little digged out of the ground, was divided into two sections, one of which served as a stable, the other as a cellar. The stable, it is true, was at the time empty, and it remained so for the whole summer, the cattle roaming day and night on the mountains; but the cellar, placed at the north end, was nice and cool to keep the milk which was turned into butter and cheese,—articles which on the Swiss Alps in general are of the very best quality, for the cows in those regions eat only aromatic and sweet herbs, and the hay has a better flavor than what is called in America English breakfast tea.

The upper floor of such a cabin serves, although in one room, as the dwelling and sleeping apartments of the whole family, no matter how numerous it may be. Those mountaineers have advantage over the Irish peasant, that while the latter associate directly with their pigs, goats, and hens, the former place a whole floor between man and beast.

Arrived at the door I looked in vain for a latch, or a lock, or anything of the kind. Nothing was visible but a small string, by pulling which a wooden crossbar resting in a wooden catch within is lifted. Even hinges are unknown; but instead there is a round stick fastened at one side of the door and projecting a little at the bottom, playing in two holes there.

I was surprised to see not the least sign of life after I had entered; and I was going out again to look about the house, when a voice startled me, saying in a strange idiom, "Why don't you take a seat?" It was the voice of an old man sitting close to an opening which, by a stretch of the imagination could be called a window. A large table stood between him and me, and he was seated on a low stool as roughly put together as the remainder of the furniture. His elbows rested on his knees, and, as he supported his face in both his hands, he looked as immovable as a statue.

A shirt of very coarse material, and a very short pair of knee breeches were all the garments which troubled or protected his person. His tibial bones were covered so parsimoniously with flesh that they seemed dry sticks of wood; his face, although very wrinkled, was so pale that a few steps off, the skin looked like vellum, rather than the human epidermis. The eyesight of this old man was, of course, dim, although that sense had suffered less than his hearing.

"Sit down, stranger," said he, a second time, and, complying, I tried to enter into conversation, speaking as loud as a church bell; but I soon perceived that there were other difficulties besides his hearing, for he spoke only "Romansch."

All Switzerland seems to be inhabited by the descendants of those dreadful sinners who built the tower of Babel, and were turned into hopeless polyglots, and in Switzerland Canton Grisons labors under peculiar difficulties. As far back as the time of Julius Cæsar a Roman colony established itself in Switzerland, and principally in this part of it. Those Romans spoke a corrupt Latin, to which has been added, with years, more corrupt Italian, French and German words. The whole is called, from its origin, the Romansch language, and this was my host's idiom. Every one will, therefore, believe me when I say that I was obliged to guess at much of what he said.

He made me understand, however, that he had two sons and two daughters, the former of whom were lazy and always loafing in the valleys and at the houses of their neighbors. They were otherwise of very irregular conduct, for after having had some troubles with the magistrates (he meant, I think, that they had been imprisoned), every one avoided them, and now they had gone to serve the king of Naples and the Pope. It has always been the fate of the prince who rules in Rome to have for the protection of his sacred person soldiers who have escaped the prison or the gibbet. Pius IX.'s regiments are richly clad with such Canadian, Irish, Swiss and Belgian jewels at this day.

As to his daughters, the old man told me that he was blest in them. He considered them handsome and diligent and pearls of truth and chastity. They were at the moment two or three miles from home, on the mountain, but he would soon return. Towards evening I had, in fact the pleasure to make the personal acquaintance of these "pearls," in the shape of two of the hugest masses of womanhood my eyes had ever beheld. One of them measured five feet six inches in height, the other something more, and they were both large in proportion. No two human hands could, no matter how long the fingers, have encircled one of their arms, and as, according to the fashion of the place, their lower garments reluctantly reached only the upper part of the calf, their nether limbs were seen to be proportionably vast. Their cheeks were rosy, even scarlet, no doubt, but they were not over-prepossessing.

In one respect Nature had done a good piece of work, she had made them strong, and it was strength, and not beauty, they needed; for when they came home, each of them was loaded with a bundle of hay of such size and weight as a good sized donkey might have been very proud to carry over these hills without breaking down.

But I perceive that I have somewhat anticipated their arrival. I was yet alone with the old man, who gave me to understand that it was about ten years since he had lost his wife, who was a great comfort to him, for they loved each other very much, and in saying this, involuntary tears started from his eyes. Since her death life was only a burden to him; every day he wished for the moment when they should place him beside her under the sod.

Although it takes me but a few minutes to write this, it was the work of more than an hour to understand him. I showed due sympathy for him, but I had also the ruthless hunger of a boy, and, at last, I could not refrain from telling him that I was famished, and should be exceedingly glad if he would give me something to eat. In his turn he expressed compassion for me, but he declared that it was out of his power to go to the cellar. To prove this he got up from his seat and walked a few steps, which showed that his legs could scarcely carry him on level ground. His poor old head and neck were buried in his shoulders, so that he looked comparatively a small man, although in his youth he must have been a very tall one.—

He begged me to be patient until his girls came in.

Thinking it impertinent to volunteer my services in an exploring expedition to the cellar, I wound up my patience a little more, and made a virtue of necessity. In the meantime he explained to me that his only possessions were a few cows, but that, by selling calves, cheese and butter to men who, except in winter, came regularly for these articles, he could buy all he wanted. He had not much tilled land, just enough for his girls to plant potatoes and wheat for their own use. It was now several years since he had been able, on account of a severe illness, to go out of the house; it was difficult to get a doctor, and the nearest church, where his girls went in summer every Sunday, was eight miles away, unless you crossed a high mountain, which would reduce the road more than half. In winter, almost all communication was cut off by enormous drifts of snow, and his stock of cheese and butter accumulated rapidly.—Horses or mules were not used, the dealers carrying everything on their backs.

He then wanted to know how I came into that valley, adding that he could not remember to have seen for many and many years a stranger like me. I told him very frankly that I had run away from home, and that it was less a matter of choice than of necessity that I had crossed the Septimer, and had gone astray into the bargain. While we were talking the girls came in, loaded, as I have described, with hay, which they had mowed on places, where goats could hardly stand. Later in the evening they showed me an immense heap of wood piled against the house, and told me that they had felled the trees, cross cut them, and split them without help from any one.

But these women at first, instead of seeming glad to see a stranger, frowned upon me, and their looks meant that I should feel myself an intruder. After some explanations from the father, a vast smile dawned upon their broad faces, which made me feel, not exactly at home, but, if we had well understood each other, certainly on speaking terms.

I thanked all the gods of Olympus when I saw one of them take off her wooden shoes, or *sabots*, and go into the cellar for the dinner which was to be supper for me. Waiting her return, I mechanically observed the dress of the other woman, which in all appearance consisted, like that of the man, of two articles only. The garment next her person was buttoned high up in the neck, but had very short sleeves. Her arms were therefore so sunburned that a negress could not have been darker. The other garment was neither too ample nor too long, and was made, like her father's breeches, out of some orange colored woollen stuff. I found out afterwards that all the clothing the family had worn for years was home-spun, home-woven, and home-dyed. Yellow being the favorite color, it is given to a whole piece, from which breeches and dresses are cut. As to the wool, they can keep sheep by the thousands on the mountains; but this family had only a few.

Amidst these observations I was alert to see the other maiden coming up stairs. She bore in her arms a loaf of bread, not very thick one way (some eight or nine inches), but measuring not less than two feet and a half the other. This she took to a large block, similar to those used by butchers, and in a masterly way with an axe (no other instrument could have touched the heart of that bread) split it first in two halves, then into quarters, and then into smaller pieces, with an almost mathematical precision.

What was the composition of the loaf? That is what puzzled me and would have, at first sight, brought to a stand still even Liebig and Agassiz. All that could be seen at a few steps off was a mass of hairs, neither green nor blue, but something between the two shades; and I discovered at last that instead of being mouldy bread it was breadly mould.

Unconsciously to myself my face must have looked almost equally sour; for the old man, upon some remark from one of the girls, which I could not understand, taking hold of my hands with the authority of a grandfather, said that surely at home I must have been a spoiled child, since I looked with so much diffidence at bread which was nearly fresh, being not yet two months old. They baked only three times a year, and there were loaves enough in the cellar to last two months longer. Toward the end they became, it was a fact, a little sour; but no man in his right sense could find fault with it now, it being as yet nice and sweet.

My face must have remained, even after this rebuke, somewhat dubious in expression, for the same daughter who had drawn his attention to me, after having broken some of the bread into morsels and thrown them into one of the large holes which, bowl like, were cut out in the table (dishes and plates being unknown in those regions), and having poured about a quart of milk upon it, with a smiling countenance said to me: "Let it soak a few minutes, stranger; it will soon be as tender and sweet as sponge cake."

Bread was broken and milk poured into three other holes in the table, which was made of a three inch plank, and fastened by the four legs into the floor, becoming thus a fixture. I think civilization, in this respect, is a few degrees higher in Canton Grisons and on the Bernese Alps, where I travelled afterwards, and where the food is thrown into one huge wooden or earthen bowl, which is placed on a small table in the centre of the room, and out of which father, mother, children, servants, and strangers must all eat.

Letters do not slip more easily or swiftly into a letter box than the bread and milk found its way down the throats of the two women. The old man, on the contrary, was very slow, and I was simply a spectator. Potatoes were boiling, and I was waiting to commit an assault upon them, when, putting on a somewhat forced smile, I said to one of the women, that if they would give me a piece of cold meat I would pay for it. "Meat!" (*carn*) was repeated in a trio; and, looking in each other's faces, they burst into laughter which re-echoed several times in the little valley. "Meat," then said one of them, "if you want to see any in this house you must come at Easter or on Christmas Day."

The potatoes were served. They had never ripened, and were green as frogs and as watery as a soaked sponge. At last my hosts, showing the pity they felt for a poor hungry lad, gave me some cheese, and the reader need not doubt that an enormous piece of it was washed down with plenty of milk. The repast put me, for the rest of the evening, in the best of spirits; and my eyes contentedly followed the women at their work, their first care being to wash with boiling water the table, which became as white as snow. A board was then placed over it, to prevent dust and dirt falling into the bowls.

As soon as it grew dark, the old man announced that it was time to go to sleep; he, correctly enough, did not speak of going to bed, because beds there were none in the house. It was a large oblong rectangular room, having lengthwise, on both sides, large benches as fixtures, and above these small windows or holes to admit light, as in a ship's cabin. The table was on one side close to the bench; a few stools completed the parlor furniture. The kitchen was simply a chimney or hearthstone, with a few boards finding its way out through a hole in the wall close to the roof. The pots and pans used in cooking were fastened to a chain.

To have an idea of the sleeping apartments, one must imagine at the upper end of the enclosure a stable with a double row of stalls, only instead of having a single passage in the centre, those stalls have one passage on each side of the wall, and the occupants' heads would meet in the middle of the room if a board did not separate them. The partitions are five or six feet high and divide spaces or stalls three feet by six or seven. At the foot, the board is only twelve or fifteen inches high; enough to keep as many inches of dried leaves for bedding in their place. There are two passage-ways, for the gentlemen sleep on one side, and the ladies on the other. Several tiers of shelves ornament the whole hall; there being no closets, no chests of drawers, or cabinets to enclose anything.

As it was now almost dark, light was made, not with an oil lamp or candle, but, as in the Black Forest of Germany, with a resinous piece of wood wedged between two stones, which are fixed for that purpose in the wall. These sticks are about two feet long and half an inch thick, and burn from ten to fifteen minutes; the smell is pleasant, the smoke not quite so; and the light is as strong as that of three ordinary candles.

I wrapped up myself in my blanket, and was meditating the comforts or discomforts of the Alpine life when sleep fell upon me; and the next morning I rose, much fresher than if I had spent the night upon a bed of down, and resumed my pilgrimage.

BERNE IN WINTER.

SOME years ago there appeared in one of our magazines an account of a winter visit to Newport. The writer confessed to a previous belief, probably a very general one, that after the hotels closed Newport temporarily vanished, the houses slid out of sight like the side-scenes of a theatre, the beaches and cliffs disappeared beneath the waves, and a curtain of fog rolled over the whole. A journey thither during this fancied eclipse showed him Nature in a mood of mild melancholy, and a quaint old town whose characteristics come to light when the brilliant pageant of the summer is over. Now, if few of our country-people have made acquaintance with Newport out of the season, still fewer can have crossed the Lake of Constance at the winter solstice or found themselves at Christmas in Berne.

Those who know the capital of Switzerland when the hotels are full, the

streets and promenades gay with guests from all parts of Europe and America, and the stream of Alpine travel flowing through it day and night, while the sun beams down from an azure sky upon vivid green meadows through which rushes the cloudy Aar, the nearer hills dense with the shade of their widespreading woodlands, the purple range of the Jura pleasant to the eye, and the phantom peaks of the Alps white at noon and celestial rosy red at sunset,—those who know this panorama only in the short interval between the early and the later haymaking would hardly recognize it three months afterward. The face of the earth is white, the forests are bare except on the higher hills, where the pine woods shiver under the rime, the sky is sullen-gray with unfallen snow, a thick, cold fog hides the mountains, the bright colors have faded in some mysterious way out of the chalets, and

everything is hard and dry except the Aar, which now speeds along, of a dull, translucent green, between its whitened banks, for the milky streams are frozen up in the bosom of the glaciers. The aspect of the town is still more cheerless. The gray houses look too grim to be homes; the stone arcades which line the streets make the sidewalks dark and chilly as cellars; the fountains fall with a frigid plash into basins coated with ice, and the washing which draws such picturesque groups about them in summer is entirely disused, as an occupation unsuitable for the time of year. A carriage is rarely seen in Berne at any season, owing, no doubt, to the extreme steepness of the approaches and its contracted area—for, except the shabby, straggling quarter on the bank of the river, the town with its rectangular streets stands close and compact on its high and narrow peninsula—so that no sharp sound of horses' feet or lively roll of wheels breaks the dreary silence of the streets.

The hotels look deserted: in reality they are converted for six months into boarding-houses, where foreign families live *en pension*, with the object of giving their children an education whose chief recommendation is cheapness, and their pianos jingle all day long as at a young ladies' school. The representatives of the European powers, very Crusoes of diplomacy, dine at the *table d'hôte* of the Bernerhof, indulging in the *nessun maggior dolore* of reminiscences of Paris, London, Florence or Vienna, while only a chance stranger appears now and then for a single meal to infringe upon their melancholy state. The tri-weekly market makes a stir and crowd in the Rue du Marché for a few hours on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, and on those afternoons the country roads are full of homeward-bound peasants, carrying huge baskets or pushing hand-carts, the men all smoking and a little tipsy, the women muffled so as to conceal their national costume. To see these poor creatures, laden like beasts of burden, plodding miles to their cottages or cleaning the streets—a com-

mon occupation of their sex on the Continent—is to understand why the Swiss girls, who are almost all pretty at fifteen, are so hard-favored at twenty.

About a mile from the town, at the foot of a steep ridge, a meadow has been flooded and left to freeze for skating. Thither in the short winter afternoons a few dozen people come to try what can be got out of active exercise. But skating, though an amusement with the Bernese, cannot be classed among their accomplishments: the graces of High Dutch, etc., are quite unknown, and any score of school-boys in America would make a better show. Real skill and high art are seen only when one of the icebound diplomats condescends to strap on his skates, or some young American in his *Wanderjahre* passes that way.

The roads by the river and among the surrounding hills are good, but when the fog does not melt nor the sun shine for two weeks, walking loses all object except the trudge. In the town the opposite sides of the streets are known not as upper and lower, right and left, or by the points of the compass, but as the shady and the sunny side; which means, being interpreted, that on one the sun falls for a few hours daily for a few months—on the other, never. But the impartial gloom of this season drives one indoors. There is a theatre, where operas are given several times a week: during the holidays, *Fidelio*, *Stradella* and *Masaniello* were announced, but our melomania is not to that tune. There is a very good museum of natural history, with excellent botanical and mineralogical collections, but, unfortunately, in the days of our youth Science did not hold her present position in education, and we are too old to learn. There is a picture-gallery, too, in the handsome building where the Diet of the Confederation holds its sessions, but republics are said to be unfavorable to the fine arts: the collection is small and not choice. There are two or three so-called Parmegianos and Domenichinos, naturally the gems of the gallery, but the inflexible integrity

of the national mind compels it to accompany the names of these painters with a point of interrogation in every case.

In this dearth of resources nothing remains but to study Berne itself. Its charms have been celebrated in a work called *Deliciæ Urbis Berne*, published at Zurich a hundred and fifty years ago; and though we could not go the lengths of the learned enthusiast, who was here probably only in summer, we found that like every other Continental town it has its full share of what is old and curious. Dark stone stairways pierce the thickness of the obsolete walls, and lead from the lower town beside the Aar to the higher town, which, with its lofty ramparts, looks like a great fort filled up with houses. Bay-windows rich with quaint carving lean over the older streets here and there: fountains of unspeakable grotesqueness lurk in out-of-the-way corners. The cathedral is a fine, flamboyant mass, grandly placed on a terrace more than a hundred feet above the river: it has beautiful old stained-glass windows and sculptures and wood-carving of great spirit, all abounding with hits at the clergy, though it was begun in the fourteenth century and finished by the middle of the following one. The main portal is adorned with statues of the Wise and Foolish Virgins—a favorite subject in Gothic churches of a certain period—and giving the name of Bride-door (*Braut-Thor*) to this entrance; from which half of the parabolical ten, their sisters who have passed through on the way to matrimony must decide. Some of the foolish virgins wear cardinals' hats, but whether this proves them to be the patronesses of celibacy is doubtful.

The cathedral terrace is protected from the sheer descent by a granite parapet, and planted with old trees, in whose midst stands the statue of Berthold of Zähringen, the founder of the town, with his bear. The legend is, that in hunting he came upon an unusually large and fierce bear, and having killed him after a hard fight, founded a city upon the spot, whence the

name, *Bären*, Bears.* The origin of the town certainly dates from the twelfth century, when the dukes of Zähringen held possession of the Rectorate of Burgundy, which included part of Helvetia; and bears have been its tutelary animals in all times. There have been live ones maintained at public expense for over five hundred years. Three hundred years ago the female caused great alarm by giving birth to a pair of white cubs, which was considered portentous: no calamity followed, however. The same thing occurred again early in the present century, when, men's minds being less prone to superstition, it was looked upon as either a phenomenon or a scandal. In 1792 the French, besides emptying the treasury of Berne and carrying off a quantity of richly-inlaid arms and other articles, trophies of the victories over Charles the Bold, led away captive the sacred bears to finish their days in the Jardin des Plantes. There are two fine specimens now dwelling in great state beyond the bridge at the east end of the town, but one sees them everywhere in effigy. On fountains, gateways, church-fronts, on the lintels and doorposts of the dwellings, fighting, carousing, going to school, absorbed in meditation, the symbolic beasts are to be seen in every attitude, from haughty, heraldic rampancy to the most amiable, domestic couchancy, and in every material—granite, marble, wood, gold, silver, gingerbread and sugar-candy. On the great clock-tower they appear as little men-at-arms, and march in procession round the sleepy figure on the throne, who yawns and turns his hour-glass whenever the clock strikes. The clockwork belongs to the last century, but the gateway and tower were built in Berthold's day. He was a man in advance of his times in some respects, and used his power to restrain the tyranny of the lesser nobles over their miserable serfs. He was hated accordingly, and his enemies dealt him a blow worse than

* Etymology, however, refuses to sanction the popular derivation of the name, which is identical with that of *Verona*, the common root being held to indicate a height overlooking a river or surrounded by its folds.

death by poisoning his wife and two sons, his only children. The unhappy man survived them many years, and after a time took another wife, Clemence, daughter of the count of Auxonne, who bore him no children, and had the great ill-luck to outlive him; for after her husband's death she was seized and imprisoned by his heirs-at-law, to keep her out of any part of his possessions. Two emperors of Germany in succession commanded her release and the restoration of her husband's estates, but she remained a prisoner for seventeen years. One fancies the sorrowful woman looking forth from the window of her prison-tower day after day for the help that was never to come, knowing that powerful kinsmen were urging her cause, and that imperial mandates had gone forth in her behalf—perhaps vowing, after the manner of those days, that if God would give her her freedom she would give it back into his hands and finish her life in a convent, and so waiting and looking and fading year after year, until she vanishes like a shadow and leaves no trace, for nothing is known of her fate. Thus the line of Zähringen expired, but its memory survives to the present day. At the east end of Berne a little church stands on the site of Berthold's castle of Nydeck, whose name it still bears, and the noble modern granite bridge which spans the Aar and stretches its three lofty arches across the ravine is called the bridge of Nydeck.

The iron hand of feudalism lay heavier nowhere than on the Swiss mountains and valleys, but from the earliest times the free spirit of the people broke out in constant resistance, and the result of the struggle has been the practical extirpation of aristocracy. The hills and crags are crowned with ruined strongholds, each with its own tradition, and some of them grim enough. On the Lake of Zurich stood the castle of the lords of Toggenburg, of whose line came the faithful knight of Schiller's ballad, who went on a crusade because his ladylove would not smile upon him, and came back in a year because he

could not bear it; and finding that she had taken the veil, built himself a little cell on a hillside above her convent, whence he could see her open her window every morning, and there dwelt until he died. In the thirteenth century lived Count Henry of Toggenburg, who loved his lady too, but in different wise. The Countess Ida was a famous beauty, and as virtuous as Lucretia. One day, however, the count saw her wedding-ring on the finger of one of his retainers. Without stopping to ask questions, he had the man tied to the tail of a furious horse, who was then turned loose, and the countess thrown from the topmost tower of the castle down the precipice on which it stood. In falling she caught at a bush growing in a cleft of the rock, and clung there until rescued. Her escape was considered miraculous, and led to an investigation. It turned out that she had laid her ring on the ledge of an open window, whence it had been carried off by a tame raven: the bird of ill omen let it drop in the courtyard, where it was picked up by the luckless varlet, who, not knowing it to be his lady's, kept it as treasure-trove. Her innocence was thus established and his memory "rehabilitated;" but the Countess Ida's fall had given her a serious turn: she declined to go back to her lord, and took the veil in a neighboring convent.

In the valley of the Aar there is a wooded hill called the Wülpelsberg, and among the trees of the Wülpelsberg are the ruins of a castle begun about A. D. 1000 by a count of Altenburg. It was originally called *Habichtsburg* or Hawk's Hold, but the name degenerated into Habsburg, and thence, toward the middle of the thirteenth century, Count Rudolf came down into the world to seek his fortune. He found it in various ways and places. First, he became heir to the title and estates of the counts of Kyburg, which stretched along the right bank of the Aar opposite Berne. The townspeople had long wished for a bridge across the river, and had bought a bit of land on the other side for the express purpose, but, despite the pur-

chase, Count Rudolf very obstinately refused to allow them to build. They were in no position to contend with so powerful a noble, and appealed to his rival, the count of Savoy—surnamed the Little Charlemagne, although his name was Peter—who was so great a patron of Berne that he was called its second founder. He proposed an interview to discuss the subject. It led to nothing, as Rudolf, to show his indifference, did not rise to receive the count of Savoy. Another meeting was appointed, when the latter took care to be beforehand, and remained seated in his turn. Their mutual dignity being vindicated, they talked matters over; and the end of it was, that the Bernese had their bridge, which answered all purposes until within a few years, when the great Nydeck bridge was built close beside the old one.

Time wore on, and Rudolf of Habsburg found a seat which he was able to retain in any presence, the imperial throne—a loftier one than that on which his descendants of the House of Austria sit to this day, perhaps not so much at their ease. As emperor he showed peculiar favor to Berne, whose power and privileges increased during his reign. But his son and successor, Albert, was otherwise minded, not toward that district alone, but to the whole of Switzerland, whose growing love of liberty was an unwelcome symptom to the representatives of arbitrary power. In his short rule occurred the league of the forest cantons and the supposed feats of William Tell, which recent writers reject as myths. The struggle which followed, with the successive victories and final triumph of the Swiss at Morgarten, is sufficiently matter of history.

Almost the entire nobility and their adherents sided with the House of Austria from jealousy of the growing power of the towns and spread of the confederacy among the cantons, and when the tide of invasion ebbed back over the borders they continued to wage war against their fellow-countrymen. In sight of Berne stands Reichenbach, the

cradle of a gallant breed, which first appears in history in 1298, when Ulrich of Erlach led the Bernese troops and their allies against a greatly superior force of the lords. He gained a signal victory at Donnerbühl (the Hill of Thunder), drove the routed patricians through the Jammerthal (Vale of Woe), and carrying many of their strongholds by assault, burned or razed them to the ground. Half a century later a new attempt was made by the seigneurial party to crush the liberty of Berne. They assembled, with recruits from Alsace, Upper Burgundy and Savoy, in formidable numbers. Berne had only a small reinforcement from the forest cantons and Soleure, but the little army marched undaunted under the command of Rudolf von Erlach, the son of Ulrich, against an enemy of more than double their strength. A bloody battle was fought, in which the lords were totally defeated, and the victory of Laupen stands high among the achievements of Swiss patriotism. Rudolf claimed no recompense, but returned to his paternal acres, where, honored and happy, he spent many years in rural occupations. One winter evening his son-in-law, Jobst von Rudenz, came in, and finding him alone, made an angry claim for his wife's dower, out of which he thought her father's prolonged life kept him unduly. What followed no one knows, until Jobst snatched from the wall the sword that had won the victory of Laupen, and killed the aged warrior on his own hearthstone. No one was at hand, and the murderer fled, but Rudolf's bloodhounds, hearing their master's cries, broke loose and dashed away in pursuit. They returned with bloody muzzles, and no more was ever heard of Jobst von Rudenz. The tomb of Rudolf is in the little church of Bremgarten. His memory is still revered: a fine equestrian statue of him, erected in 1848, faces the cathedral. Nor has his ancient line or its martial spirit died out of the land: the name reappears constantly in Swiss military annals, and between 1790 and 1800, Albert and Charles von Erlach led the Bernese

troops in the ineffectual struggle against the overwhelming odds of the French invasion.

The conflict with feudalism, waged during ages, kept the country in perpetual tumult. The lord of Fardun turned his horses loose into the grain-fields of a peasant named John Chaldar, who, furious at the loss of his harvest, killed them. He was seized, tortured and imprisoned until his family could collect money enough to ransom him of their savage liege master. Chaldar returned to his plough, apparently quite satisfied with getting off so well. One day, however, when he was at dinner with his family, the lord of Fardun entered the cottage. All rose respectfully to greet him, but he looked round in scornful silence, and then spat into the soup. Chaldar, as we have seen, was subject to sudden anger, and, though he had taken his injuries so easily, could not support this insult. He seized his lord by the scruff of the neck, and crying, "You have seasoned the soup, now eat it," ducked his head into the scalding broth, and held it there until he died. Then he rushed out, raised the standard of revolt, and the people flocked together and burned the castle of Fardun, as well as several others. Rude days for gentle and simple!

The nobles slowly lost foothold. They were for the most part deep in debt, and their estates were mortgaged beyond their value. As one after another became impoverished and unable to maintain his rank and state, the nearest town or canton purchased his lands and added them to the public territory. So by degrees the counts and barons were fought out and bought out by the base-born, and although the Swiss have still a great respect for their old families, no prerogative of class is any longer recognized.

Berne, like other places of importance, became at an early date a free city under the protection of the Empire, but governed by its own inhabitants. The guilds here, as elsewhere, soon began to play a prominent part: each had its

own head-quarters, which became clubs or lodges, and gradually taverns. They still exist, many of them as second-class hotels, and are called "abbeys," for no reason that any one can assign. There is the carpenters' abbey, the weavers', the butchers', the bakers'—possibly the candlestick-makers'—and so on to the number of thirteen, several kindred trades uniting to form one corporation. Each bears its insignia and coat-of-arms. Many of the devices are whimsical and grotesque. One of the guilds, with a curious sense of its own merits, has chosen the monkey as its emblem. The aristocratic class is represented by the *Abbaye des Gentilhommes*, formerly known as the *Abbaye des Fous*, or, in the blunter vernacular, *Zum Narren*: its sign is still a fool's head, with cap and bells, and its present appellation in German, *Distelzwang*, or the Order of the Thistle. No explanation is given why a fool's head or the ass's flower should be the only symbol of the gentlemen: there must be some mystery of iniquity and burgher malice at the bottom of it. The porch over the door carries us back once more to old times, for it had the right of asylum, and men flying for their lives from vengeance or justice could take refuge there as at the altar. The "Feast of Fools" is still occasionally celebrated at Berne, a procession of carriages passing through the streets, with masked faces imitative of bears and other animals projecting from the windows. Not many years ago a festival of this kind was celebrated at Bâle on an extensive scale, deputations from all the cantons participating in the ridiculous exhibition and in the sports and carousals that attended it.

The streets of Berne retain many a memento of barbarous days. Down by the river stands the Bloody Tower (*Blutthurm*), which tradition says was a seat of the terrible secret tribunal called the *Vehmgericht*. The Jews' quarter is still designated as the *Rue des Juifs*, though there is no Hebrew population. The Jews established themselves in the city in its earliest days, and were tolerated at first, but a hundred years later there

occurred one of those fanatical out-breaks so common in the Middle Ages, in which the rapacity of a few turned to account the superstition of the many. The unfortunate Jews were accused of having murdered a Christian child—a common charge against them—and the people rose, put many to death, hunted out the rest and confiscated their property. After a time they were again allowed to settle there, but new persecutions again drove them forth, and this time entirely out of Switzerland; and to such purpose that in spite of Protestant tolerance there were not a dozen Jewish families in Berne fifty years ago. One of the most curious fountains in the place is called the Ogre, and represents a giant devouring a child: a number more are stuck in his belt and pockets, while a troop of these innocents and little bears, who seem to enjoy equal consideration, are filled with horror and affright. Various explanations are given of the origin of this monument, which is very old, but the favorite one refers it to the Jew panic.

One might suppose that excess of luxury could never have been a cause of anxiety in this country; yet even here, as in Holland, sumptuary laws were thought necessary to restrain the tendency to wasteful display. The "*luxue effrénée des femmes*," of which the world has heard so much in late years, became the subject of legislation. In 1470 the rulers of Berne passed an ordinance against the ladies' trains. A great outcry was raised: it was felt that the attack was not on the privileges of sex only, but of caste, the length of the gown being in proportion to the height of the rank. The ladies retired to their castles in the country, and things looked threatening, when the political complications arising out of the rivalry of Charles the Bold and Louis XI. gave the councils other things to think of. The series of brilliant victories won by the Swiss over the former prince, ending in his downfall and death, form the passage in their history on which they most pride themselves, and which is supposed to give

most lustre to their fame. And as military feats they well deserve their reputation. But if we look into the causes of the war, they reflect no credit on anything but the bravery of the victors. The Swiss had no grievance against Charles, nor any just cause of war against him. But the flattery and bribes of their former enemy, Louis XI. of France, who had attacked them when he was dauphin, tempted them to invade Upper Burgundy when the duke's hands were already full, and ravage and pillage his domains. His marching against the Swiss was an act of vengeance, and his defeats at Grandson, Morat and the fatal field of Nancy cannot be considered as justice either natural or poetical. Nevertheless, it is impossible not to feel sympathy with the valiant little folk when one sees the museum of Berne hung with the tapestry stript from the pavilion of this redoubtable warrior, who disdained the hands of kings and princes for his daughter, and kept all Europe at bay. The arras is embroidered with the life of St. Vincent of Saragossa, and St. Vincent being the patron saint of Berne, this windfall was no doubt looked upon as a special providence.

These triumphs had a very unsettling effect upon the national mind. The people acquired an unwholesome taste for fighting and money, and hence dates the restlessness which led them to enlist under alien banners, to carry to foreign campaigns the strength of arm that was needed to clear the forests and till the fields at home, and which in course of time made the name of Swiss a synonym for mercenary. Those who were not fighting abroad were quarreling at home, where a grand occasion of strife soon offered itself in the Réformation.

In the very infancy of Berne the Dominicans had settled themselves there, and soon getting the upper hand among the clergy, continued to hold possession against all comers. Whenever a royal visitor passed this way he was entertained at their convent, where they lived as merrily as their Augustine brothers of the proverbial Ripaille on the Lake

of Geneva. They received a long list of dukes, princes, kings and emperors, and the august guests found the abode so pleasant that they stayed for weeks, and often came back again, sometimes with their wives. The climax of this glory was a visit from Pope Martin V., who, with a large suite of cardinals and bishops, tarried with the brotherhood for a fortnight in May, 1418. The next year their troubles began, for their immorality had become so shameless that women would no longer attend the church. A réform was attempted, but twenty years later, the same scandals being again notorious, many of the monks were disgraced, and a number imported from Augsburg, where it is to be supposed manners were better. At length a controversy arose between the Dominicans and the Franciscans on the subject of the Immaculate Conception—a doctrine upheld by the former and rejected by the latter. The dispute lasted a long time, and awakened all the proverbial *odium theologicum* on both sides. A statue of the Virgin in the Dominican church, which up to that time had been an image of tranquillity, began to wink, weep, and even, under great stress, shed tears of blood. A fanatical, half-idiotic tailor boy, named John Jetzel, a *protégé* of the Dominicans, had a number of ecstatic visions, and finally miraculously received the "stigmata," or wounds of Christ, in his hands, feet and side. When the Franciscans saw their own thunder stolen in such an audacious manner, the stigmata being the peculiar privilege of their patron, St. Francis, they lost patience, and brought the whole business before the government. The tricks and tortures of which the poor tailor lad had been the victim came to light: a couple of openings were discovered behind the emotional statue in the wall of the church which communicated with the convent. There was great excitement throughout the community, and the Dominicans judged it safe to sacrifice a few for the safety of the rest, and picked out four monks on whom they laid the blame of the whole transaction. These

wretches were found guilty of sacrilege, and were burned alive in the summer of 1509, before an immense concourse of spectators.

The Reformation broke out, and no country was more torn and divided by religious strife than this little mountain land. For more than a century it was a field for the intrigues of all the European powers, who made use of religious discussions for political purposes: doge and king and pope and kaiser expended themselves in bribes and threats, while the poor people fought among themselves with the obstinacy and ferocity peculiar to both civil and religious wars. St. Charles Borromeo came in his ardor from Milan into the Engadine, and was the cause of more bloodshed than any other individual: the sufferings of the unfortunate Grisons were fully equal to the more famous persecutions of the Waldenses. Berne was among the very first to embrace the Reformed faith, and showed her zeal in various ways. A fountain surmounted by a statue of St. Christopher, which had long been one of the ornaments of the town, was promptly rechristened Goliath, and a small David set up over against it to settle the question. The inhabitants obstinately refused to adopt the new calendar because it had been revised by the Pope, and as the authorities were in favor of the improved mode of reckoning, the dispute very nearly led to civil war. In 1580 a Papal nuncio presented himself at Berne, but the government immediately dismissed him, and the children pelted him out of the town with snow-balls. In the middle of the seventeenth century the entire independence of the Helvetic Confederation was recognized as an article of the peace of Westphalia; and when the emperor, instead of addressing them, as formerly, "Loyal and beloved allies of our person and empire," began his letters, "Respectable, honored and particularly dear and severe," the Swiss felt that they had gained an immense step. Early in the last century their religious difficulties were finally adjusted. Their history then be-

comes a mere record of wrangling over "states' rights" on a microscopic scale. This had its inevitable effect, and at the end of seventy-five years the French armies swept almost unresisted over the country which for a thousand years had held its own against all the nations of Europe.

Berne enumerates with pride a long list of worthies, of whom, however, the world only remembers the learned Haller, the publicist Charles Victor von Bonstetten (for whom Geneva generally receives credit, that having been his home for many years), and Heinrich Zschokke, who, though not a native, was prefect of the canton, and author not only of the charming pathetic tales by which he is best known, but of some very pleasant and interesting works on Switzerland. Zschokke's history does not go beyond the overthrow of Napoleon, since which the country has by no means been without wars and politics, of which a full account is given by another historian in six volumes; which, taken as a sequel to Müller's work in ten, may be considered a tolerably full record for a country of this size. But meanwhile the romantic physiognomy of the past had disappeared, and we find only the unpicturesque horrors of modern warfare or the prosaic features of modern peace. Castles and chapels vanish before factories and railway-stations, palaces give way to hotels. The stately line of buildings on granite terraces overlooking the valley from the northern side of the town are the Bernerhof, the Hôtel Bellevue and the Parliament-house, erected in 1857.

But of Nature's changes there is no human record. She looked on Kimmerians and Norsemen, Romans and Franks with the same face she wore this New Year's Eve, when all the bells of Berne began their chorus, led by the patriarch from the cathedral-tower, whose sonorous voice, only heard on great occasions, sent pealing tones to the distant hills to proclaim the coming festival. It is the great holiday. There are some pretty Christmas customs of German origin, but the day, though one

of leisure, is not one of merry-making, and falling this time on Sunday, the Calvinistic influence was felt in double force. The morning service is held at nine o'clock, and while the minister in his Geneva gown, capped and ruffed like John Knox himself, holds forth to the shivering congregation, a chain is drawn across the street, that no clatter of passing wheels may disturb their devout exercises. After that the churches are closed until three, and all day long the town seems as deserted and dreary as any New England village on an old-fashioned Sabbath afternoon. New Year coming in on Sunday too, somewhat subdued the general hilarity, which, however, began to get the upper hand toward evening, and was in full swing all the next day. Monday morning dawned blankly on a fog of impenetrable density, but as the day wore on it grew thinner and semi-transparent, and began to waver and part, giving glimpses of a beautiful fairy realm. At noon the last folds rolled away and disappeared, and what a world was revealed! The mist, congealing, had covered everything with a pearly film; the trees were like the silver wood in the princess's dream; along the forest-fronts green pine boughs were softly feathered with white, and the graceful branches of the birch looked like the falling spray of a fountain. Every twig, blade of grass, spike of moss was frost-wrought with the most exquisite delicacy. There was no heavy ice-armor bending and breaking the trees: it was as if a breath had passed over the land, turning every fibre to crystal, and the transformation was so impalpable and ineffable that a single sigh of warm air would have swept it all away. The cloudless sky was pale turquoise-blue—the sunshine faint, like ours on the first spring days, but the still cold was the cold of January; and even when the icicles were a mere fringe like eyelashes along the ledges, no little row of drops beneath told of any genial power in the sun's rays. As the glance ranged across the landscape lying under this spell of enchantment, no harsh outline, no heavy stroke met

the eye: all was aerial lightness and plummy grace, till the view was closed by the chain of the Alps, looking like the outer wall of the world, white from the very base to the crest "as no fuller on earth can white them," and glittering in supernatural brightness. The marvelous spectacle brought many people to the terraces despite the intense cold. Late in the afternoon we climbed the spiral staircase of the cathedral-tower, and stood upon the little stone gallery hundreds of feet above the valley, with several parties of peasants and townspeople who had come up to see the sunset. What a scene! The silvery wreath still lay on every tree and bush, but the

Aar ran like molten gold: long ruby lights streamed across the snow; the lower hills were purple, with haloes round their heads, and the wondrous white brotherhood of the Bernese Alps stood with their brows bathed in glory. We gazed and gazed, and could have gazed for ever, but the hues changed and waned and vanished, until only a fading flush lingered on the sharp peak of the Finster-Aarhorn, and a single star looked over the shoulder of the Jungfrau. Then down into the darkness of the tower stair, the mental vision alight with the shining of an imperishable memory.

SARAH B. WISTER.

DOWN THE DANUBE.

THE fact was, we were growing tired of Vienna. It is a town to which you are easily reconciled if you are compelled to stay, but which only pleases up to a certain point restless idlers, as we were. Most Americans spend one day there, and, after being whirled through the Belvedere and the Ambra-ser Sammlung, and having stared themselves half blind at the wonders of the Schatzkammer, and drunk the clearest of beer to the most voluptuous of dance-music in the Volksgarten, they go regretfully away and wish they had not been so hurried, and devoutly vow to come back some time and stay longer. They never do, but they go through the world chanting in strophes of regret the enchantments of the Kaiserstadt. We were not hurried, and we saw all of Vienna that the profane may see. It is a pleasant, happy-go-lucky, old-fashioned, good-natured, and rather stupid town. I know that sentence will meet with an indignant denial from all the young ladies who have gazed for an hour at Strauss in his rhythmic ecstasies, and from all the young gentlemen who have passed an evening *beim Sperl*. *Dulce est desipere in loco*—unquestionably; and let the folly be localized for a day or two at Vienna, and you cannot do better. But try it for a year,

and then beg my pardon for contradicting me. You will be glad to take tickets, as we did, for Constantinople.

One morning we were off by the Nord Bahn. In the cold, gray frosty day-break as I drove to the station, Vienna looked glum and cheerless. Even the gay little people, whose night was ending, looked blue and sleepy; while stolid toil, whose day was beginning, was as gloomy as it is everywhere in great towns. As I clattered through the Salzgies, I saw it was dismally early. There was not a Jew or a goose in the street. At the station I saw my friends in the waiting-room—the Judge, with a diffused sense of injury at being compelled to get up before he was ready and to eat before he was hungry, and Mr. Funnell Hall, fresh and frosty and rosy as a red winter-apple.

While we are waiting for the train, let me introduce my friends. Gentle reader, this is Mr. Funnell Hall, one of the Halls of Beacon-street, cousin to the Marble Halls of Commonwealth avenue; he is something of a student, and very much of a gentleman; he came over in the "Mayflower," and he leads the German; he sleeps well, for his conscience is easy; he eats honestly, for his liver is sprightly; he laughs heartily, for his lungs are in excellent repair.

"The Judge"—there, I knew I should forget it. I saw his name once on a passport, but immediately forgot it—it was Ellsworth, or Winthrop, or some satisfactory Puritan name transplanted a little further west. But the name is of no consequence. He was never called anything but "The Judge." When he was a baby, and, in obedience to the great georgic principle, made mud-pies, he stirred the terrestrial paste with a certain judicial gravity. As he grew up, his friends and neighbors called him Judge so naturally, that one day, at an election held in his absence from town, his name was found on so many ballots for some vacancy on some bench, that he was declared elected, to his horror and confusion. For the Judge was a man of substance, and one that loved books better than work. So he resigned, and was promptly reelected. There was but one resource left—that which Ed'ard Cuttle, mariner, suggested to his friend and shipmate, Bunsby, "Sheer off." The Judge took a pair of easy-shoes, and a portentous green umbrella that had been in the family since the Pequod war, and stealthily sailed for Europe, where he breathed freely—in cathedrals, and picture-galleries, and libraries. He had no plans. He was going to stay abroad till the thing blew over at home—till "some other fellow got the certificate." The Judge wears gold eye-glasses, and not much hair. He attributes the rise of the latter habit to his early custom of carrying his hymn-book in his hat. His principal passion is getting up early and scaling cathedral towers. He is the best Republican now living. He knows his ecclesiastical history better than most bishops.

We spun along at a lively pace until we crossed the Hungarian border and came to Pressburg, which became the capital of Hungary and the city of the coronation at a time when the ancient city of Buda-Pesth was in the hands of the infidels. In the old cathedral, founded by St. Ladislaus, and dedicated in the middle of the fifteenth century, the crowning of the kings of

Hungary was for many generations performed. The gilded crown upon the cupola still marks the former dignity of the now insignificant church. One of the saddest and most touching incidents of Hungarian history took place in this *triste* little city, when Maria Theresa came down to Hungary crowned and girded with the diadem and sword of St. Stephen, to entice the magnates into her bloody and selfish wars, and the impressible and chivalrous nobles fell into the trap that was baited with her beauty and her tears. *Moriamur pro rege nostro!* shouted Bathyany, in a glow of loyalty that defied tradition and prudence as well as grammar; and for years the best blood of Hungary smoked in the battle-fields of Europe as incense to the Hapsburg obstinacy and pride. Often in their history has this scene been repeated or paralleled. As long as Hungary was an aristocracy, it was liable to these paroxysms of chivalrous folly. Now that there is a Hungarian people, let us see how they will take care of themselves and the common weal.

We stopped for dinner at the station of Neuhausel. As we descended from the carriage, we were greeted by wild strains of barbaric melody which proceeded from a band of gypsies near the door of the restauration. They were dressed in soft, fine hides, beautifully embroidered in bright colors, and conical hats profusely decked with streaming ribbons. Around the platform lounged some dozens of men and women of the country, nearly all dressed in leather more or less shabby. About the dress of the men there was usually some rude attempt at ornament. The women were more soberly attired. We had gotten so far East that woman was dethroned.

We entered the dark and smoky dining-room with a little shudder, but were agreeably disappointed at finding a clean and wholesome dinner. The Judge, who had been under deep depression all the morning on account of the semmells of Vienna, which he should see nevermore, was instantly roused to

life and animation by the sight of this cherished edible beside his soup-plate. We sat there in a confusion of many tongues—Germans, Slavonians, Magyars, Wallachians, each speaking his own jargon—and would have enjoyed our luncheon entirely, had it not been that the Zigeuner-musik jarred on the trained nerves of Mr. Hall, accustomed to the classic tones of the Great Organ.

As you rattle through Waitzen, you see nothing of it but a very ugly cathedral turning its apsidal to you. This is a sturdy Republican town. It saw one of the great Hungarian battles of 1848, and still keeps the faith by electing Kossuth or his sons to the Diet whenever there is an election. Thence over a wide open plain, along the low riverbanks, you come to the city of Pesth, the metropolis of Hungary. At the hotel we asked for three rooms, and were stared at for the unreasonable demand. The Landtag was in session, and the town was full. They could give us three beds, and they escorted us solemnly upstairs, with a mute and respectful procession of exquisite young gentlemen in evening-dress carrying long candles. The room was a superb parlor on the second floor, with three beds, and room enough for three more. Mr. Hall was rather disappointed that the hardships of the journey had not begun, but the Judge and I consoled him by the promise of pirates and mosquitoes on the Lower Danube. He had read, in his guide-book, that you could get nothing to eat in Hungary but Fogasch and Paprika Hahn, and was as near ill-nature as his sunny temperament could get, when we came to dinner and found in our hands a *menu* printed in French, German, and Hungarian, comprising all the luxuries of the Parisian cuisine. He soon recovered from his disappointment, however, and gave his fine teeth a lively hour's work.

As the waiter brought our coffee, we asked what was given to-night at the theatre. Something very fine—"Die Schöne Helene," of Offenbach. We groaned. Were we never to get away from Offenbach? All over Germany

they have gone daft over his music. In every provincial theatre you will find a soubrette who aims to form herself on the model of Schneider, and who only succeeds in aping the occasional coarseness, with no suspicion of the grace, of the blonde goddess of the Variétés. One dull night in Leipsic we had to take *La Vie Parisienne* or nothing. In Berlin they were playing Bluebeard. In the heart of Poland I found the stage occupied on alternate nights by the peplum of Fair Helen and the tapageous toilettes of the Benoiton family. Offenbach has conquered the world, and, unsatisfied, has invaded at last the island-realm of Robinson Crusoe, and taught those virgin solitudes to echo the seducing strains, "*Si c'est aimer.*"

Was there nothing else? Oh, yes, he said, something at the National Hungarian Theatre. This rather slightly, as if it was not the thing. Would my Grace like to see the journal? My grace would. When the journal came, we found the opera was the ever-fresh, inexhaustible Barber of Seville. Here was a novelty worth while: Figaro intriguing in the Magyar language. It was a very pretty and well-filled theatre. The play was well put on the stage, and the singing was not bad. The acting was admirable. The language is rather too consonantal for melody. Mr. Hall, whose eyes were off on an exploring expedition after Hungarian beauty during the *entre-actes*, assured us that the result of his observations was very satisfactory. The average of beauty among the better classes of Hungary is very high. The prettiest and most piquant faces in the first Vienna salons are seen to be from the families of the Magyar magnates. They did not seem to care much for the music, for the boxes were full of soft feminine chatter and laughter all the evening. They were winsome damsels, and their voices sweet and clear, but we elderly people would have preferred the unmixed music of Rossini.

The *Hotel de l'Europe* we had chosen from its name, and, as usual, had reason

to felicitate ourselves upon the success of the augury. I do not know why the *Hotel de l'Europe* is always a good house, but it is very clear why the *Hotel d'Angleterre*, or *A la Reine Victoria*, or the *Englischer Hof*, is always a bad one. In the desperate attempt to make an English inn, they lose the simple comforts of the true Continental hostel; and the fragmentary English of the waiters is a poor compensation for the lack of every thing else. But everywhere in Europe the weak point of the hotel system is breakfast. The waiters are moony, hazy, half-daft. They bring only one thing at a time, apparently unconscious of any connection between tea and sugar, and incapable of comprehending the earnestness with which you insist on having your bread and your butter together. They only get fairly awake at noon, and life attains for them its flush and heyday at the early dinner-hour, to sink again into torpor and apathy with the shades of evening.

So it was not in the best possible humor that we set off in the mornings on our explorations of the city of Pesth. The city is not a very attractive one. It is a wide, level town, with streets spreading out like a fan from the coronation square by the suspension bridge. The streets are long and wide; the buildings rather low in general. The signs produce a curious effect upon strangers, the baptismal names always bringing up the rear in Hungary. There is a great fancy, also, for painting somewhat elaborate pictures on the outside of shops, to serve as a sign and advertisement at once. A certain picturesqueness is given to the streets by the crowds of people wearing the neat and striking national costume. The Magyar revival is everywhere triumphant in the matter of dress. During our stay in Pesth we saw no hat but once. We ourselves had tamely submitted to the national spirit, and indulged in the luxury of the Talpak.

But the evening before we left, I saw in the clear sunset a strangely familiar apparition mount the coronation tumulus by the Quai, and stand surveying,

with stubby independence, the scene of the imperial circus-riding of a summer or two ago. He turned to the east and the north, to the south and the west. He brought his umbrella to a "present" in all four directions, as Mr. F. J. Hapsburg did with the sword of St. Stephen on the interesting occasion in question, and then, having satisfied his spirit of inquiry and experiment, went off briskly for his hotel. There was no question about him: the well-worn tile, the long, country-made overcoat, the short, full trousers, warped a little out from the perpendicular, the square-toed boots, the heels worn down on the outside angle, and the spry, independent way of getting around, all spoke his nationality better than the eagle that screamed on his passport.

Mr. Hall caught sight of the castor as it went slanting round a corner, and shouted, "By Jove! that old fellow might have come from Dedham."

Pesth is a lively, pleasant town, but Buda, the twin city, is far more interesting. It stands perched upon its grim rocks, proud, inaccessible, seemingly invincible. But nothing is invincible to the armed people. Görgey and his volunteers stormed that almost perpendicular height, and wrested the fortress from the regular Austrian troops, after one of the bloodiest sieges that even the scarlet pages of revolution record. In the centre of the great square, inside the fort, stands an iron monument to Hentzi and his men, who fell overwhelmed by the irresistible wave of Hungarian valor. The imperial despotism crushed the infant Republic, and set up a monument to its own servants who fell at their master's work. The Hungarian heroes who here defied the impossible, have no monument except in the dim memories of compromising survivors and the early speeches of Kossuth; he called them "the unnamed demigods."

High and steep as the fortress of Buda is, it is entirely commanded by the neighboring hills. The Blocksberg is especially insolent and domineering in aspect. Nobody seemed to have

noticed this, however, until Görgey, with his revolutionary force, seized and fortified it. To save the city of Pesth from bombardment, he for a long time refrained from firing on the fortress of Buda; but when Hentzi fired on the city, Görgey opened his artillery on the Festung, and soon knocked the Palatine palace and the barracks about the ears of the garrison.

We drove, one pleasant afternoon, to the Blocksberg. A squalid village clings like a parasite to its base, and a long zigzag road winds to its summit. On either side of the road lie the famous vineyards that produce the Ofner wine. We passed one large plantation, which occupied, in joint tenancy with mouldering tomb-stones, a grave-yard centuries old. The vine-stakes and the *hic jacets* crowded each other on the hillside. "Rum place to plant a vineyard," said Mr. Funnell Hall. "They want the wine to have body," said the Judge, calmly. All along the way were strewn these cheap and tawdry shrines, with staring colors and hideous statuettes, such as one sees in every mountainous country. The crest of the hill is crowned with a fort in solid masonry. It is entirely dismantled, not a man nor a gun in position. Some wild-looking men, dressed in skins, with unwieldy wagons drawn by long-horned, fawn-colored cattle, and attended by black dogs nearly as tall as the oxen, were engaged removing rubbish from the casemates. The Danube lay warm in the light of evening, writhing over long stretches of valley and plain. The city of Pesth spread out its fan-like streets over the level before us, looking twice its size. In the court of the vast barracks, called the New Building, built about a century ago, we could see a dress-parade going on, and the sound of the bugles floated up to us "thin and clear like horns of Elf-Land."

One beautiful moonlight night we left Pesth and went still eastward. At the station we found, in the waiting-room, a heterogeneous mass of fantastically assorted humanity silently grouped around the stoves. A porter ap-

proached us and asked "if we liked to be at our ease in travelling." Touched by the kind interest displayed in the question, we replied that there was nothing we liked better. He instantly shouldered our shawls and carpet-bags, unlocked the door that led to the train, and, unmindful of the grumbling world, locked it again behind us, and led us to a compartment over which was painted the word that your true Austrian or Hungarian shuns as unhallowed, *Nicht-Raucher*. "But we smoke," roared Mr. Hall in angry protest. "Schön!" he gently responded; "in there you will not be smoked." We gave the philanthropic porter some Austrian currency, and he locked us into the compartment and went back to find more Engländer who liked to be at ease. Family parties came storming at the door from time to time, but the glamor of the tiff weighed heavily on guards and porters, and we were held sacred. The Judge took out his meerschaum, black as ebony, and Mr. Hall his bundle of Vienna Virginias, and poisoned the few cubic feet of atmosphere set aside for non-smokers, without fear and without reproach.

Of all vices, there is none so selfish as the use of tobacco. No man, except the murderer, so projects upon others the consequences of his own fault as the smoker. I have a thousand times, in travelling, seen a man, apparently of good breeding otherwise, take out a cigar in a crowded compartment, smile blandly, say to the women present, "I hope smoking is not offensive," to which the submissive reply is always the same on the continent; he then proceeds to fill the close air with subtle poison, while women become pale and faint, and children flushed and fevered, and the journey, which might have been a pleasure, a penance—all, that one selfish fellow may retune, with a noxious weed, the nerves that, by the use of this weed, he has senselessly shattered. And nearly every smoker will say, "I am not a slave to tobacco. I smoke because I like it." Can selfishness be more shameless and cynical? In America, as yet,

no one but a blackguard smokes in the presence of women. But, with the gradual blunting of consciences through continued vice, we may find ourselves where Austria and Hungary are.

It was day as we drew near the great river again at Baziasch. On paper and in the hopes of property-holders this is an important place; but the impartial tourist sees nothing but a shabby landing, and a warehouse, too big for its work, crouched at the foot of a great bleak hill. There is a railway station near the shore, and a small fleet of the Danubian Company's boats moored beside it, and swarming between was the population of the city of Baziasch—a dozen or two mean-visaged rascals in gaudy-colored skins, who pick up a lazy livelihood by carrying portmantaus from the station to the boat. They crowd into the cars and seize your light baggage with a grave and official air that imposes upon weak nerves. One takes your travelling-bag, another severely shoulders your umbrella, and a third muscular rogue staggers under the weight of your Murray. If you protest, they explain in dignified but voluble Magyar; and if you are not fluent in the tongue of Attila, there is nothing to do but to walk in solemn procession with these panting and over-loaded porters to the boat. Your ignorance of their grammar comes into better play when you pay them according to the measure of their work, and they demand a supplement.

The morning was hazy and cold. The boat lay idly by the wharf. The captain sleepily superintended the embarkation of the baggage, which was brought on by the same labor-saving machines who had accompanied us from the station. The Judge and I, who felt frowsy and tumbled from the night in the train, went below. Mr. Hall paced the deck, encouraging the captain about his work, making every body's acquaintance, and shedding abroad in the damp, shivering air the influence of his invincible health and youth. In an hour he came down to breakfast, with his hair standing out for mere frosty good-na-

ture, and the keen hunger of a school-boy. He knew already every body on board. There were two Greeks, he said, Smyrnioter merchants—an Armenian bagman—a Turkish banker, with two dozen little pine boxes of money on deck, which had just been brought on board after being counted and sealed on the wharf by three official people with no end of gold-lace—a young man from Paris, with dyed whiskers and bad teeth—a solid Wallachian tradesman and a flighty Wallachian student—and our friend from Dedham with the hat! He had been found in a heated controversy with two furry gentlemen in sheepskins, who insisted on being paid separately for bringing each one overshoe from the station, while Dedham logically contended, with a cogency which would have been conclusive if the furry men had understood English, that carrying a pair of overshoes was an act which, in contemplation of law and bucksheesh custom, was indivisible, and not susceptible of a dual interpretation.

We breakfasted at a little table apart, at one end of the cabin. Near us was a larger table, at which were sociably grouped most of the persons whom Hall had described. During the hour we sat there, it was curious to see how the conversation drifted through at least a half-dozen different languages. Nearly every one on board spoke fluently all the languages of Southern Europe, and I have since found that talent very general in the southeast. They seemed scarcely conscious of a change in the speech they used, but the conversation followed with instant readiness a word thrown into the air by the Frenchman, the Turk, the Greek, or by the Italian, whose facile tongue is perhaps the most universally spoken in the Orient. The subject under discussion, rather than the nationality of the speaker, suggested the choice of language. While they were talking of the Reichsrath, they spoke German, but a remark about the Exposition switched the talk at once off into French. The Smyrniote merchant, who up to that moment had spoken no English, now approached us, and said that,

in his daily business, he was compelled to speak English, French, German, Italian, Turkish, Greek, and Armenian. He thought English was gaining every day as a business language, though still far behind French. English was the easiest of all tongues to speak badly, and French the easiest to speak well.

"Ye gentlemen of Yankee-land," said Hall, "who live at home at ease, and go from Maine to Texas with only a revolver and Webster's spelling-book, I hope you appreciate your advantages."

We got under way after an inordinately long time had been spent stowing away the light load—the Huns, who acted as stevedores, seeming to suffer under a deep sense of the curse of labor, and to struggle to incur as little of it as possible in a given time.

I know of no river so much neglected by the poets and romancers, which is so rich in the materials of poetry and romance, as the Lower Danube. In the short stretch that reaches from Baziasch to the tower of Severinus, you will find almost every conceivable variety of river scenery. There are portions as beautiful as the Hudson, as picturesque as the Rhine, and others as wild and savage as the St. Lawrence. Now it winds through vast corn-fields and among gently-rolling plains that irresistibly recall the Mississippi; and again, it seems to lie like a mountain-lake locked fast by beetling cliffs. But there was to me a singular impression of loneliness always present—not as of a land unpeopled, but depopulated. There were very few ruins. You saw nowhere, as on the Rhine, those wonderful piles of masonry standing mute witnesses of the glory and crimes of the past. The solitude of the Danube is more profound. Even its memories are vague. Through all this long meandering course, if we except the towns of Skela-Gladova and Rustchuk—straggling new villages called into life by the Austrian Steamboat Company—there is rarely a sign of human occupation. There rests upon the land the shadow of a great secret, a distant and mighty past. The tawny waves of the Danube roll turbid with

troubled memories which will never be made clear.

A hint of this strange past you catch from time to time. Once a group of peasants came down to the landing where we lay, dressed in skins and high conical fur caps, precisely like those the conquered Dacians wear in the reliefs of the Column of Trajan—a fashion which has lasted in this neighborhood for two thousand years. You may see, near the village of Turnu-Severin, two piles of masonry by the shore, and others rippling the waves in mid-channel—the remains of a bridge built by the Roman invaders. But there is another relic of that wonderful age and of those incomparable warriors more remarkable still, on the right bank of the river, extending several miles. This is a system of mortices, and of the remains of a covered gallery cut in the solid rock, to form the military road by which the Roman army shortened and secured its communications in the vast outlying Dacian territories. I have never been brought so near in spirit to that marvellous people as in seeing, in these wild and utterly lonely solitudes, these vividly startling traces of their majestic passage. There is no Dacia—there is no Senate and people of Rome. Roman history is a playground of scholars, where each builds what airy castles he may. But here, at the world's end, is a fresh, undeniable proof of the awful vigor of those gigantic footsteps that made the earth tremble for centuries. But the civilization that Trajan found, if he found any, and that which he carried, if the mailed fist can hold such a burden, have alike vanished from these waste places, and Nature has resumed her ancient savagery.

As we drew near the pass of Kazau, the banks of the Danube suddenly contracted, the grassy and wooded slopes of the hills turned to perpendicular crags of red sandstone, whose broad surfaces presented a mass of fused and twisted strata, that looked as if a vast coil of preadamite serpents had suddenly been fixed upon the mountain-wall. Sharp monumental-looking spurs

of rock shot up here and there from the cliffs. Before and behind us a thick blue veil of flying mist darkened the sky. The current of the river grew rapid and troubled in the narrowing channel. As we came to the Pass, where the river dashes through a gorge of only fifty yards in width, a wild and furious storm of wind and rain rushed howling from between the black walls and struck us full in the face, as if the Spirit of the Place was making his last desperate stand against intrusion. The wind roared and lashed the excited waters into foam; the rain was hurled in level lines through the gorge like a volley of whistling bullets. On either side the dim crags rose higher in the mist, until the last one sprang sheer and clean two thousand feet in the air, its head bound in tattered clouds. We came out upon a broad and lovely valley where the river broadened to a lake, and the storm, exhausted and spent, sank away into a bright and quiet sunset.

We landed for the night at the town of Orsova, the frontier town of Hungary, on the Wallachian border. It was not considered safe to attempt to shoot the Iron Gate before morning. The Judge, acting upon his unvarying plan of always leaving a boat when he could, went ashore, and occasioned a general stampede to the Hotel Ungarn.

We went aboard at six in the morning. The hills were blue and dim in the clear autumnal dawn. The rising sun touched the sleeping river to a rosy tinge. The cool, fresh air was vibrating to the sound of distant bells, and the great high road upon the Servian shore was thronged with groups of peasants in their holiday dress, going to early mass. We came, in a half-hour's sail, to New Orsova, the military post which guards the Wallachian frontier. Here, on a low marshy level by the river-side, Kossuth buried the Iron Crown of Hungary when all was lost and his nation seemed dying. He fled into Turkey, taking his secret with him. Several years afterward the precious relic was discovered by accident, and a chapel built on the spot to commemorate the

event. A little valley here marks the border of Christianity and Islamism, and a snow-clad mountain closes the view, whence a keen cold wind sweeps down the river.

We now came to the Iron Gate of the Danube. This dangerous rapid consists of two almost vertical falls of eight feet each. The boiling and foaming mass of waters looks exceedingly formidable, but is rarely fatal to vessels. Disasters are scarcely ever heard of with good pilots in the daytime. The weather became instantly milder by several degrees when we had passed the rapids. We changed boats again at Turnu-Severin, and made the rest of the journey in the superbly-appointed steamer "Sophie" of the Austrian Navigation Company. Here Mr. Funnell Hall gave up finally his search for privations, and contented himself with enjoying the luxuries of travel. His pirates he found in dress-coats and white cravats. His tents and caves were carpeted from Belgium, and frescoed like committee-rooms in Washington. He even found means of gratifying his depraved Bostonian taste for cold water, and splashed about in his chamber to the horror of hydrophobic Huns.

We steamed along all day in the soft Fall weather, the river skirting desolate grassy downs and villages of wattled huts with long fine names. There is a wonderful sameness of color in these worn-out lands. I saw, on the dull dun background once a dusty stone fountain, on one side a family in light butternut gowns, on the other a few dirt-colored cows. Mr. Hall made a sketch of the group, which he called "A Symphony in Drab."

We had some talk of politics with the Servians and Wallachians on board. They speak without the slightest reservation, and without the least pretence of concealing their contempt and detestation of the Turkish rule. In both Wallachia and Servia the authority of the Sultan has long ceased to be any thing more than nominal; and if there were any concert of action in European Turkey, the yoke of Moslem suzerainty

could be shaken off at any day. But all efforts to build up a party which should have cohesion enough to sustain, in the several provinces, the weight of a simultaneous rebellion, have been, as yet, unavailing. The different princes cannot trust each other. The liberal Servians cannot trust their prince. In the dominions of Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, there is the most curious complexity of parties. The Hospodar himself dreams of a Danubian kingdom. His Moldavian subjects are plotting for independence, or, failing that, for the removal of the capital to Jassy. A few cracked spirits, who have read a little of Roman history, are agitating for a Pan-Dacian movement. And generally throughout the principality the Romanians find it more amusing to plunder and jay-hawk the Jews, than to spend time and money in any form of political agitation.

Russia waits always over the border, ready, at the slightest signal, to assist the revolt; but in spite of the intrigues of her agents, the Russian cause is not gaining much in the principalities. The Danubians shrewdly prefer to continue their connection with a dying despotism too weak to oppress them, rather than give themselves up to the ursine protection of the hungry Colossus of the North.

On Monday morning we went ashore at Rustchuk. The town is sprinkled along the hillside in a ravishing site—a pretty place, with neat white cottages, and eighteen slender minarets bearing witness to their piety. In the airy piazzas sat the placid Turks gravely smoking. Women, enveloped in their long jashmaks, were bringing wood and water up the steep hill-path; and lounging and loafing in picturesque protest against being forced to work in such lovely weather, were a dozen porters strewed over the little wharf.

"Mon Dieu!" shouted the Frenchman. "It is like a scene of carnival. These fellows dress seriously *en Turc*."

After all one's preparation, it comes with a little shock upon you to see men in comic-opera costume with sober faces.

These dramatic-looking loafers, in their green and yellow turbans, blue jackets, wide red sashes, and vast flowing trowsers, their dirty fingers holding cigarettes, or idly toying with the daggers and pistols with which their belts were crowded, had something singularly unpractical about their air. They seemed to have stepped ready-accounted out of the Arabian Nights. As our luggage was put ashore, they swarmed about it and carried it to the Custom-House, distant a hundred yards or so. The idea of the whole thing being a masquerade was irresistible. My trunk was carried by a princely-looking giant blazing with purple and gold. He carried in his ample girdle a pair of silver-mounted pistols of exquisite workmanship, and two daggers of a pure steely glitter. A superb moustache swept in a huge crescent over lip and jaw; clear gray eyes shone under straight statuesque brows. It was the face of a major-general; but it broke up into servile delight, when I gave him a franc for lifting my baggage.

At the Custom-House we saw the Constantinopolitan banker putting his effects through the official mill, and conscientiously copied his procedure. He gave a bribe of about ten cents in Turkish piastres to each of the official gentlemen who stood near, and who thereupon rapped the trunks and marked them with chalk, and tied little leaden chequers on them, and dropped little dabs of red wax on them, and then announced them *en règle* for the dominions of the Padisha. As we left these facile functionaries, I saw the Judge giving a disproportionately large fee to a dreamy-eyed porter, whose air of noble melancholy clearly indicated him as a dethroned caliph, addicted to moonlights and dulcimers.

We remonstrated with the Judge on his lavishness, and he answered in melodious Tennysonese:

"I could not offer him a dime—
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid."

The past and the present were mixed in this curious town as in a schoolboy's

dream. In this purely Oriental scene I stumbled on a shabby hack that might have stood in front of the Astor House, surmounted by a disreputable charioteer who looked so like a Manhattan hackman, that I expected him to address me in a Fenian accent, and to ask me five dollars for a drive round the corner. It was the only hack in Bulgaria, I believe, and doubtless found in this stylish pre-eminence some reparation for the blows of fortune which had reduced it, in distant Vienna, from private carriage to *flaker* and *comfortabel*, and at last banished it from civilization, to spend, like the poet Ovid, its last days in these barbarous solitudes.

Rustchuk is one terminus of the Bulgarian railway, connecting the Danube with the Black Sea, and very materially shortening the time and increasing the comfort of a journey to Constantinople. The trip from Vienna, which once occupied ten tedious days by river and sea, is now reduced to four, agreeably divided between rail and steamer. This Bulgarian railway, so far the only in-road of the sort as yet made upon Ottoman conservatism, is Turkish only in name. It was built by English capital, is managed by English directors, run by English engineers and Italian conductors. The employes of the road are regarded with the utmost respect and awe by the ignorant populations through which it runs. I saw once, at a little way-station, the engineer, a fiery little Scotchman, vexed at some delay in wooding-up, go into a group of Turks with a stout cudgel, pounding and thwacking to his heart's content, and not a Moslem of them all resisting any more than they would have resisted a flash of lightning.

"Allah is great, and the Johnbull is incomprehensible," they muttered, as they rubbed their bruises and went on hewing wood and drawing water for the Iron Horse of the Infidel.

The road traverses the entire province of Bulgaria, crossing the easterly extremity of the Balkan range of mountains. The ascent and descent is so gradual as scarcely to be perceptible.

In fact, the Balkan mountains, as a topographical fact, have very greatly lost caste since the explorations of late years. They could be crossed almost anywhere by an army in any thing like fair weather.

There are a score of little villages strung along the line of the railway, of various degrees of insignificance and wretchedness. In very few was there a single house to be seen with any pretensions, not to luxury, but bare comfort. Often on the hillsides we saw, faintly discernible in the mud, a honeycomb of wattled huts half above and half below ground, with dirt-colored Turks crawling about like parasites among them. Along the valleys, on wretched roads, wound long caravans of ox-teams loaded with merchandise or produce. Occasionally a wealthy proprietor rode by on a horse weighed down with trappings, attended by a body-guard of a half-dozen followers.

All day we rode on over the bare-shaven hills and level downs. There was not a refreshment saloon anywhere on the route, but the conductor drove a busy traffic in cold mutton and stale bread—several pounds of which appetizing provisions were soon delivered over by Mr. Hall's white teeth to Mr. Hall's sprightly liver, while the Judge and I drank a bottle of acrid purplish wine of the country, watching the eupptic Hall with apathetic admiration, envying the stomach of youth.

At every station the passengers rushed out *en masse* to the platforms to stretch their cramped limbs and enjoy the fresh, bright air. There was scarcely a nationality of Europe unrepresented among us, and scarcely two who were countrymen. On one occasion our friend from Dedham approached us, and asked if we knew any body connected with the drug-trade in these parts. Mr. Hall avowed his ignorance of the Bulgarian faculty, but generously offered, in case Mr. Dedham needed any thing, to place his brandy-flask at his disposal. This kind offer was somewhat coldly rejected—Dedham observing that he had been a temperance man for going on

twenty years, and was, besides, sound as a dollar; didn't want no medicine himself, personally, but was agent for the Celebrated Pierian Eye-Water and Vesuvian Cathartic, which he wanted to interduce into these here benighted and God-forsaken regions; there wa'n't no money into it; he didn't make no two per cent. on sales, but he wanted to start the thing, and—

“Partenza!”

In the afternoon, in the neighborhood of Shumla, we passed a long line of hills of a remarkable formation. They looked, in the softening light, like a vast system of fortifications guarding the valley. At Shumla we saw the strange phenomenon that afterwards grew so common—a graveyard ten times as large as the town. Piety toward the dead is a sentiment so universal in the East—the graves are kept so long and carefully—and Time is so powerful an ally of Death, that, together, they fill the cemeteries far faster than the worn-out civilization can fill the towns.

As evening was settling over the low shores of the Euxine, and the red light of sunset burned along the reedy marshes, we drew near the town of Varna, well known as the Allied Dépôt of Supplies during the Crimean War. Night was on us as we left the station to drive to the town, but the rising moon brought out into soft relief every thing worth seeing, leaving in shadows the sordid and commonplace. We found the city-gate closed for the night, but at last succeeded in rousing the drowsy porter, who let us through, saving his dignity by grumbling. We drove through execrable and narrow streets, tenanted only by noisy dogs, and here and there lighted by dim windows that revealed, as we dashed by, glimpses of Turkish

interiors. We came, at last, to the wharf, where we were at once assaulted by a swarm of porters that seemed to start from the ground. We selected an ebony man and brother, and followed him to the water-side, where we took a boat, which brought us, after a half-hour's row through the still, clear night, to the Black Sea steamer that was panting to be off.

In the morning, when we came on deck, we saw before us the Bosphorus; behind, the shoreless expanse of the Euxine. From the moment we entered the Straits till we dropped anchor in the Golden Horn, every minute revealed some fresh and enchanting spectacle of loveliness. Nature is here in her most prodigal mood: as if working in harmony with man, she has given to the most superb of cities the most faultlessly beautiful approaches. Picturesque hills frame the lake-like stretches of the Bosphorus, their rocky summits crowned with the ruins of the fortresses built long ago by the “world-seeking Genoese.” Villages here and there nestle in the ravines; the villas of the aristocracy shine reflected in the placid water more and more frequently, till, at last, they run into one continuous suburb, which grows denser every moment. At length the quarantine is past, and we glide into that vast and incomparable harbor, filled with a confusion of tongues and of flags; and glorious before us, displayed in amphitheatrical pomp on its seven hills, the morning sun resplendent on its palaces and domes and slender-springing minarets, white and pure as jets of devout aspiration from unsullied souls—a picture matchless on earth in its vastness, its beauty, and its unutterable strangeness—the City of the Paddishah, Stamboul!

From The Cornhill Magazine.
FLEUR DE LYS:

A STORY OF THE LATE WAR.

I.

ONE morning last October the town of O——, one of the oldest and most illustrious in France, underwent the humiliation of seeing a foreign army march in triumph through its streets. The event had been foreseen as inevitable more than a month beforehand; but the town was so proud and patriotic, its 'scutcheon was so bright, the roll of its achievements so teemed with great deeds, that honest burghers, who ignored strategy, had been pleased to doubt to the end, half-thinking that some miracle would interpose to save them from such crushing degradation. But O—— was not defensible, as all military men well knew. The fortifications, behind which, four centuries ago, it had stood one of the most memorable sieges in history, had long been demolished; and as no others had been built in their place, nothing could have come of resistance but bombardment and total ruin. To spare the population these needless sufferings, the French garrison had retreated—not, indeed, without fighting, for appearance's sake and against double odds, a battle which was hopeless from the first.

And so the Prussians were tramping, with bayonets fixed and helmets glistening, through the narrow streets of the venerable city. The morning was grey and a little misty; a cold, drizzling rain had been falling during the night; and this, taken in connection with the sombre uniforms and travel-stained appearance of the invading troops, the silent throngs of spectators that bordered either side of the roadway, and the mournful notes of the cathedral bell (which happened to be tolling that morning for a funeral service), gave the solemnity much more the character of a burial procession than of a triumphal entry of conquerors. And yet there they were, conquerors notwithstanding, and with all the pride of conquest stamped on their brows. There was no mistaking the dogged but exulting looks, the heavy, resolute tread, and that peculiar grasp of the rifle-stock which speaks of being on the watch and ready to fight again at a moment's notice; nor *did* the spectators mistake it. Singularly enough, however, the predominant feeling amongst them was evidently rather one of curiosity than of anger. The day before, the Mayor had, in great trouble of mind, covered the walls of the town with placards, beseech-

ing the inhabitants to be calm, and not to insult their victors; but his fears on this ground proved unfounded. The crowds stared, but did not seem particularly shocked by what they saw. Perhaps during the first five minutes, whilst the vanguard of Uhlans were filing past, and a band that came behind them played the martial strains of the *Wacht am Rhein*, a murmur or two might have been heard, and a few French countenances might have been seen to turn pale; but soon this wore off. As regiment after regiment went by, and the crowd grew familiar with the faces of their foes, sensitiveness became blunted. By the end of an hour's time it had almost vanished; and, curiosity being then cloyed, the crowd lapsed into that state when it needs but a ludicrous incident to break the ice and revive that natural propensity to be joocular which lurks within all great concourses of men; and it so chanced that the needed incident occurred. At a spot where four roads met was a plug-hole, which, having been somehow widened, formed an insidious and dangerous foot-trap. Most of the soldiers, with Teutonic prudence, avoided it; but one less wary set his foot in it, without looking, and before he could extricate himself was bumped by the man behind him, and this second man by a third; so that they all three tripped up and fell with a crash, letting go their rifles, and plunging their entire company into confusion; upon which a delighted titter broke out along the whole line of spectators. Somebody made a joke (rather feeble) about conquerors biting the dust, and the rest laughed at it. This encouraged a second wag, and then another; and from that moment all these Frenchmen stood consoled for the capture of their town, for the requisitions, and for everything else that might happen to them that day, by the thought that three of their vanquishers had made themselves ridiculous. Happy the nation whom such episodes can cheer! The remainder of the marching-past went off gaily enough. The on-lookers criticized with much satisfaction, though in whispers, the cut of their enemies' coats, the poker-like rectitude of their backbones, the absence of pipe-clay on their belts, and, of course, their military tactics, which were generally voted absurd.

There was at least one person, however, among the throng whose sentiments did not undergo the same variations of cloud and sunshine as those which have just been noticed, and this was a young and

fair-haired girl of twenty. In the morning—some two hours before the Prussian entry—there had driven into O—a well-appointed carriage, drawn by two horses, and bearing an old gentleman and his daughter. This carriage stopped at a chemist's shop, then at a surgical-bandage maker's, and lastly at one of those depôts where all the appurtenances of a private ambulance might be bought—lint, linen, camp-beds, &c.; and at all these places the old man and the young girl were received with marks of almost exaggerated respect. It is true that the carriage displayed a coronet on its panels, which may account, in some way, for this deference; but it is also certain that the young girl was divinely beautiful, and that had she been anybody else but a duke's daughter, it would have made little difference in the amount or in the quality of the homage which men would have strewed upon her path. There are faces towards which all men feel drawn, and whose claims to absolute worship nobody calls in question. Hers was one of them. It was a face that would have made a craven feel chivalrous, and would have spurred a naturally honourable man to deeds of valour or sacrifice such as those of which legends tell. On the other hand, heaven help the man who should fall in love with such a face and not have his love requited! His life would become a torment, for he could never forget those features, with their sweet, grave expression—never!

The Duke—a slight, thin-visaged man of about sixty, who walked with a stiff knee and leaned for support on a stick—was essentially a French nobleman of that school who have sent the present age to Coventry. A Legitimist he was; not cynical or morose, but one of those who can feel no sort of sympathy for modern ideas; are intimately persuaded that they will all break down; and, pending this consummation, hold aloof, washing their hands of politics and of everything else which may bring them into active contact with a world which they neither understand nor esteem. One could read his character, his prejudices, his proclivities on his face as in an open book. He was dignified but cold; his manners were marked by the most perfect courtesy, but—except when he was talking to persons of his own rank—there was in them just the slightest tincture of sarcasm, as if he were constantly expecting that his interlocutor was going to commit himself to some outrageous proposition, and as if his not doing so were a matter of surprise to

him. It is superfluous to mention that although in the month of October last, France was already in the enjoyment of Republican institutions, nobody would have ventured to address the Duke otherwise than by his title. Thrones might fall and constitutions vanish, kings or emperors might be deposed and Frenchmen citizenize one another to their heart's content; but throughout all changes and chances this nobleman was Duc de Bressac, and meant to remain so.

"Then I will have all those articles sent up to the castle, Monsieur le Duc," said the shopman of the ambulance depôt obsequiously, as he escorted the noble customer and his daughter back to their carriage, after they had remained more than an hour making purchases.

"If you please, M. Galuche," said the Duke, hoisting himself into the carriage by the aid of his stick and his footman's arm.

"And you will try to let us have them as early as possible, M. Galuche," added Mademoiselle de Bressac, in a pleading voice.

"They shall be at the castle as soon as ever the roads are clear, Mademoiselle," answered florid M. Galuche, bowing low; and so saying he drew out his watch. "It is now close upon twelve, Mademoiselle—as the troops are to enter in another half-hour, it would scarcely be safe to send now; the roads must be already blocked."

"But I thought the entry was not to commence till two," exclaimed the Duke in surprise. "I had timed our coming so that we might get all our shopping done, and be back before they came in."

"There was a countermand last night, M. le Duc," replied the shop-keeper, renewing his bows. "The troops were not to have come in till the afternoon. Yesterday we were enjoined to be in readiness to receive them at twelve o'clock."

M. Galuche had no very cogent reasons for detesting the war, for it had developed his particular branch of commerce in a way that was most satisfactory, and commerce was what M. Galuche naturally regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of man's aims and thoughts here below. Nevertheless, finding himself in the presence of M. de Bressac, whose views were probably not commercial, he felt it binding upon him to show that the ancient patriotism of the citizens of O—had not degenerated in his person, so he pursued with sudden lugubriousness: "Yes, twelve o'clock—a terrible event this, for our good town of

O—, M. le Duc. I, for my part, have to lodge six of these brigands in my house—I received the billet-order this morning. Six of them!” and he drew, or pretended to draw, a sigh, very miserably.

“What are we to do now?” asked M. de Bressac perplexedly of his daughter. “We shall have to remain here half the day.”

“If M. le Duc will so far honour me,” broke in M. Galuche, with gasping alacrity, “I have a drawing-room above my shop where Mademoiselle could sit whilst the army was marching by. There is a capital view from the window.”

“God forbid!” cried the Duke, biting his lips as if he had had a spasm; and to the unspeakable chagrin of M. Galuche he saw a look of pain flit over the nobleman’s features, and indignation flash from the eyes of Mlle. de Bressac.

“I—a—of course did not mean that Mademoiselle should look at the march-past; that I know—a—would be too—too—distressing,” blundered he, in a luckless endeavour to rectify his mistake. “I only intended to pray that Mademoiselle would do me the honour of accepting a shelter in my house, and partaking of such humble refreshment as it is in my power to offer.”

But M. Galuche was saved the trouble of further apology by a loud flourish of trumpets which resounded at the end of the street. This he explained had been announced the day before as a signal that the thoroughfares through which the army was to pass were instantaneously to be cleared of all their vehicles; and in effect, a minute or two later a squad of Uhlans—part of the garrison that had been holding the town for a few days past—debouched at the upper end of the street, rode down it at an amble, and directed the Duke’s coachman to draw up his carriage in a by-lane. The coachman, being English, obeyed without a word; but the footman being French, and old, could not submit to this order without having recourse to the solace of numerous shrugs, muttered oaths, and argumentative pleas, to all of which demonstrations the silent, armed Uhlans paid as much attention as if he had said nothing. Under their directions the carriage was stationed in a small street that led out of the main one, and it was from this point that the Duke and his daughter became the unwilling spectators of the saddest scene which can be given to loyal and patriot eyes.

At first M. de Bressac threw himself

back in his seat without glancing either to the right or left of him, and his daughter did the same, neither speaking. But soon a kind of fascination drew the young girl’s face to the window. She looked fixedly, yearningly, and with a sickening expression of sorrow; and insensibly hot tears began to course each other down her cheeks, whilst her frame trembled as if from cold.

Nobody who has not felt it can realize the sensation of seeing one’s country invaded. As Mlle. de Bressac looked, it seemed to her as if she were draining a cup of humiliation bitter enough and deep enough for a lifetime. No private sorrow could ever touch her like this. Her mother’s death, which had been the one great grief of her young life, had moved her less; the loss of her father, if she lived to suffer it, could not, she thought, cause her pangs more acute and lasting. The soldiers tramped by, the guns jolted over the paving-stones, the hoofs of the horses struck the ground with almost rhythmical cadence; and these sounds, so stirring when it is a friendly cavalcade that produces them, shot throes of positive physical pain through her heart. At last she could bear it no longer, and, shivering all over, drew her head in. As she did so, she involuntarily glanced up, and her eyes encountered those of a Prussian officer, who had been gazing at her as if spellbound for more than half-an-hour.

He was a young man of about six-and-twenty, of strikingly handsome features, and eyes remarkably intelligent and mild. The tasteful light blue uniform with white facings which he was wearing set off to advantage his strong well-knit figure, and he bestrode a powerful charger with ease and grace. Probably he was acting in some sort as marshal, for though Mlle. de Bressac had not noticed him, he had early taken up his position in the street where the carriage stood, and, in company with six mounted soldiers, seemed to be there to keep the crowd back. No doubt his first glance at the beautiful occupant of the brougham had been of the kind which most men throw at pretty women; but, if so, it had quickly changed. The light look of levity in his eyes faded from them, and gave place to an air of generous and manly sympathy as he watched the lovely face bathed in tears, and marked the keen traces of anguish on the young girl’s features.

He threw a glance behind him to see if it would not be possible to take the carriage out of its position, and spare its

owners the rest of the sight; but the alley was a blind one, and its single issue was now closed. Perceiving this, the young officer turned his eyes again with increasing pity on the weeping face, and did not take them off. He gazed at her with an admiration that slowly grew every minute, and which at last became so trance-like that when, towards the end, Mdlle. de Bressac withdrew her face from the carriage window and caught his eyes, he started as if from a dream, and, without appearing conscious of what he was doing, raised his white gloved hand to his helmet, and bent to his saddle-bow.

She did not return this salute. Coming from such a quarter, and under such circumstances, it seemed to her an insult, and caused her to flush up to the eyes. The officer had time to perceive that flush, and to guess the meaning of it, and he slightly changed colour. In a few minutes more the triumphal procession was over, and the carriage was enabled to move away. The young Prussian followed it with his eyes until it vanished round the corner of the street.

Then — no longer the same man as he had been an hour before, for what transformations may not be compassed in an hour — he slowly rode off with his men in search of the quartermaster, to ascertain where his billet was. On his way he was far too much engrossed to notice, what he certainly would have, and *had* remarked that same morning, that more than one Frenchwoman turned round to look at him as he rode past, and to remark, "Qu'il n'avait pas mauvaise tournure pour un Prussien."

The quartermaster was standing in front of the town-house with lists in his hand, and a very mob of officers pressing round him. With more respect for the new applicant than his military rank actually warranted, for the young man was but a captain, the high functionary said to him, "Herr Hauptmann, your quarters will be good ones. You are one of a party of twenty who will lodge at the Château de Bressac." Then, in a whisper, "Fine house and capital cellar, Herr Graf. The Duke is one of the richest men in this country, and his daughter they say is —"

But the arrival of more officers cut the remark short, and the captain had to turn his horse again. When out of the throng he called to a workman who was leaning against a post, looking very much as if he had been consoling himself for his country's misfortunes with absinthe, and asked

him for information as to where the château was.

"The Château de Bressac is not quite a league off," hiccupped the Frenchman, with a praiseworthy attempt to look dignified and sober. "You have only to follow the road straight, and, with that horse of yours, you ought to catch up the Duke's carriage, which was here ten minutes ago. Ay, a carriage with soft cushions like mattresses," added he, drawlingly. "A pretty thing for aristos like that to be dragged about under a Republic when good fellows like myself go on foot."

"Was it a carriage drawn by a pair of bays, and with a lady inside?" asked the Prussian.

"Ay, that's it — two bays that are fed better than many a good Republican, I'll be bound; and the lady inside was Mdlle. Fleur de Lys, the Duke's daughter."

The officer put his hand into his pocket, and threw the man a napoleon.

II.

MDLLE. FLEUR DE LYS, or Mdlle. Lili, as people more affectionately called her, was the only child of the Duke de Bressac. She had had a brother, but he died in boyhood, and since then she had been the object upon whom all her father's affection, pride, and ambition centred. A love such as that which her father bore her would have been enough to spoil most children, but it had not spoiled her. Though she ruled supreme at Bressac, where her least whim was law and her slightest wish a command, she exercised her sovereignty sensibly, and was not renowned anywhere about the country for capriciousness or eccentricity. The only thing people said about her was that she was proud — "kind-hearted, but proud," was their term; and this estimate of her character was no bad one, if by pride was meant that she had a shrinking horror of everything that was mean or common-place, and set up for herself an ideal of human nature that was as much above the real thing as heaven is above the earth. This was, indeed, the rock upon which a good deal of Mdlle. Lili's future peace was likely to split; for ideals are dangerous things in the navigation of life. Mdlle. Lili could not understand that the purest of human natures, like the purest of coins, contain some small particle of alloy. Having passed all the leisure hours of her girlhood reading the books of chivalry with which the old library of the castle was stored, and having ever present be-

fore her eyes the example of her own father, whose scrupulousness was so nice that it almost amounted to the pedantry of honour, she would have had every man be wholly brave, generous, courteous, and disinterested. And the worst of it was, that she gave every man credit for these qualities before knowing him, whence it would happen that as few men—or, to speak more correctly, none—ever did full honour to the list of virtues with which she had debited them, she generally relegated them, after a few days' acquaintance, to the obscurest background of her thoughts, amongst things tried and found wanting. This was the reason why, at twenty, Mdlle. Fleur de Lys was not yet married. Suitors had wooed her in plenty; but one had seemed not quite brave; a second was too fond of money; a third's manners were bad; a fourth was brave and disinterested enough, but was prone to tattle; and so on. It must be said that, in dismissing her suitors, Mdlle. de Bressac never did so in a way that could shock them, or make them guess that they had displeased her. She was not only too well bred, but too kind and compassionate, to cause anybody wilful pain. Only when a lover failed to come up to her standard of perfection, he simply found that he made no progress in his wooing—that was all.

On coming back to Bressac from the town of O—, Mdlle. Fleur de Lys was in a state of feverish and throbbing agitation, such as her father had never known her in before. What most shocked her in the cruel spectacle of the morning was the attitude of the inhabitants. "To think," cried she, clasping her hands in an intensity of bitterness—"to think that there were young men in those crowds, men of twenty and thirty, who were not ashamed to come out on the pavements to stare at our enemies and jeer at them! To jeer, when they had not the courage to fight! Oh, cowardice, treble cowardice of men! Where has all the chivalry of France flown? Why, in a war like this, every house ought to have become a fortress, every village a citadel. Battlements? What need had we of them if our men had been fearless and resolved to face death, as the women and children of Saragossa did in fighting against us? France outdone in valour by a small Spanish town! We are not only beaten, we are dishonoured. No woman will ever be able to look at Frenchmen and feel proud of them. We have fallen so low in spirit, that fifty years hence men will ask of

what clay their fathers were made to have patiently stood all this." Here she broke out into sobs, and her father tried to appease her; but it was not much of an effort, for the Duke was too painfully disgusted himself with the tameness shown by his countrymen to be able to find many excuses for them. Those degrading hauls, as he called them, of a hundred thousand armed prisoners at a time, those meek surrenders of large cities, those incredible acts of subservience on the part of corporate bodies, and, worse than all, the rampant bragging of press and public orators, which added ridicule to what was already contemptible enough, filled him with dismay. All that he could find as a palliation for so much shame was the argument that France had become crazed, and was no longer herself. "The people have gone speech-mad," he would say resignedly: "When we see a country like this being governed by a dozen cracked barristers, it means that the age of action is past. Government, nowadays, signifies quibbling. The first time a nation of fighting men turns round on us, we must obviously go to the wall, as we are doing now. And it is useless organizing armies," added he. "Why should peasants or workmen go out to fight? The barristers who govern us have taught them: that there is no such thing as God, no religion, no family, no property; that all men are equal, and owe no respect to one another; that all nations are one, and that the idea of a separate allegiance to a mother country is an antiquated barbarism. Good—then why risk one's life? If there is nothing in one's country worth defending, if a man is to worship only himself, then the soundness of his own skin must evidently be his paramount object, and he had better see to it." Nevertheless, the Duke had subscribed largely to the organization of the armies in which he did not believe; and he would certainly have enlisted himself, had it not been for his lameness (due to a wound in a duel twenty years before), which precluded his being of any use. As it was, he would have been quite ready to defend his own castle; but he and his daughter would have had to defend it alone, for at the first hint of barricading the castle, the servants had with one voice declared their intention of being no participators in such rashness. To be sure, there was one dissident—the English coachman. Judging the thing from a cool and phlegmatic point of view, this functionary expressed his readiness to fight

if his grace pleased, but "didn't see the use of it."

Happily Mdle. de Bressac had domestic details to attend to on her return from O——, which obliged her to rouse herself from the state of prostration to which the morning's events had reduced her. Declining to join in the popular cry as to Prussian brigands, clock-robbers, and the rest of it, the Duc de Bressac had decided that the officers billeted upon him should be received with all the regard due to valiant opponents. It was only a lawyers' government, he said, which could seek to traduce courageous enemies by accusing them of filching. So Mdle. Fleur de Lys had to see that the twenty best bed-rooms in the castle and all the state apartments were prepared as though to receive honoured guests, the Duke merely reserving for himself and his daughter a small suite of rooms in the most retired part of the house. Then, when this was done, Mdle. Fleur de Lys donned a white apron and went into a wing of the castle which had been converted into an ambulance, and where half-a-dozen French officers and soldiers, wounded in the battle near O——, were being tended. Amongst the private soldiers was a cousin of Mdle. de Bressac's, the Marquis de Criquetot.

He was fairly rich, this pale marquis of eight-and-twenty, and during the halcyon period of the Second Empire had devoted his mind to horse-racing. He was generally to be met with either at Chantilly or Newmarket, with an eyeglass screwed carefully into his left eye, a dust-coat thrown over his arm, and the gilt clasp of a betting-book peeping out of his breast-pocket. There were few races run without a horse of his appearing at the post, and few horses of his appeared at the post without being beaten. This, however, did not seem to interfere much with his enjoyment of the sport, and he continued a fervent follower of it, until one summer being on a visit to Bressac, he was so smitten with his cousin's charms, that he forthwith sold his stud, discarded his eyeglass, threw his betting-book into the fire, and begged permission of the Duke to sue for his daughter's hand. He was in the very midst of his courtship when the war broke out. Thinking the army would swallow up the Prussians easily enough without him, he did not in the first instance stir; but after Woerth, when Government appealed to all the men of goodwill in France, Mdle. Fleur de Lys sent him to enlist as a private soldier, and away he went just as he

would have gone and thrust his head into a cannon's mouth had she bidden him. He fought at Sedan and was taken prisoner, but escaped. Then he joined an army in course of formation in the provinces, and conducted himself with such gallantry, that a peripatetic Pro-consul sent out of Paris by balloon, offered him a colonelcy, which he declined, and the cross of honour, which he accepted. At the battle of O——, a bullet discharged from a Bavarian rifle fractured his collar-bone, and for the moment cut his military career short.

Had the young soldier been in any other ambulance, there is no doubt he might have repined over this mishap, but as things were he managed to bear up. His wound was not dangerous, only troublesome and requiring rest, and this rest he gave it by lounging on a sofa with his right arm in a sling, smoking a good deal, and when his cousin or his uncle were not there to talk with him, reading novels. He was engaged in this way when Fleur de Lys de Bressac glided into his room with one of the potions which doctors prescribed for him, and which he drank with faith because she mixed them. Dressed in black merino, with neat white collar and cuffs, and her rich masses of auburn hair sheltered by a small white crape cap, she looked as sweet a personification of an ambulance nurse as it was possible to conceive. Moving across the room with noiseless steps, she came to her cousin's side and laid down her tray on the table near him; then in the gentle voice that always made him thrill, she said: "Do you feel better, mon cousin?"

He had thrown away his cigarette and laid down his book on her entrance.

"I always feel better when you are here, and relapse when you are out of sight," he answered half-seriously, half-gaily. "But tell me, cousin, your eyes are red, you have been crying?"

"Yes," she said, with a faint sigh, and began to stir his potion in its teacup. "Mon cousin, you must drink this. It is a little bitter, but the doctor says it will make you sleep."

He quaffed the drug as if it had been the divinest nectar, taking several draughts to make the pleasure last longer. Then he wiped his lips and exclaimed: "It is better than burgundy, cousin."

Whilst he was drinking, Fleur de Lys had mechanically taken up the book he had been reading. It was one of M. Théophile Gautier's popular productions. On seeing the title she laid it down again and

turned a silent but eloquent glance of surprise and sorrow at him: "Mon cousin," she said at length, "I did not think you could have the heart to read such things as this now."

He did not seem to understand, and held the handkerchief he had been carrying to his lips midway in the air, astonished: "Why, it's a volume of Gautier's poems, cousin."

"Gautier's poems, whilst the Prussians are flaunting their standard in our town of O——, whilst they are on their way to take up their quarters in this very house!" she rejoined. "I can see, cousin, that the modern doctrines of internationalism must have struck very deep if a man of your birth feels so lightly for his country's ruin."

He turned red and answered a little abashed: "Don't be hard on me, cousin. Time hangs so heavy on my hands when you are not here, that I must needs find a way of killing it. Besides, I have not read much: see, here is the book-marker in the third page. I always think of something else whilst I am reading now."

"And there is only one thing of which you should think," she replied, coldly: "the preparing yourself for the day when we shall avenge these outrages that have been put upon us. Who is to set the example of regenerating our country if not our class? You refused a colonelcy on the field because you said you were not fit for it, and if you thought so you acted honourably. But why do you not fit yourself? If I were a man I would not rest until I had learned military tactics, and the language of our enemies, so as to be ready for the day when we shall re-invade *their* country."

There was a pause. The young soldier looked dejectedly at his bandaged arm, and stroked his forehead thoughtfully with his free hand.

"I am afraid I belong to a poor generation, cousin," he said, in a low voice. "But you must guide me. I can do what I am told to do, and I will obey you blindly. This is the last time I shall open a novel until I have learned German and the drill-book."

"If every gentleman in France did the same, you would be revenged in less than five years," she exclaimed, with vehemence.

"Perhaps every gentleman in France would, if he had you to command him, cousin," was his smiling answer; and as Fleur de Ly's hand still rested on the table, he raised it to his lips and kissed it.

"Yes, but you will not have discharged all your duty, cousin," she continued, gently disengaging herself, "even when you have repaid our enemies, blow for blow, all they have done to us. A gentleman should devote himself to exterminating those blasphemous and disloyal theories that have brought us so low. What they call universal suffrage is an impiety. It is handing over a great nation, with traditions and a name, to the custody of all who are ignorant debased, and corrupt. The people are like children. They should be ruled and protected against themselves by the classes who have education and religion."

This time the marquis's face assumed a rather rueful expression. "I make no doubt of our soon turning the tables upon the Prussians," he remarked; "but to wage a war against universal suffrage is — is —"

"Is what?" she asked proudly.

But he was spared the unpleasantness of explaining what he meant; for at that moment there was a knock at the door, and a servant entered. It was the same footman who had driven into O—— with the carriage in the morning; one of those old French servants dressed in impossible liveries that never fit them, and with a grumbling, patronizingly familiar tone, that always makes one doubt whether they are not going to sit down by your side after handing the dishes round. On the strength of his having been an incalculable number of years in the family, this footman felt himself privileged to act chorus, as it were, to all the conversations carried on within his hearing. Indeed, before the war, he had been generally regarded as a successful copy of Caleb Balderstone, whose virtues would prove to be shining gold on the day of trial. But when the day of trial came, in the shape of the Duke's proposal to entrench himself in his castle, and defend it to the last drop of his own and his servants' blood, Jean-Baptiste Barbecruche had revealed unmistakably that, if he liked the Duke, there was somebody he loved still better, and that was Jean-Baptiste Barbecruche. Nevertheless, he was not aware that his candid display of egotism had in any way disappointed anybody, or cooled in the smallest degree his employer's faith in his perfections; so that it was in much his usual tone of having pondered the orders he had been commissioned with, and being unable to vouchsafe them his approval, that, addressing his young mistress, he said: — "Mademoiselle, M. le Duc has sent me to say that he begs you to

come downstairs and assist him in receiving those Prussians. To receive those people in state, can you understand that? For my part, it disgusts me; and I said to M. le Duc, 'Rather than face a Prussian, Monseigneur, I would shut myself up in the kitchen, and live there six weeks.' But Monseigneur purposes to hand over all his keys to them, and to beg their permission to live in retirement during their presence. Beg their permission, forsooth! just as if they were masters, and we, the owners of the castle, were nobodies! Said I to Monsieur le Duc, 'Truly things have come to a pretty pass, Monseigneur, when I, an old servant, receive such orders as that!' But Monseigneur told me to mind my own business; and he begs, Mademoiselle, that you will not delay, as a detachment of officers were already riding up the avenue. Yes, and I saw them myself through a window coming up — a jolter-headed lot, with veritable cannibal faces; scoundrels that'll be getting drunk off our wines, and sprawling with their muddy boots on our best beds. Ah, the scamps, the cut-throats, the —"

"I think that is enough," cried Mdlle. de Bressac, stopping him with an authoritative wave of the hand, and turning on him a glance of cool contempt. "You will have earned the right to insult those soldiers, Jean-Baptiste, when you have had the spirit to defy them. Meanwhile, you will have to learn this lesson, that those who have not the heart to fight, must have the courage to slave. During all the time that the Prussian officers remain in this house, you will wait upon them every day, and do it respectfully. If you prefer shutting yourself up in a kitchen, you are free to follow your choice, but you will select some other kitchen than that of Bressac."

A lashing with a whip could not have more completely disconcerted and cowed the unfortunate Jean-Baptiste. He opened his lips to speak; but meeting the eyes of his mistress fixed on him implacably, as if awaiting an answer, he judged it prudent to say nothing. It was only when Mdlle. de Bressac had swept out of the room, after bending her head slightly towards her cousin, that he summed up his impressions by lifting his hands ceiling-wards and exclaiming, "Bandits de Prussiens! It's they who are the cause of all this. If our poltroon army had only fought like men! But soldiers are hares, now-a-days. In my time it was very different!" And forgetting the wounded Marquis de Criquetot, who had enjoyed the benefit of this remark, and was smiling at it, he re-

peated, "Ay, ay, very different!" and shuffled, mumbling, downstairs.

Half-an-hour later the entrance-hall of Bressac was the scene of a gathering such as the old walls of the castle, and the pictures of mailed knights that hung upon them must have witnessed with a stupefaction unparalleled in the course of their inanimate existence. The Duke de Bressac, attired in black, and with his daughter by his side, was standing at a table on which lay a few large keys. Behind him, in a half circle, were ranged his household; and facing this group thronged a showy cluster of Prussian officers, whose steel spurs and heavy scabbards clanked on the marble of the tessellated flooring. There had been a little uneasiness on the faces of these officers as they neared the castle. They were not sure what kind of reception would be given them; and, though quite able and ready to over-ride sulkeness, or any other form of active or passive antagonism, they naturally preferred that their relations with such a man as the Duke de Bressac should be as exempt from disagreeable incidents as was possible. And in this they were not disappointed. The Duke bowed to them with courtesy, and was answered by that peculiarly formal yet not ungraceful salute which is in usage in the Prussian army. Then, speaking to them in their own tongue and with a voice that quavered but little, all things considered, he said, —

"Gentlemen, the hazards of war have brought you as masters into a house where, under other circumstances, I should have been glad to receive you as guests. I shall not importune you much with my presence whilst you are here, for my daughter and I will beg your permission to keep to our own apartments; but the rest of the house will be yours. My steward has orders to take your pleasure, and will deliver you these keys. This particular key (and he drew one from his pocket) is that of a gallery of heirlooms. You will allow me, General, to remit it to you in person." And, stepping forward, he tendered it to the chief officer present, who turned it over once or twice in his hands, reddened — but eventually pocketed it.

A pin might have been heard to drop whilst this scene was being enacted. Then the Duke gave his arm to his daughter and made for the door, the officers parting in two rows to the right and left of them, and raising their hands to their helmets. But just as the party were on the threshold an officer darted out of the throng, picked up a glove which had been left on

the table, and hurrying after Mdlle. de Bressac, said in French, "You have forgotten your glove, Mademoiselle."

She lowered her head to thank him, and recognized the same officer whom she had seen that morning. He also wore the same expression on his face which had displeased her then. But somehow it did not displease her now, for, stopping to take the glove from his hand, she noticed that that hand shook, and that there were tears in his eyes.

CHAPTER III.

"I CANNOT make out what has come over Leoneizen," exclaimed fat Hauptmann Maximilian Koch, some six weeks after this, one evening at mess in the castle dining-room.

"Very singular," protested another fat Hauptmann, Ferdinand von Schweippe, cutting up a plump and tender quail; "he doesn't eat."

"Nor drink," ejaculated a third Hauptmann, rosy and tall, raising to his lips a glass of the Duke de Bressac's rubiest claret.

"The fact is," laughed handsome, slim-waisted Lieutenant von Wespe, with a glance round him to see that there were none but his brother officers present,— "the fact is, Leoneizen is in love. I am sure of it."

"A man who is in love should eat and drink twice more than a man who isn't, for love wastes," remarked tremendously corpulent Colonel Herr Graf von Wurstpätzen; and as he was the presiding officer that evening, and had laughed whilst uttering his joke, all the other officers laughed with him in concert. This, by the way, is the rule. A colonel laughs, everybody laughs. Discipline could not exist without it.

"But whom does he love?" inquired Hauptmann Koch, between two mouthfuls of game.

"Yes, let's have the name!" gobbled the second fat Hauptmann, much relishing his plump bird.

"Ah that's his secret," laughed the slim Lieutenant. "One mustn't betray."

"A love-secret is no secret," exclaimed the tall and rosy Hauptmann, helping himself to more claret. "Those things always transpire."

"And if they don't, the parties best pleased are not always the lovers themselves," observed the corpulent Colonel, with a new laugh. At which the whole table guffawed again like one man.

"Since the Herr Colonel is of that opin-

ion, I may as well say that one need not have many pairs of eyes to guess who is the beauty that has turned our friend's head," sniggered the slim Lieutenant.

"I have guessed already," said, with a broad smile, Hauptmann Otto Nadelaugen, a penetrating, round-faced Hauptmann, with spectacles. "It is —"

"Hush!" whispered all the officers together; for the door had opened, and the footman, Jean-Baptiste Barbeeruche, was sailing in with a tray covered with sweet dishes. It should be mentioned J. B. Barbeeruche had thought better of his resolution of never facing the Prussians. Between his patriotism and the prospect of losing his place at Bressac the worthy man had not long hesitated. His sentiments had even flown with rapidity from one extreme to the other, and he now got on capitally with cannibal-visaged foemen whom his French soul had execrated. He was garrulous, civil, and confidential, and was even good enough to patronize his new masters as he had done his old ones.

"Charlotte Russe, or Plum-pounding au rhum, Monsieur le Comte?" he asked, pausing on the Colonel's left; "let me advise Monsieur le Comte to try the *plum-pounding*; our *chef* has excelled himself."

"You don't happen to have seen M. le Capitaine de Leoneizen, have you, M. Jean-Baptiste?" asked the penetrating Hauptmann with the spectacles. "He is missing at our board."

"Pardon me, mon Capitaine, M. le Comte de Leoneizen was seated in the Pagoda Garden, drawing, almost all the afternoon. It is true that at dusk I lost sight of him. Perhaps he is gone to the town."

"Perhaps," echoed Hauptmann Nadelaugen. But when M. Jean-Baptiste had retired, after disposing of his dainties and uncorking more bottles of Pomard, Chamberlain, and Château Lafite, the same Hauptmann re-exclaimed, with his spectacles beaming, "The Pagoda Garden! This is the twentieth time I have seen or heard of Leoneizen in the Pagoda Garden. It is that which joins the private orchard, where the snow-like Fräulein Fleur de Lys takes her walks; also there is a footpath skirting it, which leads to the village of Bressac, where the Fräulein goes often to tend the sick."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the officers.

"Heh! heh!" winked the Colonel.

"Nadelaugen talks as if he had been reconnoitring the enemy's citadel on his own account, and found it already invested." At which pleasantry, as usual,

there was an immense deal of merriment. "However," continued the Herr Colonel von Wurstspatzen, filling his glass, "if one of the King's officers can carry back to Germany as his bride the Fräulein Fleur de Lys, he will have made his Majesty present of as fair a subject as any in all beautydom. It will be a conquest like Metz. Here's to the health of the conqueror!" and the good-humoured corpulent Count von Wurstspatzen drained his glass dry and smacked his lips after it.

Of course, everybody followed suit in the toast, for, as in laughing, so in drinking, when the Colonel drinks everybody drinks, this being a necessity of discipline. But when the penetrating Hauptmann with the spectacles had set back his glass on the tablecloth, after exclaiming, "To the conqueror!" he turned his shining spectacles on his superior, and said, grinning: "I have drunk, Herr Colonel, but I do not think it is one of us who will carry away the fair Fräulein. That wounded Marquis, who is our prisoner on parole, the Herr von Criqueotot, seems to think and dream only of her — yet, to be sure, she does not appear to think only of him. They are cousins, and go as brother and sister together."

"I saw them walking in the garden the other day, he with his right arm in a sling, she leaning on the other arm," remarked the tall, rosy Hauptmann, who had become more rosy still from the claret. "There is that in a woman's mere way of walking with a man," added he, pensively, "which soon whispers to the observer whether she is in love or not — and the Fräulein Fleur de Lys is not in love with the Herr Criqueotot."

"The Herr Criqueotot is learning German and drilling," observed the slim Lieutenant von Wespe, as if he thought the thing a good joke. "He stammers German with everybody he can find, and it has got about through these French servants, who spy their masters so well, that he is doing this to please the Fräulein his cousin, and in view of the '*jour de la revanche!*'" And the slim Lieutenant struck what he conceived to be a French attitude of "*revanche!*" by waving one hand above his head and making his eyeballs flame.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed all the officers together, greatly amused.

"We are to hear, then, of the Feld-Marshal Criqueotot crossing the Rhine and besieging Mayence —"

"To take a ham," interrupted the Colonel. And this joke was thought so tran-

scendent that it provoked peal upon peal and appropriately closed the banquet.

The officers were still laughing over the Feld-Marshal Criqueotot and his ham, when, with their caps jauntily perched on the side of their heads, and the middle buttons of their tight tunics unfastened, they sauntered into the conservatory, which led out of the dining-room, to take coffee and to smoke.

IV.

MEANWHILE, the several persons who had been made the subjects of the mess-room conversation were engaged in their respective occupations, and for reasons best known to themselves were not so happy as their critics. The young Count Leoneizen, to begin with. Leaning against a tree, through the dry branches of which whistled a keen December wind, this young officer — for whom more than one female heart had beaten, and was, perhaps, beating then, unrequited, at Berlin or Cologne — was straining his eyes to see as far as possible in the night down a dark road, at the end of which twinkled, like one small lamp, the lights of the village of Bressac. Every night the Count Leoneizen came to this tree and gazed down the dark road, for every afternoon Mdle. de Bressac, attended by her maid, went to the village to carry help and comfort to the sick or wounded, who were being tended in the cottages, and it was seldom that she returned before dusk. So every day the young officer, wrapped in his cloak, leaned against the tree to watch. It pleased him to think that he was in some way guarding over the safety of the woman he loved — that no one could harm her whilst he was there; that, unknown to her, a stout heart and a strong arm were surveying her footsteps, and waiting to shield her at the cost of life from the slightest insult or danger. He had never spoken to her, and never tried to do so. He knew that his love was a hopeless one. Without exchanging a word with Fleur de Lys, he had convinced himself that, even if she were to love him above everything else on earth, she would never give him her hand. Three months before, Friedrich von Leoneizen had started upon the war flushed and eager with hopes of promotion and dignities: what were promotion and dignities to him now? What would he not have given could France and Germany have remained at peace — ay, even if he had never won an honour in his life, so that he should only have been free to woo Fleur de Lys as his wife? But it was no use wishing.

The greatest happiness he could expect now was to come and watch for Fleur de Lys' going and coming every day. By these means he saw her five minutes in every twenty-four hours—and it was enough.

And yet there were days when his slight happiness was cruelly marred for him; and on the evening when his brother officers were making merry at his expense, he was leaning against his tree with all the pangs of bitter jealousy gnawing at his heart. He could bear to think of Fleur de Lys never being his, but that she should become another's was a thought that maddened him. On this afternoon he had seen her for the third or fourth time go by, not with her maid, but with M. de Crique-tot, who was now well enough to take short walks; and the handsome, strong, and amorous German did not easily imagine that Fleur de Lys could love such a dandified, insignificant person as this French marquis appeared to him to be; yet he knew enough of French marriages to be aware that M. de Crique-tot might very well win Mdle. de Bressac without her being more fond of him than of a pet lap-dog. So he clenched his fists till the nails almost ran into the flesh; and the wind seemed to him more bleak and moanful that night than ever; and the country around, enshrouded in its stillness, looked inexpressibly blank, desolate, and sepulchral.

But if Count Leoneizen was depressed, things fared little better with his French rival. In fact, they fared worse, for the German had at least the consolation of knowing that if his passion was hopeless, the fault was not his, but that of events; whereas the Marquis who perceived that he was making no advance in his suit, was fain to adopt as the reason that he had not the qualities in him which make a man loved. Fleur de Lys was always kind to him. Her manner was gentle and sisterly; and he felt little doubt that if he asked her to be his wife, she would consent, to reward him for having gone so obediently and risked his life at her bidding. But he was too generous to require of her anything in the nature of a sacrifice. He wished to be loved, and, failing that, he had strength and chivalry enough to support his disappointment nobly. It is only little hearts that can bear a grudge against a woman for not loving them; generous minds have ever such a sense of their own inferiority beside the woman they worship, that they are prepared for indifference as almost their due. Yet Louis de Crique-tot

would have been glad to ascertain whether his cousin's indifference towards him was of a kind which might be dispelled by patience on his part, or whether her heart was engaged to anybody else. All he knew was, that of late a change seemed to have come over her. She was quieter, more absorbed. Sometimes sitting with work in her lap, she would pause five minutes between two stitches; and during those five minutes a vague, responding expression would steal into her eyes, and she would gaze before her as if unconscious of anybody's presence. Then some movement would startle her, and make her resume her sewing, with a blush mantling on her cheek.

All these symptoms could be perceptible only to a lover's eyes. To others, Mdle. de Bressac was what she had always been; though perhaps there were some of the more observant amongst the others who did notice that Mdle. de Bressac was not quite the same in her remarks upon the war as a month or two ago. The news of lost battles still made her turn pale; at the recital of horrors suffered by the inhabitants of ruined villages she still shed tears of compassion; but in talking with her cousin about the future of France, she no longer spoke of the necessity of Frenchmen being prepared to resist invasions, and seldom, of the necessity of their invading others; which change was naturally attributed to a prudent wish not to compromise herself in the hearing of any of those ubiquitous spies which Count Bismarck was supposed to hold in his service.

The Marquis had escorted his cousin to the village at her own request, because she thought that the walk might do him good; otherwise he would not have intruded himself, for he was growing sensitive lest she might think he meant to importune her with his attentions. But the invitation, being the third or fourth in succession, had touched and pleased him; and whilst Fleur de Lys was helping to dress the wound of a stalwart young cottager, whom a fragment of shell had laid low, he sat by a spluttering wood-fire, that was wreathing clouds of cheerless yellow smoke, and watched her.

Watched her as only lovers can watch, and with an aching heart to think that so much grace and beauty could never be his. The cottage was a wretchedly mean one—one of those hovels common in the centre and west of France, where a whole family are lodged in a single room, which has a stall in the corner of it for a cow.

And yet Fleur de Lys' presence lit up this sty as if it were a palace chamber.

As she stood leaning over the sick man's bed, and applying bandages with the light touch and womanly care of one whose soul is in her work, she looked beautiful and loveable beyond what she had ever seemed to her cousin when dressed in silks and jewels. What diamonds, indeed, can rival the lustre of a woman's eyes when performing an office of charity? M. de Criquetot, as he sat with his elbow resting on his knee and his head buried in his hand, thought with bitterness of his wasted life, which had sown in him the germ of no single great quality that could charm and win a noble woman. Whilst he was thus immersed in his reflections, the dressing of the wound came to an end, and the patient blurted out, in grateful but energetic *patois*, "You cannot think what good you are doing me, Mademoiselle!"

"May the Virgin bless you, my good young lady," took up the man's wife in a brogue quite as strong. "I sometimes think, though, you must be the blessed Virgin in person."

M. de Criquetot had risen, and was assisting Fleur de Lys to put on her grey hood and cloak.

"You have everything you want now, Mère Marchelat?" she asked, buttoning the cloak, which covered her completely, like a nun's dress.

"Everything, Mademoiselle, thanks to heaven and you. Monsieur Galuche, of the ambulance dépôt at O—, sent us more linen yesterday; and M. Jean-Baptiste came down from the castle with wine this morning. Then, as to tobacco —" But here the woman stopped short, and bit her lips, as if she had committed a blunder.

"What about tobacco?" asked Mdlle. de Bressac; "Marchelat must smoke his pipe." And, drawing out her purse, she went up to an earthen-ware tobacco-jar that stood on a shelf, "This is to buy you tobacco; but mind, you must not smoke too much, mon ami." And saying this, she raised the lid of the jar, to drop her coin in; but the jar was already full to the brim, and sticking out of the fresh tobacco was the bowl of a new, handsomely-carved brier-root pipe.

The woman was biting the corner of her apron, the man in the bed looked sheepish.

"What a fine pipe!" exclaimed Mdlle. de Bressac, taking it out and examining it. "The carving of these figures on it is admirable; but it is not a French pipe."

I have seen things like it — let me see, where? Yes, it was in the Hartz mountains of Germany." . . .

The woman, who had grown distressfully red, sprang forward, clasping her hands.

"Oh, forgive us, Mademoiselle. We know we did wrong; but we won't accept anything of them again!"

"Forgive you for what?" asked Fleur de Lys.

"I mean, Mademoiselle, you had made us all promise in the village, two months ago when the Prussians were coming, that we would accept nothing whatever of them, but that when we had need of anything we should come to the castle for it; and believe me, Mademoiselle, we would never have taken anything from the others — no, we would sooner have died — but this one is not like the others; believe me, he is not."

"No," groaned the man in the bed; "he's not like the others."

Fleur de Lys restored the pipe to its place.

"Whom do you mean by 'this one'?" she inquired; and somehow it seemed to the Marquis that her voice trembled a little.

"We do not know his name," whimpered the woman, still distressed; "but he wears a light blue coat, and has such a handsome face, and such mild eyes, that you would never take him for a Prussian. The other day young Michel, the hump-backed son of our neighbor Ribot, fell down the sand-pit half-a-league off here, and his mother was almost beside herself after nightfall, when he didn't come back, and she couldn't learn what had become of him. Well, towards eleven, when the whole village was already talking about it, and running right and left to make inquiries, this Prussian arrived, carrying the hunchback in his arms, as if it had been a child. There was nothing but a sprained ankle; only Michel might have remained in the pit a week if the Prussian hadn't heard him shout, and scrambled down all amongst the mud and gravel to help him out. After that he took to coming every day to see the Ribots and to talk with Michel; and that's how he got to hear of us. It's a sort of angel dressed up as a brigand, that Prussian is, Mademoiselle. He has all the gentleness of a woman, with the strength of a lion, and when he talks to Marchelat, he says just the things that pick him up and prevent him from feeling down-hearted. Then, he knows everything. He told us how to plant our vegetables in the garden there, so that they might get more of the

sun and be bigger; then he showed us that by hanging that sheet of tin slantwise under the mantel-shelf there, the chimney would leave off smoking; and he got up himself on a ladder, and nailed that bit of board over the hole in the ceiling, where the rain used to come in. And for all that, he has that about him, *Mademoiselle*, that you never feel tempted to call him anything but *Monsieur* or *Mon Capitaine*. Ah, if *Marchelat* and his comrades had had officers like that, they would have been eating their soup in *Berlin* by this time."

Mlle. de Bressac said nothing. There was only — her cousin remarked — a slight nervous shaking of her fingers as she fastened the last button of her cloak.

The woman *Marchelat* looked for a reply, and doubtless misinterpreting the expression of *Fleur de Lys'* face and the passing quiver of the lips, ejaculated, with sudden fire in her eyes, "But what is that Prussian to us, *Mademoiselle*, if we are to offend you by seeing him? Say but the word, and I fling this tobacco and pipe into the road-way, and never let the man cross our threshold again!" and with a spring she snatched the jar off the shelf, and dashed the casement open ready to throw —

But *Fleur de Lys* quickly stopped her. "No," she faltered; "keep the things, *Mère Marchelat*, and — and — continue to see this officer. I think we are a little late, *mon cousin*," added she, confusedly; and bidding the cottagers a hasty good-night, she took her cousin's arm and hurried out.

There was no moon or stars; the night was black, and seemed to threaten snow. Recent frosts had rendered the ground so hard, that it was like treading on solid granite. For a few minutes, *M. de Crique tot* and *Fleur de Lys* walked along in silence. Why the *Marquis* kept silent he would have found it hard to explain; but there is an instinct in these things which warns us when to speak and when to restrain ourselves. On her side, *Fleur de Lys* could not have spoken, if she would. The faculty of speech seemed for the moment to have forsaken her. So they proceeded together until *M. de Crique tot* abruptly paused, and said, as though remembering something, "By the way, *cousin*, we were to have gone to four cottages, and we have only been to three."

"Dear me! We have forgotten the *Merciers*," she murmured, starting from

reverie. "I had promised to bring them a hundred francs for their cottage repairs, and they will be expecting me. But it is almost a *kilomètre* distant, I think."

"Yes," he answered, "and you are tired enough as it is, *cousin*. Cannot these people wait?"

"They will be disappointed," she replied, shaking her head, "and perhaps be unhappy all the night."

"Well, if that is to be the case, I had better go and carry them the money myself. You can go back to *Marchelat's* cottage, and rest there half-an-hour, and I will take you upon my return."

"But it is already seven," she exclaimed, opening her cloak to consult her watch, "and *papa* will be waiting dinner for us; he will feel alarmed." She hesitated some moments, and then added, "I think the best way, *cousin*, will be for you to carry the money, as you suggest, and I will walk on to the castle alone. The distance is not great, and the roads are safe. Nobody would hurt me."

"Hurt you, no," he rejoined, half to himself. "A man would be more than a fiend who could do that."

Still, safe as he believed the roads to be, he was naturally loth to abandon his *cousin* alone, and after dark, on them; and began pondering whether there were no alternative between this and disappointing the *Merciers*. But he could hit upon nothing; so that, after reiterated assurances on the part of *Fleur de Lys* that she really was not afraid, but would go anywhere and at any hour confident in the chivalry of the neighbourhood, he received from her a small parcel she had made of her hundred francs, and set off with it, running.

Then she pursued her way alone.

And yet not alone; for how was it that on this particular road she felt secure, as she did on no other? How was it that though *Friedrich Leoneizen* had never been seen by her standing on his silent night-vigils, she was as conscious of his presence as though it had been revealed to her day after day by some visible token?

There had been no love-letters; no words exchanged. His love had been voiceless, respectful, concealed. How was it that its least impulses were as well known to her as though they had been breathed into her ear by the tenderest language of passion? How was it that his inmost thoughts rang within her heart as if they had been whispered utterances?

Fleur de Lys walked along with her eyes cast on the ground and a quickening step. She felt the tutelary presence near her, following her, guarding her. She blushed and her heart throbbed; yet she must make no sign that she knew or felt anything. She must never let it be seen that the strong secret love that had twined itself round her being was known or suspected as it was.

So she walked, drawing her cloak close around her and shivering a little, perhaps from the cold. And when she had gone some five hundred yards between the two stiff hedgerows that bordered the narrow way, she arrived at a turning. Here the road grew more narrow and more dark; but she continued bravely and was not alarmed by the sight of two men who came tramping towards her with sticks and bundles over their shoulders, and pipes in their mouths: the men parted, one to either side of her, fingered the képis they were wearing, and wished her a rather queer good-night. Then they stopped, turned round to look after her, as if they were surprised to see a well-dressed woman out so late, removed the pipes from their mouths, and began to confer.

Evidently it was not an honest conference; one had only to look at the men to see that. The repeated defeats of the provincial armies had flooded the war-country with a whole horde of individuals, who, having been burned out of house or home, and feeling little inclination to continue fighting for a hopeless cause, under generals in whom they had no faith, had given themselves up entirely to marauding. A much more dangerous class than the fiercest bands of *Uhlans*, were these gentry. They broke into deserted houses, attacked defenceless wayfarers, poached, plundered hen-roosts, and when booty was scarce, destroyed all they could lay hands on, fences, abandoned furniture, cottages, all apparently for the simple pleasure of the thing. It was easy to recognize these patriots by their bragging voices and their tattered military clothes; for the better part of them were *Mobiles* and the worst scum of the routed armies. The two men who met Fleur de Lys were of this category. They must have been taken to serve against their will, and have seized the first convenient occasion for levanting; for both were young men, only weak striplings, blear-eyed and pale-faced, like the lowest types of workmen in great cities.

Their conference did not last long. They shook the ashes out of their pipes,

slipped the pipes into their pockets, and stealthily retraced their footsteps. Then Friedrich Leoneizen, whose watch-tree was precisely at the corner where the two roads joined, and whose eyes had from the first moment riveted themselves on the two vagabonds, crept noiselessly along under cover of the hedge and followed them. A great thrill of joy had gone through him as soon as the designs of these men had become evident. Fleur de Lys was alone; he would protect her. Glancing at his supposed antagonists, and then on his own powerful limbs, he could not help laughing a short grim laugh, saying to himself: "If you venture to touch a hair of her head, if you so much as speak an uncivil word to her, I pity you." And with this he unfastened the clasp of his cloak, so as to be unhampered.

The two tramps accosted Fleur de Lys and whined: "Have pity on two poor soldiers who are wounded and have not got enough to carry them home, Madame."

"Two soldiers who have fought in all the battles of this war, Madame," took up the scraggiest of the two.

Without a trace of fear on her countenance, Fleurs de Lys turned round, drew out her purse and was in the act of opening it, when the man who had last spoken made a sudden grab at it and snatched it out of her hand; whilst the second raised his fist to strike the young girl and push her back. But this second performer had reckoned without his host, for before his hand had had time to descend, or even to move an inch, Friedrich Leoneizen had sprung through the hedge, and with a terrific back-hand blow with the pommel of his sword, which he had disdained to unsheath, caused the man to measure his full length on the ground. Then catching the other fellow by the throat, he gripped him so tight between his iron hands that the unhappy wretch's tongue protruded from his mouth and his eyes from their sockets. At the third tough grip he was lying beside his compeer, doubled up like an empty sack and senseless. All this was done in less than half a minute; and then the Prussian, passing in one instant from the extreme of rage to the extreme of calm, stood deferentially uncovered and holding out her purse to Fleur de Lys.

"Here is your purse, Mademoiselle. You have not been over-frightened, I trust?"

"Thank you, Monsieur," she said in a low voice, and pressing her hand to her side; but she did not answer the latter part of his question.

"Will you do me the honour to accept my arm for the rest of the way?" he continued, or rather faltered, for emotion was beginning to gain on him.

With a slight inclination of the head she signed to him that she would. He was then stooping over the bodies of his foes, to see how much injury he had done them.

"There is no vital harm," he remarked, after a moment's inspection. But he drew out his handkerchief and began bandaging one of the men's heads. Then he fetched his cloak to make them both a sort of bed under the hedge, where they could lie until relief was sent them. All this was done with a quiet spirit of humanity that had no ostentation in it, but for that reason was the more striking. Fleur de Lys was very pale, and watched all his movements with an expression which would have strangely cleared his brow and made his heart leap could he have seen it. But he saw nothing. Intent on his work, he loosened the men's collars, bathed their foreheads with water from the ditch; and it was only when he had done everything that could be of any use that he rose, with an apology for having detained her so long, and offered her his arm.

She was going to take it; but, looking into his face before doing so, she held out her hand and said simply, "You have a noble heart."

It was too dark to see whether Friedrich Leoneizen turned pale, or coloured, but he sank on one knee and pressed Mdle. de Bressac's hand to his lips. When he rose his eyes were glistening, and there was a modest yet proud smile on his features, which spoke more gratefully than the deepest tribute of spoken thanks.

"Yes," continued Fleur de Lys, in frank, firm accents, "why should I scruple to say what I feel. There is war between our countries, and for long years we must be enemies. But when you return home, Monsieur, it may be gladness to you to reflect that you at least have not left only ruins and tears behind you."

His voice was sad as he replied: "Enemies, Mademoiselle—must we always be enemies? Will there not be a time when the events of this unhappy year will be forgotten?"

They were then passing near a cottage which had been destroyed by shells. Its roof was gone, large holes were in its walls; the place where the garden had stood was a heap of charred bricks. Mdle. de Bressac silently pointed to this. The Prussian sighed.

"I have been told that sixty-five years ago the village near my own home was like that," he said; and at these words he felt Mdle. de Bressac start. "My mother has often related to me how, being a child, she was carried at night from out a burning house, where her father and mother had both been killed. This was during the Jena campaign. After that battle my father's father, with a few other Prussian noblemen, organized a secret league which was to stir up the peasants to resistance, and save our country from being dismembered. The league was betrayed; my father was seized and tried by a French court-martial; and for the crime of being a patriot was condemned to death."

Fleur de Lys' arm trembled, and her breathing grew quicker.

"I should tell you, Mademoiselle, that there was a Frenchman who tried to save my grandfather," continued the Prussian, in a quiet voice. "Our ancestral home was then filled with French officers, and one of them, who had sat on the court-martial and voted for an acquittal, went personally to the Emperor to obtain a pardon. It was refused, and Napoleon, to punish the officer for what he called his temerity, ordered that he should command the platoon who were to perform the execution. Upon this, the officer broke his sword and threw up his commission. He did more, for resignation being unlawful in time of war, he underwent military degradation, and served through the rest of the campaign as a private soldier. This officer was——"

"Your name, Monsieur?" cried Fleur de Lys, laying both hands on his arm.

"I prefer to give you that of our benefactor, Mademoiselle," answered the Prussian. "It was the Marquis de Bressac, your grandfather."

V.

Less than a fortnight after the above scene a great change had come over the country round Bressac. Surprised and outnumbered by the clever move of a French general, who performed the one brilliant feat of arms (on his side) during the war, the German army occupying O——had been compelled to retreat, to avoid being taken prisoners *en masse*. Great was the rejoicing at O——for three or four days, when it was thought that the cruel tide of defeat was at last going to turn. But at the end of that time people knew that the Germans would not allow their first failure to go unretrieved,

and O——prepared for another battle. Who then so elated as the Duc de Bres-sac? The French general had informed him that the castle might offer a useful point of resistance in the coming operations, and had sent a thousand men to encamp in the park and erect barricades there by felling down trees and demolishing outhouses. There were few things of which the Duke was prouder than his trees; but it was with a radiant countenance that he limped about amongst the soldiers, encouraging them as they were hewing down the biggest, and pointing out to them that they might greatly strengthen their barricades by taking all the pedestals of the statues that adorned his garden. The soldiers were amazed, and the General could not forbear expressing his admiration.

"If you only knew, Monsieur le Duc, what resistance I have had to encounter in demolishing some other country houses — houses, too, that would have fitted into a single courtyard of this noble place," added he, glancing, not without regret, at the stately building.

"Our family have enjoyed the possession of this house four centuries, so that we can afford to lose it, *mon Général*," answered the Duke with a smile; and the same afternoon, as he saw an officer of engineers hesitate before ordering the destruction of an exquisite pavilion that stood in the way of the defence works, he took a pickaxe out of his hands and struck the first blow into it himself.

Fleur de Lys, meanwhile, followed the example of her father. Wherever a woman's voice and presence could nerve the arm or raise the spirit of a French soldier, there was she, calm, beautiful, and with stirring words of hope on her lips. The soldiers, reviving the title that was given to Mademoiselle de Montpensier under the wars of the "Fronde," called her "La Grande Mademoiselle;" and such was the enthusiasm she excited, that the more superstitious amongst the soldiers — those who came from Languedoc or Brittany — would try and touch some portion of her dress with their amulets as she walked amongst them, under the belief that it would charm their lives. But the devotion towards her rose to fever-heat when she declared that she had no intention of leaving the castle when the fighting began, but that she would remain in it to the end, *whatever happened*. Even the prudent M. Jean-Baptiste grew valiant then. To be sure, he reflected that, even if it came to the worst, there would al-

ways be the cellar to hide in; and, strengthened by this thought, he gave the reins to his imagination in recounting all that he would do when at length he should have those "gueux de Prussiens" opposite him. "Figure to yourself, Monsieur le Marquis," he cried, with the most feeling gestures, to M. de Crique-tot — "figure to yourself that one of those unhung thieves wanted to give me a hundred-franc note when he went away. It was that hobbledoy of a Count Leoneizen. You know that lout who used to go mooning about the garden. Said I to him, 'If I were a few years younger, I would teach you what it is to offer money to a Frenchman, you blue whipping-post, you. Hurry out of my sight!'" and I threw the note into his face."

"Taking care to pick it up again as it fell, to put it into your pocket," continued the Marquis with a laugh; which speech naturally a little disconcerted M. Jean-Baptiste, whose true reply to the Count had been, "Monsieur le Comte, it is only in Prussia that so much generosity is allied to so much valour. I will keep this note for ever as a souvenir, and wish you not 'Adieu,' but 'Au revoir.'"

But if M. Jean-Baptiste found a sceptical hearer in the Marquis, his tales were listened to with credence enough elsewhere, and the story of how extremely quick the Prussians had vanished from the castle at the news that O—— was going to be attacked, lent not a little impetus to the preparations for defence. The General, however, though he felt how valuable an auxiliary Fleur de Lys would be to him, tried to dissuade her from thus exposing her life: but his eloquence was wasted. "My place is here, General," she said, gravely, once and for all; and from that moment this soldier perceived it would be useless to recur to the matter.

It was only M. de Crique-tot who was aware how much heroism it needed on his cousin's part to take this resolution. He knew, or, at all events guessed, that Fleur de Lys' heart would no longer be wholly with the combatants around her, as it would have been some weeks before. She had told him cursorily and vaguely how she had been protected by a Prussian officer on that night when she had returned alone from the village; but though the details were few, his lover's instinct had supplied the rest; and putting this and that together, recalling many a stray symptom and incident the true significance of which had escaped him at the time of its occurrence, but the real mean-

ing of which now stood revealed, he had not long remained doubtful as to who his rival was. But of course he had not breathed a word of his suspicions to Fleur de Lys. This was a thing too sacred to be hinted at by a third person. Only the young Frenchman recognizing in the Prussian officer a man more great, generous, and worthy of Fleur de Lys than he felt himself to be, had vowed that if he could bring this man and his cousin together, he would do so.

And so time flew by until the day of battle.

* * * *

It dawned and closed as many other days of battle had done for France during that year. Ill-clad, ill-organized, ill-armed mobs of recruits pitted against science, generalship, and discipline, there could be but one result. By the end of four hours' fighting the French soldiers had been routed. The battle was hopelessly lost, and there was but one point where resistance still continued to be offered — the castle of Bressac.

It had not been much attacked during the day, for it was rather beyond the range of the field where the heat of the day's combat had raged. But in the afternoon, when the enemy were masters of all the positions which the French had occupied, and it was found that the Castle of Bressac still fired shells furiously from a battery of four guns established in the park, a parliamentarian was dispatched to explain how bootless further resistance was, and to demand a surrender.

The answer was a refusal.

The Duke said to the commanding officer, "Let us not yield, so long as there is a cartridge amongst us, Monsieur," and as the officer almost looked upon the Duke as the true commander of the place, he had conveyed this reply to the enemy.

An hour later the battery in the park had been dismantled, a whole wing of the castle had been blown into fragments, and the foremost barricade in the park no longer existed.

Another half-hour and the second barricade was abandoned.

Then the third had to be relinquished.

Then the fourth.

The soldiers continued to fire bravely and desperately. They could see nothing either before or behind them. The park and grounds were steeped in a fog of smoke, amidst which resounded the groans of wounded men and the bang of shells exploding every moment.

At last the park became thoroughly un-

tenable. The retreat sounded, and the last barricade was deserted.

"We can still defend the castle!" shouted the Duke, who, grimy with powder and blood-stained, had been firing from the barricades side by side with the soldiers.

"To the castle!" cried the commanding officer, obediently echoing, and waving his sword above his head. He was on foot. His horse had been shot under him.

In a very few minutes more the park was filled with Prussians. The artillery duel had now ceased. It could only be a question of defending the castle man to man and hand to hand. The defenders fired out of the windows; the invaders fired back, but also charged forward with bayonets, to try and carry the place by storm.

The carnage was becoming frightful. Eleven assaults were repulsed one after the other. The marble terrace, bordering on the ground-floor windows, was strewn with great mounds of dead, and blood trickled down the white steps as if from an open fountain. Every moment a crash could be heard, as a bullet shivered a wainscot or smashed a mirror into a thousand atoms. There was not a pane of glass unbroken in the whole house. Two or three bullets striking the great crystal chandelier in the state drawing-room together, cut the chains by which it hung as though with a scythe, and the mighty fabric of glass splintered on to the floor like a shower of diamonds, carrying away crumbling masses of plaster from the ceiling with it. But nobody talked of yielding, until at length the cry arose that ammunition was beginning to fail.

"If we could only knock over that officer who is commanding them!" shouted a bare-armed, bare-throated soldier, who had thrown off his coat to fight better, and was streaming with perspiration, "it might discourage them."

M. de Criquetot and Fleur de Lys were near him. Fleur de Lys had been loading for the soldiers, her cousin taking care to stand — without her perceiving it — in such a position that a bullet must strike him before hitting her. The soldier had pointed out of the window uttering his cry. M. de Criquetot and Fleur de Lys both glanced over his shoulder. The officer he was designating was Friedrich Leoneizen.

The man levelled his rifle. He was a deadly marksman; but just as he was drawing the trigger, the Marquis brushed by him with his elbow. The shot missed.

Fleur de Lys, who had been holding her breath, and was leaning against the wall for support, looked towards her cousin, and their eyes met. The man was reloading a second time. He aimed; but M. de Criquetot was saved the trouble of spoiling the shot a second time, for whilst the finger was on the trigger, the rifle slipped out of the man's hand, and he fell forward himself, with a bullet in the head.

The shout now seemed to rise from everybody at once: — "The officer! — fire at him!"

"He seems bewitched: the bullets won't touch him."

"This is at his head."

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

But the officer advanced, his men following him. Lead whistled around him, above him, but never harmed him.

"If somebody does not bring him down, he and his men will be in the castle in another minute," thundered an officer, discharging three barrels of a revolver in

quick succession.

At this moment, the Duke de Bressac, who had been sitting, to fire the better, sprang up, with his hand to his head, staggered forward, and rolled at his daughter's feet. A revolver escaped from his hands, which Fleur de Lys picked up.

"The officer! at the officer!" the cry was now raging like a hurricane from a hundred parched throats at once.

Pale, but with her lips set, Fleur de Lys stepped forward. Then she aimed with her weapon. Friedrich Leoneizen was scarcely at thirty yards' distance from her. Her face was flushed, but grave and sad. She pressed the trigger.

He reeled in his saddle, looked, saw who had shot him; then fell.

Before her cousin could stop her, or guess her intention, Fleur de Lys had turned the revolver on herself. At the very moment when Leoneizen touched the ground she fell too; but no one except her cousin noticed whence the shot came.

Artists can visit the foreign schools, study great models and derive instruction from great masters. Nearly eight millions of European born have been added to our population. The instinctive love of native land, combined with a strong desire to set their eyes once more on the friends and scenes of childhood, will carry many of our adopted citizens of humble means back across the water, when they can go so cheaply. For these and other reasons we apprehend that the outgoing European steamers will be crowded during the present season.

It is well that Americans should give full play to their desire for travel—a desire which they possess, perhaps, more than any other people. Travel combats the tendency to narrowness, the inclination to move round in a limited circle, and live within ourselves. It renders us more charitable and liberal, less censorious and captious. It expands our natures, develops our faculties, presents new ideas of life, new sources of intellectual enjoyment, unthought of before. By how much we get out of ourselves and mingle with the world, by so much are our capacity and opportunities for higher enjoyment increased. In journeying among different countries and classes of people, one acquires knowledge and experience which cannot be obtained from books; or as Chesterfield puts it: "The world is a country which no one ever yet knew by description; one must travel through it one's self to be acquainted with it. The scholar, who, in the dust of his closet, talks or writes of the world, knows no more of it than the orator did of war, who endeavored to instruct Hannibal in it. Learning is acquired by reading books; but the much more necessary learning, the knowledge

Going Abroad—Thoughts on Travel.

BOSTON newspapers report that an unusually large number of persons there are preparing to go abroad this season. The same is true of this city, and doubtless of the country generally. Many causes combine to account for this. The sudden breaking out of the war between Germany and France last year drove many tourists home before they had completed their travels, and led many others to postpone their trips until another year. Battle-fields and strongholds in France rendered for ever memorable by sanguinary conflicts, will draw numerous Americans to them this year, before the evidences of the strife are obliterated. The number of Europeans who came to America on the close of our war in the spring of 1865, to visit the theatre of operations, was by no means small. The unsettled condition of affairs in France will recall very many Frenchmen to look after property belonging to them. The one hundred and fifty or two hundred thousand deaths of both French and Germans during the war will cause thousands of both nationalities to return home for the purpose of inspecting wills, and securing legacies which may have fallen to them. Thousands of other Germans will return to the Fatherland to visit and congratulate fathers, brothers, sons, and other relatives and friends on having come out of the great conflict alive. Those Teutons who have been hoping and planning for years to visit the scenes of their childhood, will select this year above all others, that they may witness the great glory wrought by their country, and participate in the pride and joy arising from the fulfilment of the dream of a united Fatherland.

Many of our business men are planning to take advantage of the quiet times in trade circles, and run through Europe with their families. Others whose revenues have diminished, after retiring from active business life are renting their houses on long leases, with a view to residing abroad for a period, where the expenses of living are cheaper than in the United States. Though the transatlantic cables have not shortened the distance of travel, they are yearly increasing the social and commercial relations between the two continents to an extent which must result in a largely increased travel to and fro. The owners of the Great Eastern it is reported, propose to furnish passage across the ocean for twenty-five dollars; the passengers boarding themselves or drawing from the ships larder, on the European plan. This project if carried out will enable thousands of individuals to make the tour to the Old World, who are now prevented from doing so by the expense. Hundreds of American students can then gratify their longings to pursue a course of intellectual training in the European universities.

Elaborate hand-books, which are brought out every year, abound in suggestions for tourists, but so far as general recommendations are concerned, Bacon anticipated them by two hundred years, when he wrote: "Let the traveller carry with him some card or book describing the country where he travel-leth. Let him also keep a diary. Let him not stay long in one city or town; more or less, as the place deserveth, but not long. Let him sequester himself from the company of his countrymen, and diet in such places where there is good company of the nation where he travelleth. Let him, upon his removals from one place to another, procure recommendation to some person of quality, residing in the place whither he removeth, that he may use his favors in those things he desireth to see or know. The things to be seen and observed are the courts of princes, courts of justice, churches, monasteries, walls, fortifications, antiquities, nuns, libraries, colleges," etc., etc. Bacon's suggestion to carry memorandum-books and diaries is particularly valuable. The tourist should "make a note" of everything he sees with all the assiduity of a Captain Cuttle. By so doing, he will not only intensify and strengthen the impressions received, but supply himself with very valuable materials for future use.

[For the *Christian Advocate*.]

Going to Germany for Study.

There are at this time scores of American young men in Europe who are pursuing their studies, and many more who, discontented with their colleges at home, are looking impatiently forward to going to a German University as essential to their education, and destined to elevate them at once among the ranks of the learned. I have been a teacher for several years, and also in attendance at two among the most celebrated of these institutions, Tübingen and Berlin, and have studied the question of the systems of education in the two countries, with a great deal of interest.

In the first place a youth's coming directly from one of our seminaries to study at a German university is simply preposterous. The faculties would themselves regard it so if they knew it. It is always supposed that there has been a previous graduation, if not at one of their own gymnasia, at one of our own colleges, which they regard as about the same thing. In some this is required, though in the case of foreigners it may not be very strictly enforced. Such a young man, say of sixteen or eighteen years of age, has formed no fixed plan of study, and has acquired but little discipline of mind. He comes here with no one to advise him, and beholds a university with two hundred teachers and a bulletin board full of advertisements of lectures throughout the whole circuit of human knowledge. He does not know exactly what to do. It would be very interesting to hear L. on Egyptian hieroglyphics, and understand the temples of Karnak; Sanskrit is just now very fashionable, and S. is very interesting on it; but T. is tremendously profound on Aristotle's philosophy, etc. The result is he hears a collection of matter on branches having no bearing on each other—branches pushed so far that years of patient study are needed to appreciate what is said, or understand many of the allusions that are made; learns to interlard his conversation with foreign words, and imposes on himself and others with twice his own knowledge. But suppose this is not done. Suppose the student to have self-control enough to concentrate on a specialty—and, by the bye, the universities are not meant to give what we call a *liberal* education; the gymnasia do that, and the university supplements it with advanced instruction in what is to be the life-work: the former require, after reading and writing are learned, in most places nine, in Wurtemberg ten, years of severe application—if this special course be entered immediately after the first four books of geometry and the first four orations of Cicero, where is the general drill, the comprehensive course, which is so important in making not a mere compounder of chemicals or feeler of pulses, but something more—a well and evenly developed man. But suppose the gymnasium is entered? After the five or six years, supposing our student to have entered in advance, are ended, what is gained? The amount of Latin and Greek is decidedly greater than if he had attended an American college, as American colleges are now; mathematics decidedly less; modern languages, excepting the language of the country, about the same; philosophy less, natural sciences decidedly less. The summing up is easy, if the dead languages are worth more than every thing else he has gained.

And, again, a student over here is decidedly out of restraint. All old *alumni* know that bad things are carried on in our institutions at home, where discipline is comparatively very strict, and where students are at home twice or thrice a year; but there are worse things in a town of the morals of Berlin, where young men have their rooms nobody knows where, and have, in their room life, in the German students no very edifying examples. If more than one good orthodox parent knew what his son sees here, he might not be so ready to send him so far. And, again, scores of young men come to Europe who say their prayers every night and morning for the first few months—have had troublesome doubts on some puzzling questions, but nothing serious—who after a few months begin to talk philosophically about the time when the observation of the uncontrollable forces of nature, in a tropical climate by a people in its infancy nurtured that feeling of terror which was the cause of that earliest and most universal of superstitions—a God; begin to talk about “*Entwicklung*” and Darwinianism, and patronize the Book of books as a fine specimen of Oriental style with all the air of the Protestant Verein. Perhaps there is a time when to be compelled to fight for one's opinions may be no loss, but it might be brought about when there has been attained a greater coolness of judgment and a greater breadth of view for the investigation of these difficult questions.

But is there no use in attending these great seats of learning? I answer, much in a certain way and for certain persons. To praise with discrimination is not to blame entirely. We Americans gain for one thing a knowledge of the language more thoroughly and more easily than we should be likely to do in our native land, and the German language is a valuable acquirement. We have an opportunity in the vacations to travel and obtain its usual advantages, in the acquaintance with foreign customs, scenes, and works of art. One of Correggio's masterpieces, or the Sixtine Madonna, or a glimpse from the blue mountains on Como, or a half-hour alone in Luther's old rooms, are of themselves worth the three thousand miles' ride. A man of twenty-five or thirty can believe that some of his home opinions may be in error without flying to the other extreme and believing they are all so, and can observe the new world with a discriminating judgment. And then, too, for a teacher especially, the methods of instruction here are a worthy study, and hearing these lectures in which such monuments of labor and success are contained the enthusiasm is kindled by the breadth of the subject presented in such magnificent proportions. These methods in the ancient languages at least are better than our own. The generality of Germans think we are so far behind them because they know little or nothing about us, and besides are penetrated with the idea that Latin and Greek are nine-

tenths of an education. The only one I ever met who had been in America, and he had taught there ten years, said our schools were fully as good on the whole if not better than their own gymnasia.

To sum up the whole. An American who has graduated at one of our good colleges—I may say, too, one of our good Methodist colleges—who has studied merely, or studied and practiced to some extent his profession at home, and desires to perfect himself, especially in matters of theory, will then do better to spend some *semesters* here than the same time at home. He will gain in *real* good, and it will help his reputation. But to send those not well matured for the great body of their education, and especially alone, is no gain, but rather a loss. If any of my old friends see my name affixed to this article, they will remember that I myself was once as enthusiastic upon foreign education, as I am now decidedly cool on the subject. They will believe that I have not formed my opinions lightly, and will give me credit, if for nothing else, at least for honesty.

WILBERFORCE WELLS.

Tübingen, September 13, 1870.

IRENE.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

ON a bright day in October Mrs. Stone received a letter from Mr. Henry Stone, then absent in Europe. After reading it, she turned to Irene Williams and said, "Your guardian will be here in one week: he returns home three months sooner than he had expected."

"Will his brother come also?"

"Certainly: he says business brings him back, and that Decatur chooses to return with him."

Irene had been with Mrs. Stone since June. They had found in each other all the one could wish for in a mother, the other in a daughter.

Though it had developed during this interval, Irene's form was still slight, making her appear taller than she really was. Her features were not very regular, but a pensive expression, which suited well her large dark eyes, the pearly whiteness of her skin and her soft brown hair, invested her appearance with no ordinary charm, which was heightened by the natural grace of her movements and her sweet but somewhat shy demeanor. She had indeed become a "star" in the circle into which she had been introduced as "Mr. Stone's ward."

For the last few weeks she had had a schoolmate staying with her, Ellen Chester by name, a bright, black-eyed gypsy—rather pretty, very gay, and a general favorite. Previously to her visit, Irene had gone but little into general society. Mrs. Stone had kept her with herself as much as possible, seeking at once to study and to fortify a character which the world, it was to be feared, would do its best to spoil.

Irene sat, after Mrs. Stone had left the room, lost in thought, until aroused by the entrance of Ellen Chester. She imparted the news just mentioned, on

which Ellen exclaimed, "How jolly!—a beau apiece in the house! Won't we have grand times, Irene?"

Now this, it may be remembered, was a sore subject with Irene, and she answered indignantly, notwithstanding she had learnt something in regard to such matters during the last year, "A beau, indeed! Why, Mr. Henry is old and grave: he'll soon teach you not to think of him in that light."

"And his brother?"

"I have never seen him, but he is much younger, I know."

The household was set in order, and all looked forward to the day destined to bring back the absent ones. The three ladies were in the parlor when the carriage drove to the door. Mrs. Stone hastened to the front gallery to meet and welcome the brothers, while Irene passed through another door and ran up stairs.

Henry, who was extravagantly fond of his stepmother, did not hurry from her side to seek even Irene, but Decatur, ever impetuous, darted into the parlor, where he was startled at finding a lady with black eyes and long black curls. He knew at a glance this could not be his brother's ward, for that brother had often described her to him as soft-eyed and so fair as to deserve the name of "Lily." His embarrassment, however, did not last long, as Mrs. Stone soon entered and introduced Miss Chester.

Meanwhile, Henry had caught a glimpse of Irene running up stairs, and, without saying a word, had hastened after her. Several doors were open, and he looked hurriedly into every room, but did not find her. Passing out to the side gallery, he saw her standing in a corner which was quite enclosed with vines. She glanced timidly up, but, seeing he was alone, came

forward holding out both her hands. He took them in his, and looked intently at her: then, gathering her in his arms, pressed her to his heart, exclaiming, "My sweet Irene! my little daughter! I have seen nothing so fair as you."

"I am glad you have come, Mr. Henry," she replied in her usual soft tone, while a smile of rare sweetness beamed from her eyes.

"Are you happy here, Irene? Tell me—do not be afraid."

"Yes, yes! I have everything to make me so." She was interrupted by a strange voice, exclaiming, "Oh, I have found you at last! It was selfish in you, Henry, to take her away: you knew I was dying to see what she looks like. Come," continued the speaker, taking her hand, "I don't want any introduction, but I am going to have a kiss: I claim it as a brother." He kissed her affectionately as she stood at Henry's side, encircled by Henry's arm.

The trio returned to the parlor, where Henry was presented to Miss Chester, and some hours passed in the recital of events at home and the description of scenes and incidents of travel. When the others retired, Henry stayed to talk with Mrs. Stone on more private subjects.

His first inquiries related to Irene, and he listened with evident delight and pride to the warm terms in which his stepmother, whose keen and candid judgment he so highly estimated, spoke of his charge, dwelling particularly on the truthfulness of her nature and the strong affection veiled beneath her sensitiveness and reserve.

"And now, Henry," Mrs. Stone concluded, "tell me what has become of Will Maury?"

"He is in Paris, mother, but I can hardly bear to tell you where his wife is."

"I am prepared to hear anything of her. I never expected the match to result in any good."

"She is in an insane asylum in the south of France."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes, and the physicians assert that she has been mad for years."

"And Will?"

"Crushed! I was surprised when I found he had so much real feeling. I don't believe I ever appreciated him as he deserved."

"Is it public? did any scandal occur?"

"No; but I'll tell you the whole story. When they first went to Europe they fixed themselves in Paris. There I met them. I saw at once that Laura was acting just as she had done here. Feeling assured such reckless conduct could have but one end in such a place as Paris, I hastened my departure, and when in Germany wrote to Will, imploring him to take his wife away from Paris. Somewhat to my surprise, he did not resent this interference, but left very soon with his wife for the south of France, where they took up their abode in a retired village.

"During the autumn he wrote, begging me to come and see him; and I went. He was in great distress. I need not give you the particulars of Laura's folly: it is enough to say that her conduct had made Will, who truly loved her, very miserable. He had reasoned, or tried to reason, with her, but she listened with her old air of cold indifference, shrugged her pretty shoulders and went her own way. I hinted then at the possibility of her being insane, but he would not hear of it. During my visit she at first persistently avoided me, but one day, while Will was absent on business and I was sitting in the parlor alone, Laura, who I thought had gone out, came in elegantly dressed and began to upbraid me. Oh, mother, I hate to tell you what passed! She declared that she loved me, and that it was *you* who had come between us, but that she would have her revenge. 'What revenge do you want, Laura?' I asked, feeling certain she was insane, and thinking it best to humor her. 'Her death!' 'Why, Laura, you cannot commit murder?' 'I can't, but father can: he did for me before, and will again. Listen!' She came close to me and whispered, 'He killed Dr. Cartwright because I willed it.'"

"Good Heavens, Henry!" exclaimed

Mrs. Stone: "do you think that can be so?"

"Hear me out. Mother, you can't imagine how beautiful she looked, her eyes flashing and her exquisitely moulded arms and neck bare, gleaming cold and white; but her ravings were so horrible that I sat shocked and stunned. I soon, however, detected that when I humored her she grew more calm; and when Will came in her old manner suddenly returned, and her ease and composure were such that I could scarcely credit my senses. Will noticed my pre-occupied looks, and inquired the cause. I gave him an evasive answer, and as she did not evince the least interest in the subject, he remained unsuspecting.

"Next morning he told me Laura had tormented him the whole night about going home. 'Don't you go, Will,' I said. 'Why?' 'Ask her why she wants to go?' He did so, but she was too wily to be caught.

"I saw now that if anything could be done for her, it must be done at once, but I dreaded to broach the matter to Will. She sometimes raved before the servants, but only in English, so that they had no suspicion of her state. The crisis occurred one day when they had had company at dinner. After the guests had left, Will began bantering me about a very pretty woman who had been of the party. Suddenly, Laura broke out in one of her terrible spells. I felt the moment had come; so, while Will looked on speechless, I encouraged her to talk—to tell about Dr. Cartwright and about you. Strange to say, she did not bring in me, except to curse me. I was not sorry, for I pitied Will, and was glad he was spared the scene of a few days before, when she had sworn on her knees that she loved me better than life. She declared I had instigated the murder, and that I had told her to make Will take her home to murder you. The end of the scene was, that Will sank senseless on the floor, and this brought her to herself: she kissed him and wept over him as only a woman who loves can. If she ever has really lucid moments, in those moments there

is no doubt she loves her husband. We called in medical advice, and there was no difficulty in getting a certificate of insanity."

"Poor Will!" exclaimed Mrs. Stone. "What a terrible fate!"

"Yes, and no hopes of release. He went, at first, very often to see her, but it did her no good, and him as little. When she found she could not persuade him to take her home, she grew furious. She does not appear to suffer, and is seldom dangerous, though very destructive. She will take a handkerchief, for instance, and pick it to pieces, thread by thread: her watch was found in a drawer not only taken apart, but with every little wheel and chain divided into the minutest parts, and that so carefully and neatly as to show that the employment must have occupied days."

"Have you an idea that she really knows anything of Dr. Cartwright's murder?"

"Oh yes, without doubt she does. The physician says that the destruction of small things shows the form her madness had taken, and that she had probably instigated or planned the deed. I am going to pursue the matter cautiously, and see whether a case against Mr. Charlton can be made out. Her evidence, of course, cannot be taken, and her physician thinks she has never told the name of the one who is most implicated. Until the fall court is over, I shall have no time to attend to the matter: at present I must content myself with closely observing Mr. Charlton's conduct."

"Has Will Maury written to Laura's family that she is in an asylum?"

"No. They seldom wrote to her, and do not seem at all interested in her whereabouts. If they mention her to me, I shall only say I saw them in the south of France. Good-night."

CHAPTER II.

THE autumn passed pleasantly away. The two young ladies and Decatur went out a great deal to parties and concerts

and spent their mornings in riding or boating. It is needless to recount the admiration excited by the two pretty girls, so very opposite in appearance, while Henry watched closely to see if Decatur showed any preference for Irene.

One cloudy afternoon toward the end of November he met them all three in a maple grove on the outskirts of the town, and stopped to inquire where they were going.

"To the river," said Irene.

"I think we shall have rain, perhaps sleet, before night."

"I don't," answered Decatur. "We are to have our boating race this evening, and I have been watching the weather all day."

Irene looked uncertain, but Decatur and Ellen seeming confident, she merely asked, "Where are you going, Mr. Henry?"

"To visit a gentleman living about five miles beyond the ferry. You had all better put off your boating frolic for another day."

So saying, he gathered up his reins and drove on. The others stood still a few moments, discussing the question he had started. Impatient of the delay, Decatur exclaimed, "Oh, come on: we can start, and if it clouds up we can come back: who cares for a ducking?"

"I say come on too," said Ellen. "We are neither sugar nor salt, nor anybody's honey."

And on they accordingly went.

The point for which they were bound was nearly a mile from the town, but could be reached, by a little path through the woods, somewhat sooner than otherwise. It was a quiet, secluded place, and here Decatur had a row-boat. He and the young ladies had often rowed together, but lately he had introduced a novel amusement. He had had three canoes made, each too small to hold more than one person, and having taught Irene and Ellen how to paddle, had challenged them to a race. They had gone out once before for this purpose, but the girls were not in sufficient practice to compete with him in any de-

gree. Since then they had improved very much, and were anxious to display their proficiency.

For more than three miles below their starting-point the river flowed gently and evenly, with a very winding course, but then began some natural obstructions to navigation, greatly augmented by driftwood; so that at a certain clump of trees (which formed a miniature island) the main current turned abruptly to the right, and became very rapid and dangerous. On the other side of this island the water was shallow, and the channel, if such it could be called, impassable from logs and undergrowth so closely matted together as to give the island the appearance of a point of land extending out from the shore. Below this the stream again spread itself out, flowing freely for several miles.

Our party reached the river, and, giving no further thought to the weather, launched their canoes. After various delays the race began, in which all were so absorbed as not to observe the increasing darkness, until a flash of lightning, followed by a loud peal of thunder, awoke them to the fact that a storm was about to burst upon them. Hastily turning their tiny craft, they began pulling up stream with the wind against them and the water rippling around them.

"Pull fast, girls! It is getting dark, and the rain will soon be upon us."

"I am so tired!" said Irene. "Don't go so fast: I can scarcely see you."

"Don't give up: paddle hard and keep talking, so that we may know we are together."

It would have been easy for Decatur to get back before the rain began to fall. But the girls soon grew fatigued with their unaccustomed exertions, and Irene, who complained of feeling cold, fell gradually behind the others. Suddenly she called out, "Oh help me, Decatur! I've lost my paddle."

Her companions heard this exclamation with horror. It was already quite dark, the rain falling slowly, mixed with sleet, and they were still nearly a mile from the landing-place. Some time

was taken up in useless questions and expressions of regret and dismay, Irene bitterly deploring her awkwardness and the trouble she was giving.

Decatur at last essayed to go back and seek for the paddle, but in the confusion all three got separated. Ellen's loud screams soon guided Decatur back to her, but their joint efforts to find Irene were unavailing: they called her name, but no answer came.

"What shall we do, Ellen?" asked Decatur. It was the first time he had ever thus addressed her.

"I don't know. Poor Irene! how frightened she must be! Irene! Irene!"

At length Decatur said, despondingly, "We can do her no good here, Ellen: let us go ashore and return to town for help."

They did what they should have done at first—made for the shore at the nearest point. Leaving the canoes to float at random, they started on a half run toward the town. The rain and sleet were falling fast, but fortunately there was very little wind. When they came to Mrs. Stone's, Ellen went in, while Decatur continued his course, and soon collected a number of people to go in search of the lost girl.

The news spread fast in all directions. "If she has gone to the 'obstructions,'" observed one of those who were commenting on it, "she is drowned: no chance for her in that current." "It may be," remarked another, "that the canoe has drifted ashore at one of the sharp turns of the crooked river. Anyway, she'll be frozen if she is out much longer in this weather."

Meanwhile a party of young men had followed Decatur back to the river with lanterns. He had got out his large boat, which in a few seconds was filled with a crew whose powerful strokes sent it rapidly down the river, while his other companions walked along the bank, searching carefully.

Soon after the news had been spread through the town, Henry Stone, having hurried through his visit, reached the ferry on his way home. The ferry was a long distance below the point known

as the "obstructions." The "flat" happened to be on the town side of the river, and while waiting for it he observed a man, commonly known by his Christian name of Jasper, talking earnestly with the ferryman. As they neared him he heard the ferryman exclaim, "She's drowned: what could have saved her?"

As Jasper jumped ashore, Henry caught him by the arm, demanding what had happened.

"Oh, Mr. Stone, is it you?" asked the man.

"Yes. Tell me instantly what has happened."

"I know nothin', but they tells me to come to the ferry and see if a little canoe had floated down."

"Was Miss Irene Williams said to have been in the canoe?"

The question was too imperatively put to admit of any evasion, and Jasper, more loth than his "betters" sometimes are to communicate painful news, stammered out a reluctant "Yes."

By close questioning, Mr. Stone learned the particulars of the accident, and it did not take him long to decide upon his course.

He got the ferryman's skiff and a lantern, and began rowing up the river, while Jasper drove the buggy up the bank on the town side. Henry kept near the right bank, meeting the current: as he neared the "obstructions" his progress became more and more impeded by darkness and the increased swiftness of the stream.

He kept a good lookout, and was sure no canoe had passed him floating in the strong current, and his hopes began to rise, but he shuddered at every sound.

When he reached the "obstructions" he was in doubt how to proceed. It would be useless to attempt going round the point, for the eddy was too strong to be stemmed by a man rowing up stream; so, running his boat into the shallow water, he urged it forward until it stuck fast, and then abandoned it to continue his search on foot.

He crossed in the mud and weeds to



"He sprang forward, and leaning across the boat threw the lantern's rays into the hollow."

[Irene, page 73.]

the other side, where it was drier and firmer, from logs and timber having accumulated here during successive years. Raising the lantern, he looked to the right and to the left, but the darkness prevented his seeing ten steps ahead. An impulse which he did not strive to resist decided him to return toward the right bank, and he had gone but a short distance when a canoe, lying on one side, met his sight. It was drawn up between two logs, in a position which convinced him that it had not come there by accident. He had never seen these little boats of his brother's, but he felt no doubt that this was one of them—the one of which he was in search.

"Where was Irene?" He shivered as he asked himself this question. If she had remained in the boat, she must by this time be frozen—dead! He did not call her or go farther, but stood for some moments rooted to the spot. Suddenly, as a thought occurred to him, he sprang forward, and leaning across the boat threw the lantern's rays into the hollow nook beyond. He had guessed right: the space was occupied by a form lying, or rather crouching, to shelter itself from the storm.

He placed the lantern on the ground, and jumping over the canoe, knelt down beside the unconscious girl and clasped her to his heart. But a shuddering cry burst from him as he felt how cold and lifeless her form lay in his arms. Her clothes, of a texture ill suited to such weather, were wet through and beginning to congeal. He pulled off his own half-drenched cloak, and having wrapped it around her, began to rub her hands. A gleam of hope shot across his mind as he remembered a flask of brandy which had been given him that evening as something very choice. He drew it from his coat-pocket and poured some of the liquor over her head. He was afraid to put it to her lips; but as the minutes passed, which in that awful suspense seemed hours, and she gave no signs of reviving, he at last saturated his handkerchief and pressed it to her half-parted lips. She shivered, choked, and, after struggling

a few moments, opened her eyes. There was no expression of surprise in them—rather a look of expectation gratified. "Oh, Mr. Henry," she said in her usual soft and quiet tone, "I knew *you* would come. I was sure you wouldn't leave me here to perish."

If ever her voice had sounded like music in his ear, it was then. But he was too excited, too anxious, to reply. He set himself to think how he could get her home.

"Irene," he said at last, "if I leave you a moment, you won't be afraid?"

"No—only not for long, I am in such terrible pain."

He wrapped his cloak closer around her, and having placed her in the most sheltered position, started in search of Jasper, who was happily within hail, and who brought the buggy down to the bank. Some time was consumed in ascertaining the depth of the intervening water. The rain continued to fall, the wind was rising, and the darkness was almost impenetrable. Jasper waded in, lantern in hand, and expressed his belief that the stream was fordable. Then Henry raised Irene in his arms and bore her to the shore. She moaned several times, and was half insensible by the time he got her into the buggy and started for home, while Jasper continued his course up the river on foot, to meet the exploring party and make the announcement that Miss Williams was safe. A loud cheer greeted the news, and soon collected the scattered members of the party.

"Quite right!" remarked one of them: "Mr. Stone was the proper person to find her."

"How very romantic!" drawled out another. "I should not be surprised if there had been an understanding between guardian and ward that she should get lost and he know where to find her."

"That's real ill-natured, Lawrence: she's too young for such freaks."

They continued to joke until Decatur, who had stayed behind to secure his boat, joined the group, and noticing their high spirits, said, "Don't laugh: it is

nothing to joke about. My brother will not easily forgive me. I can't believe all is as well as Jasper reports. Let us return to town."

"All right! and when you have been home and convinced yourself that the fair one takes it as coolly as we do, come up to the club-room and join us in some egg-nogg, which will soon make you forget the ducking you have sustained in the cause of chivalry. Say, Decatur, didn't it wash all the love out of your heart?"

He made no reply, but hastened toward home, where Henry had arrived before him.

Mrs. Stone and Ellen had gone out to the side gate when they heard the buggy, to meet, as they supposed, Henry returning from his visit—each dreading to tell of the accident, but both feeling that he must be informed at once. With a mixed feeling of relief and dread they saw him get out and lift Irene from the vehicle. She lay in his arms as if dead, and Ellen, supposing her to be so, gave vent to a loud scream. He carried his burden into the house, and seeing a large fire in the dining-room, went in there and laid her on the rug before the glowing grate. He called for various restoratives, and kept rubbing her hands, looking all the while so grave and stern that Ellen's fright took a new turn.

"I wonder," she thought, "what he will say to Decatur? I wish I had stayed at home. Oh, if we had only come back after we met him! What will he do?"

Mrs. Stone, who had regained her self-possession, and was aiding her stepson, said at last, "Nothing will do her any good while she has on these wet clothes. Henry, fetch her across the hall into my room, and Ellen and I will get her into bed while you go for the doctor."

He obeyed, and soon returned with a physician, to whom he gave a hurried account of what had happened, ending with inquiring what was to be feared.

"Either congestion of the lungs or inflammatory rheumatism."

By midnight it was decided to be the

latter. Her sufferings were intense. Henry was sitting by the bedside when Decatur came in pale and excited. The two brothers were on opposite sides of the bed, but neither looked at the other. Mrs. Stone noticed it, and spoke kindly to the younger one. Irene too looked up at him, and when he bent over her to say "Forgive," she replied, "Do not blame yourself: we were all in the wrong."

Decatur returned to the parlor, where Ellen Chester was.

"Didn't I tell you he wouldn't speak to you?" she exclaimed. "Indeed, he has scarcely spoken to a soul since he came home."

"He has a right to be angry," replied poor Decatur: "he never approved of our boating frolics. The other day he told me some mischief would come of them."

"Why didn't he say that to Irene?" Ellen felt tempted to ask, but she refrained, and only said, "Poor Irene! Do you think she suffers *very* much? Her face is dreadfully pale."

"Yes, and what I fear is, that she will never get over it. Oh, Ellen, why didn't we come back when warned?"

After some further talk, Ellen left the room, saying she had always been afraid of Mr. Stone, and now she dreaded to go where he was. She lingered in the hall until Henry came out, and then went and stayed with her friend till morning.

Decatur felt, as was natural, more remorse than Ellen, but it was not from this cause alone that he shrank from encountering his brother. His temper was hot and impetuous, and, though he could acknowledge to himself that Henry had "a right to be angry," he yet knew that a very few words of reproach would be liable to drive him to some harsh recrimination.

Henry, on the other hand, had refrained from speaking until his excitement had subsided. He now walked up to his brother, and, holding out his hand, said, "Decatur, what has been done cannot be recalled, and regrets and reproaches are alike useless."

The answer was short, but manly and

unaffected: "I am sincerely sorry." After a silence, Decatur said, "I was afraid you would never forgive me."

"I am sorry you should have thought so hardly of me; but," he added, "I have no hopes of her recovery."

"Oh, don't say that, my brother! Do not say I am a murderer!"

"Calm yourself, Decatur. It is best to be prepared for the worst. I have come to say this to you, and to add—for it will be very hard for me to give her up—that if in a moment of grief I lose self-control and reproach you, remember that I have assured you, in calm moments, that I entertain no feeling toward you but affection."

She did not die, but the days grew to weeks, the weeks to months, before she knew any cessation of pain. Dr. White visited her night and day, doing all that medical knowledge could suggest to allay her agony.

Her patience was admirable: no murmur ever escaped her lips—only a low, continuous moaning whenever the fever rose and added its burning torture to the ceaseless pain.

CHAPTER III.

ELLEN CHESTER remained with her friend until the middle of January, and was untiring in her assiduous devotion. On the evening of the day she left, Henry was speaking of her to his ward, praising her kindness, and remarked she must have had a dull time while with them.

"Yes: it was too bad I should be sick, for Ellen loves me so much she would seldom go out and leave me."

"It was more than unfortunate, but you have been the greater sufferer."

"Bodily, yes; but I do not care so for going out as she does. Did you like her, Mr. Henry?"

He was a little puzzled at the question, but answered, "Yes; yet after that boating frolic I felt very hard toward her. I was ashamed to think as I did; so, when I found you liked to have her

near you, I wrote to her mother, begging she might remain longer."

"She used to say she was terribly afraid of you."

"Did she? I was not aware that any one was afraid of me."

"I don't see why they should be: I'm sure I never was."

"I am glad to hear that: fear is the last feeling I should wish to inspire."

Irene turned her head from him, murmuring, "Oh, I do wish I could go to sleep once more free from pain!"

"I hope you will now, before very long. You are improving: you have had no fever for three days."

"My hands have hurt me very much, and I can't help fearing they will get bent. It is vain to think about it, I know, but I cannot help it."

"It is very natural," was all he could say as he took the pretty hands held out to him, and rubbed them gently for a long time.

Neither her hands nor any of her limbs became bent: remedies had been too promptly applied with a skillful hand, and she recovered entirely from the attack.

The weary winter was at last gone, and spring nearly over, when Irene once more moved about the house, looking almost like the ghost of her former self, the roundness gone from her limbs and the color from her cheeks. The dark hair had grown very much, making her features more pale by the contrast, and deepening the pensive expression of her countenance.

One morning, when breakfast was over, Mrs. Stone reminded the young gentlemen of a dinner-party to come off that day.

"I had not forgotten it," said Henry, "but it is impossible for me to go: it will be five o'clock before I can leave the court-house, and that is the dinner-hour, with ten miles to ride to reach the house."

"Then it is out of the question to expect you. Irene, suppose I were to go: do you think you could get along by yourself for one day?"

"Yes indeed, Mrs. Stone! Please do not remain on my account. I have an interesting book, and shall not mind being alone at all."

Henry glanced at her with a somewhat keen look, and urged his step-mother to go. Mrs. Stone and Decatur accordingly went to the party, and Irene, after eating an early dinner, remained in the dining-room reading until the middle of the afternoon: she then went out on the side gallery. The weather was lovely: the plants and flowers in the garden seemed inviting her to come and be with them. "Come into the garden, Maud," she quoted with a sigh. "But no: I will be wiser than Maud—I'll stay out of the garden." Then, as she resumed her book, she murmured, with a half smile, "There's nobody waiting among the roses for me."

An hour before sundown Henry returned home, and immediately came to her. "Give me the book," he said, taking a seat by her side: "I'll read to you." He read in a clear voice until the shadows grew long and the air cool, when he closed the book and took her hand: "Come into the parlor, Irene: I am afraid you may take cold out here." He led her in, and placing her on the sofa, sat down beside her. The room was already partially dark—only the outlines of objects could be seen.

Irene proposed opening a window or lighting the lamp.

"There is light enough to talk by," he replied, "and I want you to tell me how you got lost: I have never fully understood it."

Whether this was but an opening to another topic of conversation was a question she did not ask herself. She proceeded simply to give him the information he had asked her: "While we were looking for my paddle we got separated: it was so dark we could not see each other at any distance. My boat, of course, kept floating down, and I heard Ellen screaming and begging Decatur to come back. He answered her, and passed close by me, rowing up, and continued to answer Ellen's calls, while his voice grew fainter to me; and

I was too excited to call until I suppose there was a considerable distance between us. I heard them when they called me, and knew that they were uneasy, which added to my terror; but I was so cold I could not answer loud enough to be heard.

"Then all grew quiet and I no longer heard their voices. How terribly I felt! I knew then it was of no use to scream—that there was no one to help me. Soon I felt that the boat moved faster—that the current was stronger. I sat up: before this I had been leaning down, hiding my face like a coward, and uttering a prayer half aloud. Decatur had often described the river to Ellen and me, and it came into my mind that my only chance lay in preventing the canoe from going to the right of the little island. I saw nothing until a willow limb struck the bow: it hung from the island banks. I caught it with both hands and pulled backward. I could just see the limbs and weeds around me, but I kept pulling and jerking at everything I could grasp, until I found the boat was still: then, by holding on to the little trees, I pushed it to the left. The next thing I knew it was free again, floating slowly, and in a few moments it struck the logs at the 'obstructions.'

"With the rope in my hand I jumped ashore, or rather into the darkness, for I had very little idea of where I was. I drew the canoe after me; for I did not like to have it lost. Then, as the sleet was falling, pelting me, I thought of turning it down for a shelter, for, being so small and light, I could manage it very well. Decatur had taught us a good deal about boats."

"You were very brave and very thoughtful." Henry pressed the little hands between his. "Irene, do you remember what you said when you revived?"

"Something about you," she replied frankly, "for I remember thinking only about you."

He passed his arm around her and drew her closer to his side: "Tell me, Irene, if you meant *all* your sweet voice implied that night?"

"It is said that in dire extremities we say only what we feel."

These words, low spoken, thrilled his heart as none had ever done before. He pressed her hand to his lips, murmuring, "My worshiped idol! my beautiful flower! will you indeed be my 'heart's-ease,' sweet Irene?"

She did not answer, but suffered him to press on her lips the first kiss he had ever dared to imprint there.

"Never before," he said, "because I had not the right as a lover, and I could never kiss you innocently as your guardian. I have loved you long, dearest, but tried to hide it, and fear now I shall not have the approval of any one."

"Who is there to object?"

"Oh, you don't know how the world will judge me. I shall be accused of having taken advantage of my position and relationship: you will be thought too young and inexperienced. The relationship, to be sure, is nothing: your mother was my uncle's stepdaughter. She was a little older than myself, and married young. I was fifteen when she sent for me to be your sponsor: it pleased me, of course, as it might have done any other boy, and I took the vows, making all the promises she exacted without hesitation, but I did not see you again for ten years. Then she sent for me, when on her deathbed, and begged me to remember my promises. I had always loved her very much, and I heeded the directions she gave about you; all of which, I think I may say, have been fully carried out. That winter mother and I came to see you I felt, when I left you, that you were more to me than my cousin's daughter, and for that reason I went to Europe before you came home. I encouraged your going out, that you might meet others, and, if it were to be, love some one else. At last, that night decided me: I need not tell you what I suffered while rowing up the river—how I started at every sound, and feared to touch you when at last I discovered you. It revealed how much you were to me, and your words and conduct made me hope I was not indifferent to you. In all

those terrible nights that followed I would go, when I could, to your side and rub your hands, lingering and hoping some accident, some word, would betray you; but I was disappointed. I only discovered that my presence did not displease you. Oh, my sweet girl! you have kept your heart well locked; but I do not complain: it is too great a treasure to be guarded carelessly."

Irene listened, too happy to speak except in reply to direct questions.

"Irene, did you need the terrors of that night to learn your heart?"

"Yes."

"But you said then you knew I would come."

"When I thought I should die from cold before any one got to me, I tried to pray, to say I was willing to die, but I could not: I could see you looking sad, and the words were unsaid. Ah! we can't even think an untruth, Mr. Henry, with death staring us in the face."

"Go on, dearest—tell me."

"Then I grew so cold, and I wished for you: I cried too. At last I became sleepy, and dreamt you came, calling me pet names, and that I was very happy."

"Enough, Irene! It makes you nervous now to recall that night; and no wonder. Yes, I came, thank Heaven! and, if you say I may, I will remain to love and serve you all my life, my fair 'queen of hearts.'"

He waited a few minutes for a reply, but she made none, and he said again, "Tell me I may, dear Irene."

"If I say you may, who shall say nay? I think I am the one most interested."

It grew dark in the room. The house was wrapped in silence: no sound could be heard but the murmur of their low voices as they repeated to one another those words which have lost none of their old beauty and sweetness, though they have rolled down through the discord of six thousand years—"I love you."

They were finally aroused by the house-servant coming through the hall

to close the front door, and talking to himself: "I wonder where Miss Irene be? She hasn't rung for lights, and I don't know if I must have supper or not."

"Have supper," called out Henry: "bring it in and ring the bell: then we will come."

"Don't you want a light in the parlor, sir?"

"Not till after tea."

"Let me go," whispered Irene, "and attend to the table."

"No, I will not," he replied, playfully. "Who cares what there is to eat?"

When the bell rang he led her in by the hand, and entertained her gayly during the meal, for fear the newness of their position would make her uncomfortable in the presence of the servants.

After tea they returned to the parlor, now brightly lighted: he read, while she leaned back in a large chair and listened. When they heard the carriage coming he got up and bent over her chair, for he noticed her change color: "I'll tell mother to-night. I did not mean to frighten you when I said no one will approve of my course. Be brave and queenly."

He hastened out and met the returned party.

"Had a splendid time, Henry!" exclaimed his brother. "Everybody was wishing for you, though: they did not seem to consider that I filled your place at all."

After they had reached the parlor and talked a while, Mrs. Stone went toward her bed-room. Henry followed her.

"Mother," he began, "I want to see you a moment."

"Come in: I am going to lay off my bonnet and wrappings. But why didn't you send Irene to bed? She looks tired."

"I'll tell you, for it is of her I wish to speak;" and he related what had occurred. Mrs. Stone listened in silence as she stood before her glass arranging her dress.

"Is it wise?" she asked as he concluded.

"I can't see that it is unwise," he replied. "Have you no congratulations?"

She took a seat on the sofa and motioned him to one beside her: then asked, gravely, "Which is your first duty—her interest or your gratification?"

"There cannot be two opinions on that subject: her interest, assuredly."

"Do you think it will be furthered by marrying you?"

"If her happiness is my happiness, my pleasure and her interest become one and the same thing."

"It is an unsuitable marriage," continued Mrs. Stone, speaking more to herself than her stepson.

"Tell me the objections."

"Too great a difference in your ages."

He remembered that there had been a greater between his father's age and hers, but he answered, gently, "She is eighteen, and I am not thirty-three."

"She is too young and inexperienced."

"I am willing to wait, if you think it advisable. Do you?"

"I am no advocate for long engagements."

He was silent.

"Henry, she is very pretty, and might have made a brilliant match."

"Very true. A marriage with me will not be brilliant. I can give her only a comfortable home and devotion."

"I can't think that she loves you disinterestedly."

"Why, mother, she is too honest and pure-hearted to dissemble."

"Yes, but does she know her own feelings?"

"I think so."

Mrs. Stone did not like it, and very soon said so candidly. She left him, going to the dining-room for some tea, and he laid his head on the window-sill with the moonlight streaming over him. He was miserable. He had expected outsiders to censure him, but not his own family. His stepmother and he had been companions and confidential friends, and he knew that she had none but good motives in opposing him. Then he thought of the vow he had made to Irene's mother to protect and care for her. He asked himself the question again and again, "Am I sacrificing her?" and he wondered if it was only

his love that assured him he was not. He could not acknowledge it to be so: his was a steady devotion that had grown slowly and taken deep root. Yet now, as he was obliged to confess to himself, he was intoxicated with the thought of having realized the sweetest dream Hope had ever painted for him.

During this time, Irene and Decatur had remained in the parlor. The latter soon noticed the prolonged absence of the other two, and asked where they had gone. Irene blushed crimson: she could not but know what detained them so long.

"You know!" he exclaimed, quickly. "What's to pay now?"

It was impossible for Irene to equivocate, so she replied, "I know, but cannot tell."

"Can't? or won't?"

"Both."

"I can guess; so you had better make a virtue of necessity, and tell me, for you will thereby make a friend, and it's my opinion you will need one."

She looked up frightened: "Oh, Decatur, would *you* be my friend if I were to be your sister?"

"That I would!" he exclaimed, embracing and kissing her. "I knew Henry was after you, he was always in such a fever of anxiety about you; but if he don't catch it to-night from the old lady, I'm mistaken."

Irene shivered and covered her face with her hands: "Does she not like me, Decatur? I love her very much, and I am very grateful for her kindness."

"Don't know, but a storm is coming: that confab has lasted too long: it don't take many words to tell of happiness. But stop crying: I'll stand by you and fight well for you, if only to show that I didn't mean to run off and leave you to perish last winter."

"I never thought you did: I never felt hardly toward you."

"Hush! don't talk about that: I can't bear it. Kiss me again, and promise to come to me when you want a friend. I could scream, I'm so glad you love Henry. I *will* say, Hurrah!"

He went off to get his supper, which he was still boy enough to enjoy, whatever might be going on. Irene thought she would retire, for it was long past her usual time for doing so. She knew this would not be putting off her interview with Mrs. Stone, for she had slept in that lady's room from the time she had first been ill.

The dining-room door was closed, and she saw no one until she was in the chamber, when she discovered Henry. Her first inclination was to glide quickly out, but, on observing his bowed head and his whole attitude, expressive of perplexity and grief, her instinct told her that her place was at his side. Laying both hands on his head, she said, pleadingly, "What is it, darling?" He did not reply, but the dear little hands were drawn down from his head, and he passed them caressingly over his face. "Won't you tell me, Mr. Henry?" Still he did not answer, and she drew herself up, half playfully, half imperiously, and said, "You have called me your queen, and by the right you have thus given me I *demand* to know what has happened. You have no right to torture me with suspense."

She seemed indeed queenly in her pure girlish dignity, and he looked up at her with pride: "Irene, would you be willing to wait a few years?"

"If you think it best, yes. I am your ward, to be guided by you *until* we are married." There was a tone of archness in this last speech, which was something new in Irene.

"I am thinking of resigning the guardianship."

"To whom?"

"To Mrs. Stone."

She turned her head away and tried to withdraw her hands, but he held them firmly: "Don't leave me, Irene: I am troubled. God knows I meant to do right by you. Will you obey me if I ask a hard thing of you?"

"Have I ever disobeyed you?"

"Never! Now listen. You shall not be bound by any promise to me: you are free to go and to act as you please, while I pledge my honor to you to be

and remain your plighted lover, never acknowledging my allegiance canceled except by your command."

"I do not understand it," she answered, doubtfully: "what is your object?"

"To satisfy mother that I have not taken advantage of my position, and that your love is not gratitude."

"And you are going to give me up to her?"

"I haven't brought myself to say 'I will,' yet."

"Then please do not;" and she fell on her knees beside him.

He sprang up and raised her in his arms: "You shall never have to ask me twice for anything. Give you up? No, I swear I will not, 'queen of hearts.'"

Mrs. Stone at that moment entered the room. "Henry," she said, "it would have been advisable to leave this conversation until to-morrow: you have excited her far too much already. Come, my dear, you must retire."

"Let me tell you," said he, "what has been agreed on?"

"Nothing to-night. To-morrow you will both be calmer and better able to talk. Come, Irene," she continued, kindly, taking her from Mr. Stone, who had kept his arm around her. "You certainly are not afraid I shall be unkind to you."

As Henry left the room he saw his stepmother kiss her affectionately.

"I will assist you to undress, Irene; then read to you if you wish, but not a thing shall you tell me until to-morrow."

It was late the next afternoon when Mr. Stone returned from his office. He met Mrs. Stone in the hall, and asked where Irene was.

"In my room. There is company in the parlor."

That did not stop him. He went to Irene, sent the maid out of the room and closed the door. "What has made you so nervous, Irene?" he asked as he drew a chair close to the couch. "You are pale and half crying."

"Mrs. Stone and I have had a long talk. She was very kind, never blamed me, but said that under the peculiar circumstances it was her duty to ascertain positively if my happiness was dependent on this marriage."

"What did she ask of you?"

"She wants us to consent to an entire separation until the autumn, and says she will take me to the Virginia Springs, where I can see more of society. But I do not want to go: I have no taste for society. If we are contented, why should she be so exacting?"

"She is perfectly conscientious, and wishes to do the best for us both. I know it is hard, dearest," and he pressed his lips on hers to conceal his own emotion, "but you will go if I ask you to? I had intended, in any case, that you should travel this summer for your health; only I thought to have been sometimes with you. 'Queen of hearts,' you are not afraid to trust me?"

Tears prevented her answering, but he felt that she had full confidence in him, and he thanked her a thousand times in words of sweetest eloquence.

LADY JUDITH:
A TALE OF TWO CONTINENTS.
By JUSTIN McCARTHY, Author of "My Enemy's Daughter," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

JOCELYN'S MORNING CALLS.

BROADWAY lies all white and glittering in snow. The snow had come down, at first, with a rush and in a tempest, paralyzing and reducing to nothing for the time all the efforts of traffic and locomotion to compete against it. For several hours no trains could leave the stations, no carriages of any kind could move along the streets of New York. The pedestrian, fighting his way home through the thick fog of snow-flakes, plunged, if he had to step off the foot-path or "sidewalk," through snow up to his knees. All the time the snow was thus falling on the silent though not solitary Broadway, the sky was veiled in one vast cloud. Nothing more cheerless and drear could well be imagined than the aspect of the almost interminable thoroughfare which is the backbone of New York. Broadway is usually one of the brightest and most animated streets in the world. No two houses in all its vast length (and it is as if the Strand intersected London from end to end) are like each other; this side of the street is never like that. A huge building of white marble stands next to one of brown stone, both of the newest and most glaring hues; and then comes a quaint old Dutch-looking house of the days of Stuyvesant, and then again something little better than a shanty. On this side you are reminded now of the Rue de Rivoli; cast your eyes across the street, and you see a scrap of the New Cut or a bit of Wapping. Here a side street runs across which seems borrowed from Liverpool; a few yards on is another which, with its quiet uniform red brick houses, its double row of trees, its cleanliness and its quaintness, appears to have been transplanted from Delft or Utrecht. Nearly everywhere along the line of Broadway, the shop fronts bristle and glitter with signs, and thrust out huge symbolical devices, and flutter with flags. There are more banners and insignia hung out on Broadway every day, than might be seen in the Strand on the occasion of a royal pageant. A Chinese city is not more party-colored, bright, eccentric, fantastic, in its devices to attract the attention of the passenger. To the European stranger this most practical

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and money-grasping of all streets seems as if it were perpetually playing at a sort of Venetian carnival; a huge frolic, mask, and mummary. Only when the snow begins to come down with its sudden overwhelming power, and hides the heavens in gray and swallows up the street in whiteness, does Broadway cease to be brilliant, glittering, and *bizarre*.

Now, however, the snow has ceased to fall, and it is frozen over and forms a hard, white, gleaming pavement. Snow in London is soon merely a gray and dingy sort of mud; in New York it sparkles for weeks, bright as the sugary crust on a wedding cake. The air is intensely clear. The sky is as blue as that of the Egean Sea; the sun is brilliant. There is summer in the heavens and winter on the earth. It is cold to be sure; it ought to be piercingly cold; but somehow the atmosphere is so exhilarating, the sunlight is so radiant, the sky is so glorious in its azure, that one forgets to be chilled, and is delighted with the whole condition of things. The street rattles and rings with the tinkling sleigh-bells; for nothing on wheels, except the staggering little city omnibuses, can now be seen along Broadway. Tiny basket sleighs with one horse, bigger and more pretentious sleighs with two, with three, with four horses, glide along with jingling bells and gay caparisons, with silver-embossed housings and gorgeous buffalo robes. The English traveller, looking on with unaccustomed eye, can hardly believe that this sort of thing means business. It seems like some fantastic piece of Christmas revelry or a scene from a play. Nay, it hardly looks like a living reality of any kind. The radiant sun, the laughing blue sky above, the hard and gleaming snow beneath, the almost interminable stretch of incongruous street, and the never-ceasing rush of odd, brilliant, picturesque vehicles, become bewildering to him. He is disposed to think that if he shuts his eyes for a moment and opens them again, the whole scene will have vanished in the momentary interval.

Such, however, is the common—to New Yorkers the commonplace—appearance of Broadway in the winter. Such was the look it wore one particular day in the winter we are now describing—a day to which we will turn back from the regular course of our story, to have a glimpse of certain of the recent occupations and enterprises of Mr. Edwin Dare Jocelyn. He had just dismounted from a sleigh at the entrance of one of the principal hotels.

Jocelyn's was a magnificent equipage. His "team" consisted of two splendid black horses, whose harness sparkled with silver knobs, and bells, and ornaments. The sleigh was filled with superb and costly buffalo robes, from amid which Jocelyn might properly be said to emerge as he threw the reins to his colored groom and leaped—lightly for a man of such bulk—on the pavement. Across his broad chest was buttoned a magnificent garment of fur; gloves of delicate lavender kid outside and thick fur lining within protected his hands; a powerfully flavored Havana blazed between his lips. A hot-house flower was glowing in his buttonhole; a ruby flamed in his cravat; perfume exhaled from his hair and his beard; a gold-rimmed double eyeglass dangled on his breast from a chain of gold.

At the entrance and in the hall of the hotel stood a straggling crowd of loungers. There were men who represented business and fashion, Wall Street and Fifth Avenue, at once; men with kid gloves of wonderful fit, and coats which Poole himself might have admired; but who had an ostentatious air and an apparent consciousness of being dressed which would have been fatal to them in Rotten Row. There were lank and sallow Southerners, stiffly upright in bearing and having a curious chronic aspect of offended dignity about them. There

were huge Western men, loosely-clad giants, with quick restless eyes and astounding neck-ties all awry. Mr. Jocelyn swaggered in among the crowd, and apparently found personal acquaintances in five out of every six of them, and had the sixth portion immediately presented to him; for during his passage into the hall he seemed to have shaken hands with every individual there. For some he had a friendly familiar word; for others a patronizing and gracious touch; for others a florid bow and an overwhelming compliment.

The great hall of the hotel was so crowded with loungers that Jocelyn was slow in working his way up to the office, or what would be called in the more old-fashioned parlance of London the bar. Behind the counter of the office were two or three magnificent clerks with hyacinthine locks shining in pomade, and resplendent diamond pins adorning vast breastplates of hard and snowy shirt-front.

"Delighted to see you looking so well, Captain," said Chesterfield Jocelyn, extending his hand to one of these gentlemen.

"Mr. Jocelyn, sir! Up from the South already!" exclaimed the martial clerk. "How's your health, sir?"

Mr. Jocelyn explained how his health was, and gravely sought some particulars relating to the health of the friendly questioner. Then he shook hands with the other two clerks, one of whom introduced to him a casual acquaintance who just then chanced to come in; and finally he turned once more to the Captain and remarked that he wished to see the Hon. Ezekiel Verpool, if that gentleman happened to be in his room.

The Captain touched a shrilly little gong which stood near him, and a black functionary started up from a seat in the hall and approached.

"Take Colonel Jocelyn's card to the Hon. Ezekiel Verpool—No. 214," said the Captain.

Jocelyn never pretended to any military rank, and the clerk, if he had stopped to think about the matter, would have known perfectly well that he did not. The title "Colonel" was given off-hand, just as a courteous and ornamental way of introducing a name. So a stranger in Germany receives a card of invitation which addresses him as high and well-born; or in England, if we wish to be civil to the green-grocer or the chimney-sweep, we confer on him when we have occasion to drop him a line the title of Esquire.

Presently the messenger returned with the intimation that Mr. Verpool was in his room; and thither Chesterfield Jocelyn was conducted.

The apartment was simply a bedroom; and the Hon. Ezekiel Verpool was seated at a table up to his ears in papers. Up to his ears too was the collar of his coat; and he had his hat on.

The Hon. Ezekiel Verpool was a long, lean, skinny man, with a bent neck and stooped head, and a skin from which every light and shade of complexion appeared to have been eliminated. He had no whiskers or beard, except a few starved iron-gray hairs on his chin. He had an eagle beak, a cold, gray, lustreless eye, and thin straight lips. He was shabbily dressed in clothes which did not even affect or pretend to fit him. He had his back to the door as Mr. Jocelyn entered, and he did not rise or move, but sent a rearward glance out of the corners of his gray eyes; and then when his visitor had come within range held out to him a curved and corrugated claw, almost smothered in a superfluity of coat-cuff.

"How d'ye do, Jocelyn?" was the cordial and eloquent welcome.

Jocelyn stood now in front of his friend. Broad, beaming, gorgeous in costume, grandiose in manner, the corpulent adventurer shone in radiant contrast

to the shabby skeleton at the table. He looked down at his friend with a glance of irrepressible contempt and pity; his friend looked up with a caustic glance which for a moment spoke of contempt and pity.

"How does Vermont's most illustrious son, the prince of philanthropists and sovereign of speculators?" Jocelyn asked, at the same time drawing from his breast pocket a silver cigar-case and helping himself to a fresh Havana.

The prince of philanthropists and sovereign of speculators made a motion with his lean fingers as if he were reaching for a pinch of snuff. Jocelyn understood the gesture and held out, not perhaps very readily, the cigar-case. His friend surveyed its contents slowly and keenly, and picked out what seemed to him the best cigar of the lot. He made another clawing motion, which Jocelyn replied to by handing his own blazing cigar. Mr. Verpool lighted his fire at the flame of his friend, and took a puff or two in silence.

"I don't very often smoke, Jocelyn," he then observed, "but you do have such good cigars. Cost fifty cents each these now, I should say? You can afford it—you can."

"Yet you see I am not proud, Verpool—I am not ashamed to associate with honest poverty like yours." Mr. Verpool gave a short, dry chuckle. "Patriotism and poverty naturally go together, my dear Verpool. A devoted citizen who executes so many government contracts is naturally led to sacrifice his own interests to those of his country."

"Well, I did make a good thing out of that last little affair, I tell you," said Verpool. "You were wrong there, Jocelyn; you ought to have gone in with me—I told you so."

"Yes, I dare say. I am always too impatient for that sort of thing. I can't stand all that lobbying and hanging about Washington. I know there is money to be made, plenty and safe, by fellows of your cool and cautious kind; but it is not in my line. I always kick the pail over just when it is nearly full."

"That's so," his friend complacently observed. "You can project a thing, Jocelyn, as nobody else can; but you want some one to work the thing out for you."

"Therefore, I have secured at present the coöperation of the Hon. Ezekiel Verpool. So we come to business, dear friend. When did you leave Washington?"

"Last night."

"And you return—when?"

"To-night."

"So soon?"

"So soon."

Mr. Verpool, it may be said, was a man who passed at least half his life in "the cars"—the railway train, that is to say. He was always going off somewhere or other. It was as ordinary a part of his life's work to get into a sleeping-car and pass his night in travelling, as it is to a London city man to mount the omnibus every morning.

"Then things must be looking very well, or confoundedly ill," said Jocelyn.

"Well, they ain't looking bad. On the whole, I guess they're looking about as well as can be expected. It will be a big thing! Atheling's name has done wonders."

"I knew it would," Jocelyn exclaimed with kindling eyes.

"Yes, sir, Atheling stands well; he has a good name! Folks will believe anything when they hear that Atheling vouches for it. Say, Jocelyn, that was a

great stroke of yours; but do tell, how did you ever get hold of Atheling and bring him into this?"

"That, my venerable Verpool, is one of my secrets. Genius must work in its own way, and it wouldn't profit you to know."

"Guess he wants to make money, anyhow."

"Wrong, Verpool, for once! You are lacking, Verpool, I fear, in the finer dramatic instincts. Inconceivable as it may seem at first to you or me, it is yet the humiliating fact that Atheling does not want to make any more money."

"What in the nation does he want then?"

"I should despair of making his motives clear to you, my dear Verpool; and I had rather shield our friend's weaknesses from your too severe criticism. It is enough that he has his little defects of moral constitution, and that we are able to make use of them for his profit and ours."

"Something soft here?" said Verpool, touching his forehead.

"No," replied Jocelyn carelessly, as he knocked the ashes off the tip of his cigar, "I should rather say something soft *here*," and he lightly touched that part of his frame beneath which the heart is supposed to pulsate. "But you wouldn't understand, my dear Verpool; and it doesn't matter. If we make Atheling a millionaire against his will, he will owe us all the deeper debt of gratitude."

"Does he understand the business?"

"Not he; there is no need that he should. Whom did you see in Washington, and what did you do there?"

Jocelyn drew a chair close to that of his friend, and the pair talked for a few moments in a low tone. Mr. Verpool seldom mentioned proper names in the course of his explanation, but helped out his meaning a good deal by nods and gestures and sideward jerks of his head, as if he were pointing out visible personages.

After a while Jocelyn stood up again, and drew a deep breath.

"Well," he said, "I think things are looking promising enough. I like your courage, Verpool. I was a little in doubt as to whether you had pluck enough for the business; but I think you'll do."

"I want to know! Why, I didn't quite fancy you had courage enough, Jocelyn, for all your tall talk."

Jocelyn laughed.

"I have not much to lose," he said, "even of character. I am the Bohemian of speculation, my excellent Verpool, while you are a respectable citizen—a proper Philistine—an elder of your church congregation doubtless. You go into the race handicapped with respectability. Will you dine with us to-day? Delmonico's—at half-past six."

"Who are us?"

"Only four or five besides myself. An Englishman (son of a lord—you respectable Pharisee ought to go anywhere to meet the son of a lord), Charles Escombe; Chauncey Pyne, General Darners—one or two others perhaps. Come."

"No, thank ye. I don't much care about dinners—and then you see I have to pay for my board here all the same; so it seems like throwing away one's money not to eat what one pays for. Then I should be running away to the cars. I know Mr. Escombe—met him in Washington."

"Indeed. What do you think of him, Verpool?"

Verpool shut his eyes, cogitated, made a sound and movement as if he were expectorating, but did not expectorate, and said :

"There's nothing in him. He don't amount to anything."

"Just my own opinion," said Jocelyn with a smile.

"But there was a smart young fellow with him, Volney by name—half an Italian, or Cuban, or something of the kind, I guess."

"Yes ; did you see much of him ?"

"Met him twice, and came with him in the cars from Richmond. We talked all the way, and he seemed sharp and smart. Couldn't get anything out of him."

"Verpool," said Jocelyn gravely—and he resumed his seat—"I never knew any one who could see into people and judge of them as well as you can. Nay, do not think I flatter—why should the poor be flattered ?"

"Come, Jocelyn, don't go on like that ; I never said I was poor."

"I was only quoting from 'Hamlet,' my Vermont Cræsus."

"Oh, that's it. I don't read many plays."

"But I was saying that I have always admired and believed in your judgment of men. Not of women, my good Verpool—you have not much taste, I think, for the study of that branch of humanity—but of men. Now, I want you to tell me about this lad Volney. I could not quite make him out ; but I confess I was rather disposed to set him down as a soft and spooney sort of fellow."

Verpool shook his head.

"I was wrong ?"

"Teetotally wrong. I take him to be a sharp, quick, deep fellow. I think he is a fellow to make his way here if he tried. I told him so. I offered to give him a hand-up if he would settle here."

"What did he say ?"

"Well, he seemed kind of struck with the idea."

"But he has gone back to Europe."

"Has he ? Yes, I believe he has. But I shouldn't wonder if he came back here again. He told me right out that he wanted to get on, and that he hadn't any dollars of his own."

"What could you do with him ?"

"Well, I don't just know. Make a goodish sort of secretary, wouldn't he ? He talks French, and Italian, and Dutch" (Mr. Verpool always described German as Dutch), "and he takes notice of all that's going on and don't let out much ; and he has a sort of face that induces people to give him their confidence. Yes, sir, I liked him. I guess I could make that chap useful."

"Does he know anything of my relations with you ?"

"I guess not."

"Don't let him know anything. Get hold of him by all means, my dear Verpool, and let me know all about him. I have a kind of interest in him, now that you assure me he is not the harmless sort of person I was disposed to think. Then you won't come to Delmonico's and dine with us ?"

"No, thank ye ; I am not all right to-day anyhow, and eating much would not agree with me."

Nothing could well have been further from Chesterfield Jocelyn's mind than the idea of really having Verpool as a companion at the dinner-table. He had given the invitation knowing that it would not be accepted. Verpool was a man who never dined for pleasure, or connected any notion of social enjoyment with dinner or tea. He had lived all his life in hotels and boarding-houses, and al-

ways dined in the solitude of a busy, hurrying, indiscriminate company. He ate to live, and he lived to travel in "the cars," and buy "lots" of land, and speculate in new railways and joint stock companies, and other such enterprises. He ate his dinner just as he had himself shaved, because it was a thing proper to be done once a day, and each operation cost him about an equal length of time and gave him an equal amount of enjoyment.

So Chesterfield Jocelyn took leave of his friend and swaggered down stairs.

"I wonder what the devil that fellow's motive in living can be." Such was the nature of Jocelyn's cogitation. "He can have no possible enjoyment in life; and it would be a clear saving of expense to him if he were dead! What a beastly old cad he is. It is a cursed misfortune for a gentleman to have to associate with such an uncouth old savage. But the brute has a wonderfully long head—I feel like a child in his hands. He must be right about that semi-Italian brat, this sentimental lover of little Isoland. I never knew Verpool to be wrong about any man yet. I believe that old gray eye of his can see round a corner or into a millstone. Well, if we can do this trick, I'll cut the whole concern and go and live in Paris. I think I could venture on Paris.—My dear Governor Strange! This is indeed a pleasure. When did you come to town? and how are they all in Iowa?"

For Jocelyn's reflections had been cut short by his nearly running over a stout, white-haired man, with a florid face and a pompous manner, who, having been lieutenant or deputy governor of a State some seven years before, still retained the full title (or indeed enjoyed a rather higher title than was his by right even when in office) and the aspect of conscious importance.

Meanwhile Mr. Verpool was paying his mental tribute to the character and endowments of his departing friend.

"He's a smart man, Chesterfield Jocelyn—a remarkably smart man—but he wants ballast. Kind of frivolous somehow. He'll soon be played out if he don't take care. Ideas splendid, but not practical. This is a grand idea of his, this new one; but he could never work it out himself. Too much champagne and clicquot" (Mr. Verpool was not much of a connoisseur of wines, and did not know whether clicquot might not have been red burgundy), "and dinners at thirty dollars a head, and late hours. A man should never see the wrong side of ten o'clock at night. I shouldn't wonder if Jocelyn were to die without a red cent—or come to a violent end perhaps. There's something in his eye that looks like that somehow."

With this cheering prophecy Mr. Verpool mentally dismissed his associate and went on with his financial calculations and his plans and papers.

Mr. Verpool was a man of some sixty-five years. He was reputed to be immensely rich, and though always speculating, and thus of course liable to have his losses, he was believed to have bought up real property enough to provide substance for a dozen Fifth Avenue families. He had neither chick nor child, and if he had any poor relations, they remained poor for all that concerned him. He came originally from the Green Mountain State, but he had not visited the home of his boyhood for years. He had no house or local habitation of his own anywhere. The papers announced his arrival now at the hotel in New York where he is at present a guest (a man is called in the States the guest of a hotel where he pays five dollars a day for the hospitality), and again at the Parker House, Boston, the Continental, Philadelphia, the Tremont House, Chicago, or Willard's at Washington. All the nights, and they were many, that he did not sleep in one of these hotels, he slept in "the cars." He never thought of any sort of amuse-

ment or social enjoyment. If he ever had an hour absolutely to spare, he would have utilized it by going to sleep. He took not the slightest personal interest in politics, although when occasion required he did not refuse to vote with his party, even though the doing so exacted a patriotic sacrifice of half an hour of precious time. He had never been guilty of an immoral action (in the common meaning of the word), and had probably never felt an immoral impulse in his life. He never drank, or swore, or gambled—at least with cards or dice. He subscribed liberally to the building of churches; he had built one church all at his own cost and of his own design—the most hideous specimen of ecclesiastical architecture to be seen east of the Mississippi. He had built a college which bore his name, in a town which he himself had founded. He was pitiless to unsuccessful men, but took something like a connoisseur's interest in the progress of smart and promising men, whom he looked upon with the sort of professional, almost personal interest which a recruiting sergeant might feel in a strapping young bumpkin. Such persons were interesting, were worth looking after, might perhaps be made useful and turned to account somehow. A new and likely man might even indirectly and unconsciously suggest a new and likely scheme, which his own capacity might be utilized in working out. Mr. Verpool was much respected everywhere. When a poor farmer's son, he used to have mush and baked apples for breakfast; now that he was a rich man, he had nothing better than mush and baked apples still.

Jocelyn, meantime, had mounted to his seat in the sleigh once more. He drove up Broadway, past the fashionable Grace Church, the porch whereof glitters and sparkles on Sundays with the most gorgeously dressed congregation of fair penitents to be found anywhere in the civilized world. Then he turned into Fifth Avenue and rattled through the monotonous grandeur of its huge brown-stone palaces, very stately and costly structures indeed, but looking about as cheerful and homelike as a double row of State penitentiaries. At one of the largest of these he checked his horses and got out of the sleigh. He rang the bell, asked for Mrs. Braxton, and seemed to receive the answer confidently expected when he was told that the lady was at home. Jocelyn appeared to be on familiar terms in the house.

He was shown into a large and handsome reception-room, furnished with extravagant splendor, and crammed or choked with paintings, statues, statuettes, and ornaments. There were pictures there of genuine value and beauty by rising American artists; but these were rather in the background; they were hidden away in corners or leaning up against chairs and the arms of sofas. The most conspicuous places were given to poor and tawdry copies of great Italian masterpieces, or trumpery pretentious daubs done by artistic humbugs who had the good luck to bear Roman or Florentine names. The chimney pieces—there were two in the room—were loaded with ornaments and curiosities; the tables were almost hidden with gorgeously-bound albums and specimens of *bric-à-brac*. In this recess you nearly stumbled over the Greek slave; Ariadne and her lions stopped your progress yonder; marble busts were sprinkled about like footstools. The whole room would have reminded an English visitor of a gorgeous and glorified curiosity shop from the regions of Holborn or Soho.

Mrs. Braxton was the rich widow who has been mentioned in an earlier chapter of this story as the prize, or one of the prizes, Chesterfield Jocelyn was striving to win. She was the relict of a man who had worked his way upwards from hawking buttons and stay-laces to be the owner of a "store," and then a speculator, and then a millionaire. He had fallen in love with the bright eyes and

plump figure of the woman whom he made his wife, and whom he loved to infatuation and indulged to extravagance. Lucinda Braxton had had very little education to start with, but she had a certain odd, misleading kind of talent, and a vast amount of egotism and self-conceit. She had made many efforts to get into society during her husband's lifetime, but failed. Shoddy itself demurred to her, and laughed at her. After his death she became a passionate devotee of spiritualism, and her passion was nourished by some who found a profit in her weakness and extravagance. Jocelyn heard of her immense wealth, vanity, and nonsense, and thought he saw a splendid chance of making a grand *coup*. In him she met for the first time anybody who even pretended to social position. He humored all her whims, and the woman became gradually more and more fascinated by him.

Here, amid the embarrassment of riches, Jocelyn knew his way about, and therefore did not stumble over any marbles or become entangled in a forest of bronzes. He had some time to wait and look around him if he cared to see the art-treasures of the room, for the lady of the house was engaged in making herself as ornamental as her apartments.

At last, however, there was a rustling and rushing of silken and velvet draperies, and Mrs. Braxton stood before Chesterfield Jocelyn, who first bowed almost to the ground, and then advancing took the hand extended to him and pressed it to his lips.

Mrs. Braxton was a lady of rather short stature, but otherwise ample proportions. She was not young. A census-collector anxious to do a flattering and graceful thing might have put her down at fifty. She had a large head, with a broad face and forehead and rather fine dark eyes. Her hair was almost quite white, and was arranged in a profusion of long thick ringlets falling about her neck and shoulders, but gathered carefully away from her face so as to display the broad forehead, of which its owner was especially proud. Her mouth was large, with full lips and good white teeth. She might have been called a fine-looking woman. She certainly was very remarkable. Anybody would have turned and looked after her as she passed in the street. Nobody could have seen her in a crowded room without asking who she was. She might have looked noble and queenly if her head, with its prodigality of white ringlets, had only surmounted a frame less plump and less short, and if, too, there had not been an uncomfortable expression of oddity about the twinkling restless eyes.

Mrs. Braxton was dressed in glowing ruby velvet, and her broad bosom was like a jeweller's window for its profusion of chains and brooches. Her fingers were incrustated rather than ornamented with diamond and emerald rings.

Mrs. Braxton appeared to take the courtly salutation of Chesterfield Jocelyn very much as a matter of course. Jocelyn then handed her to a seat and took a chair near hers.

"I had almost given you up for to-day," said the lady, turning her twinkling eyes upon him and indulging in a faint sigh.

"Did I not promise, dearest lady? And was the promise needed? Could Edwin Jocelyn come within a hundred miles of New York and not find a way to see one who is all in all to him?"

He was venturing to take her hand, but she gently withdrew it, and sighed once more.

"All in all?" she repeated reflectively, and gazing on him again.

"Dearest Mrs. Braxton, dearest Lucinda, can you doubt it? Do you not know only too well——"

"They do not say so," she murmured in a sad monotone.

"They? Who? The miserable babblers of New York, the wretched coteries who can understand me as little as they could appreciate you?"

"Not so, Edwin Jocelyn," replied the lady solemnly, and laying now her jewelled hand on his. "Not the coteries of New York. These I scorn as much as you can do. But there are higher intelligences which do not refuse to watch with ours and guide us! Edwin Jocelyn, I have been warned. The spirits!"

The impulse of Edwin Jocelyn undoubtedly was to exclaim "Damn the spirits!" But he knew that to indulge in such a profanity might prove just now a luxury purchased at a vast sacrifice, and he repressed his emotion. He was well aware of Mrs. Braxton's profound faith in the guidance she believed herself to have received from other spheres. Only indeed a moment of surprise, and the general knowledge that New York suspicion might have had a good deal to whisper against him, had led him to mistake the source of Mrs. Braxton's doubts.

"Dearest Lucinda, you know me well enough to believe that I value as highly as man can do the guidance of those souls on a higher plane of being than ours. I have been thus led, and have walked under the guidance of angels. Such guidance has led me to *you*."

"I did indeed believe, Edwin, that in you I had at last found my affinity. Never, never could the souls and beings of the late Mr. Braxton and myself have commingled in a celestial union, to endure through all the spheres and ages! You appeared, and you proclaimed yourself my other being, my affined nature, my affinity. Hush, do not speak—I have been warned to beware!"

"But, dearest Lucinda, I must speak. You know better than I do—you whose starry nature can rise to loftier spheres than mine can yet pretend to soar to—you know that there as well as here are malign and wicked spirits, who delight in thwarting the happiness they cannot share, and vexing the pure souls they envy and hate! Some such creatures, hating and envying you, may have tried to pain you by traducing *me*. You know there are such spirits."

Mrs. Braxton shuddered. "I do indeed," she said. "But, Mr. Jocelyn—Edwin—it was not one of these! I have lately been so happy as to find myself wholly *en rapport* with and under the guidance of one whose ministrations I can accept with the utmost trust! John Bunyan," she exclaimed, rising to her feet and looking upwards with a gaze of excited devotion—"John Bunyan is my companion, friend, and guide! He calls me Faithful! He comes always when I summon him, and has promised to devote himself to me! Edwin"—and she lowered her voice once more to a sad undertone—"Edwin, I have spoken to him of *you*."

Jocelyn was not, in the common meaning of the word, a mirthful personage. Stern, ferocious, and sensuous was his nature; and when he smiled, it was at some human weakness, or else for the sake of seeming genial and good-hearted. Now, however, it cost him no small trouble not to laugh outright. The utter oddity of the notion of John Bunyan's being applied to on the subject of Chesterfield Jocelyn's character was so delightfully comic, that he felt for a moment tempted to fling up all chance of Mrs. Braxton's money and enjoy a wild laugh at her folly. Prudence, however, triumphed. Jocelyn had been for years disciplining his nature in a school of self-restraint.

"You honor John Bunyan, Edwin?"

"Surely, surely," Jocelyn replied, having at the time a dim recollection of an illustrated copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress" which he used to delight in when a child. "But even Bunyan may be misled. There are impulses of our own natures, my Lucinda, which come from higher sources than even the wisdom of

Bunyan." Jocelyn was, meantime, vainly racking his memory for any quotation from Bunyan which might come in appositely on his side of the question. He could think of nothing, and therefore suddenly asked :

"Why has Bunyan warned you against me, dearest Lucinda?"

He put the question with a merely affected warmth and earnestness. Against information supplied by John Bunyan he thought he could easily contend. A hint from the police detective department of London would have been much more formidable.

"He warns me, Edwin, that your soul is not the true counterpart of mine."

"Oh, that's all," thought Edwin. "I guessed as much." Aloud he said : "Of that, Lucinda, Bunyan cannot judge. Your soul and mine have recognized each other, and alone can decide their mutual destiny ! Your soul is now mine—I claim it and will hold it !"

Jocelyn did not feel quite at home in the spiritualistic controversy, and hoped to cut it short. Claiming Mrs. Braxton's soul as his, he sprang up and with chivalric ardor flung his arm around her waist. She did not wholly disengage herself, but drew back a little and murmured pensively :

"I wish I could believe it wholly. I know there is within you, Edwin, a sacred germ growing up which will one day become an illumining power and a beacon to the world ! Edwin, I see in your eyes a penetrating light, which ought to be capable of piercing into the furthest worlds, and holding communion with the brightest spirits. But is this germ developing and growing ? Have you been lately cultivating it with fidelity ?"

Jocelyn hastened to vow that he had never relaxed in the task of cultivating this sacred germ. He confined himself, however, to a vague earnestness of vow. He vowed as the Scotchman in the story swore—"at large." He did not choose to venture into details, for he could not even guess at what the sacred germ might be.

"Bunyan does not think so," Mrs. Braxton went on, laying her hand upon her ample bosom. "Bunyan thinks you are unfaithful to your mission, and so does Swedenborg !"

"Oh, is *he* in the business too ?" thought Jocelyn. "These illustrious persons are evidently all in a story. They appear to take more interest in me than I do in them." He drew Lucinda more closely to him, and said in a deep, grave tone :

"My Lucinda ! perhaps I have not been all I might have been. We men have natures at once grosser and less sublimely tenacious than yours. Always with us the tendency of hard and busy life is to darken the spiritual world, to withdraw our duller eyes from the higher visions and our souls from the grander intercourse around. Let me own to you—and I am not ashamed to make the confession—that mine is a nature which needs perpetual companionship and guidance. A pure spirit must minister to me and lead me ! *If* I have any spiritual gifts——"

"Oh, Edwin ! *If* you have—with your brow and your eyes !"

"If I have any such gifts," Jocelyn went meekly on, "they can reach their fullest development only in a lofty and serene companionship such as yours. Lucinda, in you I see my guide ! I too have known what it was to wither in an uncongenial companionship. Save me and guide me ! Divine Lucinda, sweet sublime soul, be mine at last—now, now and forever !"

Lucinda's breast heaved and fell until the chains and trinkets that lay upon it rattled and clanked. She was yielding, her upturned eyes looked tenderly

into Jocelyn's, and for a moment the adventurer felt himself in virtual possession of a great fortune. Nay, for a moment, his thoughts overleaped even his success, and he began to say to himself what a pity it was that triumph could not be had without alloy, and that the absurd woman must be taken along with the coveted wealth. He looked down at the handsome, ecstatic, foolish face, thrilling with vain delusions and preposterous sentiment, and he had to say to himself "At last I shall be really a rich man," in order to keep up the courage of his wooing.

"Then you do indeed love me?" the yielding lady murmured.

"Love you, Lucinda!"

"And you do not hesitate to make the sacrifice?"

Jocelyn supposed she was alluding to her years.

"Any sacrifice—all sacrifices—would be welcome for your sake. But, my Lucinda, do not give me a merit I cannot claim. What sacrifice can there be in a love which gives to me beauty and genius like yours—a soul like yours?"

"I knew they wronged you," Lucinda exclaimed, and in her ardor she withdrew herself wholly from the embrace of her lover and gazed at him with eyes of pride and gladness. "Even the higher souls are not without their errors. I knew you loved me for myself alone."

"Did the spirits then so wrong me as to tell you otherwise? Lucinda, at this moment I wish that you were poor of every earthly possession, and stood there with no gifts but your intellect and your charms."

"I knew it; I knew it!" the poor woman again exclaimed. "Then you care as little for the sacrifice as I do? Did I not say so?"

"What sacrifice, love?" Jocelyn was growing puzzled.

"The sacrifice of this vulgar and worthless wealth—this tinsel and trash!"

"But why sacrifice it? Why despise the power of diffusing enlightenment which it confers? My Lucinda, your wealth is your own—I care nothing for it, except in so far as it contributes to make you happy. A face and form like yours are in their proper setting when framed in magnificence."

"Then when it is no longer mine, shall I look less beautiful in your eyes, Edwin?"

"No longer yours? I don't quite follow you, Lucinda. Do you think I am the man to rob you of your wealth and misapply it? Surely, it will be my care to preserve and to increase your store, whatever it may be."

Meanwhile Jocelyn's brows were contracting and his lips trembled with anxiety and surprise; and a quick, ominous fierce light was darting from under his dark eyelashes. If the vain, dreaming woman, who again drew near to him, had been a little less subjective in her mental constitution, she might have read a warning in those flaming eyes more distinct and direct than anything her spirit-voices had disclosed.

"But, Edwin, when I marry you all this ceases to be mine! Don't you really know? Can it be?"

"Dear Lucinda, you are playing with me—or trying some foolish and useless test of my love! Do speak plainly!"

"I always thought you understood! Oh, you *do* understand! My late husband was a jealous man; his being and mine had no affinity. I told him so many and many a time; I told him that in the higher spheres he and I could never be linked together. I then believed that it might be my fate to wander on through long æons of eternity, looking for some kindred soul to mate with mine! Now, Edwin, I am happier!"

She turned a languishing gaze towards the face of her suitor. He made heroic and even desperate efforts to look love in return, but his anxiety was intense, and hot drops of perspiration already began to moisten his forehead.

"Yes, dearest, yes; but go on!"

"My husband, jealous and low-minded, told me that on this earth at least I should have no mate but him. He judged all men by himself. He knew nothing of the destiny of hearts or of disinterested love. In his will he left me all his wealth, provided I remain a widow to the end; but all is to pass away from me the moment I accept another husband! This is the sacrifice, Edwin, your love must bear. To you I know it is little; yet it was but right I should tell you of it. I thought you knew it always!"

This was indeed a thunder-clap. Jocelyn had never thought of anything like this! For years he had seen this woman revelling in the possession of wealth which she seemed only eager to lavish. It had never occurred to him to think that there could be any limit to her absolute ownership.

Yet even now Jocelyn was by no means satisfied that his original assumption was wrong. The late Mr. Braxton had been notoriously so adoring a husband, so devoted a slave, to a wife whose audacious although not actually sinful coqueties might have driven another man into wild rebellion, that Jocelyn could hardly believe him capable of repudiating even in death his unqualified allegiance to the government of the petticoat.

"This is a trick!" Jocelyn thought—"a device; a woman's little plot to find out whether I am quite sincere, and that sort of thing. Some of her train of humbugging *protégées*, alarmed at my advances, have been putting her up to this."

Mrs. Braxton was always surrounded by a swarm of pretended devotees—women who were mediums, women who were apostles and disciples of spiritualism, and who made a good thing of her weakness, her vanity, and her generosity. In New York, and indeed in London for that matter, the Tartuffe and Lady Tartuffe of our days ought to be represented as Spiritualists and Mediums. Our Organ is usually a rich elderly lady, with a fancy for receiving direct personal messages from the higher spheres, and vanity enough to believe herself a fitting companion for John Milton or Dr. Channing.

Naturally, Mrs. Braxton's followers would take alarm at the possible prospect of Mr. Edwin Dare Jocelyn's becoming the husband of the lady, and virtual master of her wealth. That indeed would be *à corsaire corsaire et demi* with a vengeance.

Therefore Mr. Jocelyn ordered his soul to be reassured. But the whole situation was still terribly trying. The promptest decision must be taken, and a mistake either way might be fatal.

Jocelyn decided. There was but one way by which to secure a safe retreat in case of the worst, and yet to save the lady's self-love and keep her on his hands in case of the best.

Lucinda was about to throw herself upon his bosom. He raised one hand as if to stay her approach, and the other hand he pressed for a moment to his forehead and eyes. Lucinda stood amazed.

"You *have* then doubted me, Lucinda," Jocelyn said at last, removing his hand from his eyes, and speaking in a deep sad monotone. "You have not believed in my love! You have suspected me of some design upon the miserable wealth which now surrounds you! Your trust has not been wholly given to me—as mine has been to you!"

"Oh, Edwin, do not say so! Oh no—indeed, indeed, I have not doubted you!"

"Then why speak to me of this unhappy old man's jealous precautions? Why speak of your money at all? Why name such conditions" (Jocelyn's voice grew louder as his manly anger carried him away), "as if we were paltry traffickers adjusting some commercial bargain! What to me is your wealth—what would be your poverty? To me, Lucinda Braxton poor is as Lucinda Braxton rich! I—thank Heaven!—have brains and energy enough to maintain for my wife her fitting place in society, were she endowed with no coin of marriage fortune. I have been misunderstood—Lucinda has doubted me! No, Lucinda, it is not *your* work. At least it is not the prompting of your own mind. Some mean and jealous enemy has suggested the doubt; and you have fallen into the snare! You have listened to the whisperings of envious and malignant tongues! Lucinda, adored and ever trusted, farewell!"

And he turned away as if about to rush from the room overpowered by his emotions. In any case, he began to think, his horses had been kept standing rather too long. From the spot where he stood he could see through the window that his groom had kept the sleigh still before the door.

"Oh, Edwin, Edwin, forgive me—I never doubted you!"

"Forgive you, dearest! I have nothing to forgive. But I cannot bear to speak of this just now; I feel too deeply and sensitively! Think again, Lucinda—commune with your own heart in the silence of this night! Ask yourself whether you can wholly trust me—whether you indeed believe me to be the vile adventurer your friends—yes, your friends—would paint me! Then, if your heart answers as I would have it answer, send for me. Send me a line, a word, a flower—and Edwin Dare Jocelyn will be at your feet, to prove whether his love is that of pure devotion or of vile self-seeking! Lucinda, till then farewell!"

He seized her hand, pressed it to his lips, and hastened from the room, leaving her in an agony of bewilderment and remorse. The poor, fat, foolish woman flung herself on the sofa, covered her face with her hands, while tears came trickling through her rings.

Oh, how she had wronged that noble, disinterested nature! How meanly she had listened to unworthy doubts! "Bunyan!" she exclaimed in her grief, "John Bunyan, you have misled me! Was this well of you? Was it right to whisper suspicions of a man so great and pure, a spirit so sublime? He loves me for myself alone—do you not hear? He knows all, and he cares nothing for the miserable money-sacrifice! I have but to send him a word, a line, a flower, and he will hasten back and be mine! Why, oh why did I ever offend him! But he will forgive me, for he is all goodness! Edwin, my Edwin, come back!"

But Edwin had taken good care to be well out of hearing. He only wanted to gain a day's time, and to leave her bewildered in the interval. The poor woman, when she had a little recovered her wonted composure, resolved to have instant conference with Bunyan and Swedenborg, remonstrate with them, and reassure them on the subject of her lover's devotion. Unfortunately she was not herself a medium, and had to commune with the other spheres through the agency of some of the personages whose influence Jocelyn justly suspected that he could discover in the spiritual doubts of his moral integrity. Mrs. Braxton's waiting-maid, an astute French girl, was, strange to say, a wonderful medium, and was a frequent gainer at the hands of her mistress by her spiritual acquire-

ments. John Bunyan, however, chiefly conversed through the intervention of a Scotch lady, the wife of a tailor, and once poor and shabby, but now living comfortably on Mrs. Braxton's bounty, and receiving substantial rewards for celestial ministrations.

Mrs. Braxton summoned this seeress, and was soon deep in conference with the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

If any one supposes there is exaggeration or even unintentional extravagance in this picture of a weak and credulous nature feeding upon the garbage of imposture, the writer can only say that the painting is subdued and colorless indeed when compared with what he has himself known and seen. Lucinda Braxton is a poor and commonplace illustration. Reality, anywhere you may chance to look for it, will show you types of credulity far more remarkable. In fiction one has to soften and weaken these things in order to be believed; the real, strong truth would be too much for the readers of romance.

Meanwhile, Mr. Jocelyn began to breathe a little more freely as he drove along the gleaming snow. He had at least gained time. In a few hours he could easily find out whether Mrs. Braxton's story had been really a pious fraud, a loving woman's device—as he was still inclined to believe—or whether she was really doomed by the Parthian shaft of a dying husband's jealousy to a choice between poverty and perpetual widowhood. In either case he felt sure that she would send for him; and he would go to her or not just according to his knowledge of the real state of affairs. It would be a heavy blow for him if his long siege of the widow's heart should prove to be thrown away; and Jocelyn ground his teeth as he thought of the hours of weary homage he had possibly wasted, the sickening absurdities he had had to endure and to take part in. There were times when the best fruits he could gather in life tasted bitter in the mouth of Chesterfield Jocelyn.

But he dined joyously that evening at Delmonico's, talked in his grandiose way, and boasted prodigiously, and left Charles Escombe at last in doubt whether he, Escombe, really knew anything—even of the condition of English work-houses.

"When you begin to see a little of America," said Jocelyn to Escombe, as the pair stood in Delmonico's hall lighting their cigars before parting for the night, "you will take a different view of things."

"But, my dear fellow, I think I have already seen ever so much of America. I have been to Boston and Philadelphia—and Chicago—and Cincinnati—and St. Louis—and down South—Richmond and Atlanta—and New Orleans—and no end of places."

"Ah, that's nothing! Nothing at all, my dear Escombe, I give you my word! You don't begin to know the country yet! When you have gone a few times across the plains, and carefully studied all the mining regions of Nevada and Montana—and so on—and completely investigated the resources of California on the spot—and the Oregon river and country—and lived among the Indian tribes a little—I know Black Kettle myself intimately—and gone all through Texas—and of course over all the Northern States—and had another visit or two of more extended range to the South—then, my dear Escombe, you will begin a little to understand the surface of things in this country."

Escombe was aghast. He thought he had done everything that the most enterprising and conscientious British traveller in quest of and athirst for knowledge could be expected to do. He began to think that he should never be able to know even the surface of things in the country, and that he might as well go home at once and confess himself a defeated man.

CHAPTER XVII.

OUR HEROINES.

IN a great London square, which once was fashionable and even aristocratic, but from which lately fashion and aristocracy have been travelling westward, there was a brilliant gathering of a certain kind one evening. It was the home of a veteran author, who had acquired considerable distinction with the public and still greater esteem and affection among his fellows, and who, with the help of a genial and charming wife, contrived to draw around him now and then all that was celebrated or promising in the art and letters of the capital. Members of the House of Commons, and even peers, who had literary tastes, were common visitors there; and eminent strangers from other countries were almost certain to be taken there, and quite certain to be welcomed. Of late years there have been so many descriptions of literary and artistic gatherings crowded into novels, that the outer public must have begun to weary of the subject. Therefore there shall be no general account of this particular evening's entertainment or of its guests. But there are some of the company who need a special notice.

There are two ladies present, for instance, who have been dividing between them the attention of the assembly. They are unconsciously the rivals of the night. One is a tall girl, with brightly fair hair falling upon her shapely shoulders, and a noble look of health and womanly strength about her. She is plainly dressed, and there is something in the cut of her clothes (if that be the proper word to apply to a lady's dress and general get-up) which shows readily enough that she is not at home in London. Nor is she; for this is Isolind Atheling, who is now on her first tour in England, and making her first acquaintance with the society of London. She looks in better health and spirits than when we saw her last. The change of air and scene perhaps has done her good. Or there may be other reasons, too, still more effective. Whatever the cause, she looks animated, healthy, and very beautiful. Indeed, Isolind has surprised and disappointed many of the company, who expected to see in an American girl something far more fragile and delicate. The tall and firm figure, rich in every womanly development, the bright hair, and the fresh, fair complexion, were not what they would have looked for. Indeed, some who came into the room and saw for the first time both the ladies now spoken of, fell into a very natural mistake, and assumed that not our Isolind but the other girl was the living representative of that slender, delicate, fragile, sparkling kind of beauty which may be seen in an American city.

Very strange and striking is the figure and appearance of this other girl. As she leans forward now from the low chair in which she is seated, she seems well to merit the interest and curiosity which surround her. She is small and slight; her face perfectly colorless, her hair deep black and falling behind almost to her waist. She is dressed in a white robe, high to the throat, and in fashion more like the drapery of a classic Greek or Roman girl than the attire of a modern London lady. Nothing breaks the flow and fall of the white dress but a belt—one is tempted to call it a zone—round the waist. She wears gold bracelets on her slender wrists, and her belt is of golden material. The contrast between the dark hair and eyes and the white drapery is almost startling. The girl's face is decidedly handsome, and to-night the eyes are sometimes sparkling with excitement of an unwonted kind—the excitement of delight. Most of the ladies present criticise her sharply, and say that her style of costume is mere caprice and

insolent affectation. One fair critic, whose display of arms, neck, and bosom, rising out of billows of lace and gauze, suggests a Venus Anadyomene, asks of a matron near her whether the dark-haired young lady has not made a mistake and come in her night-dress. But the wearer of the white robe is happy and heedless of censure. She has dressed thus to please her husband, whose æsthetic taste delights in seeing his young wife draped like a Pompeian lady, and takes all the pride of ownership in observing the attention she attracts. There he is yonder—that very tall and handsome man with the dark poetic curls. Even while he talks with the fair-haired girl from America, he glances across every now and then under his eyes to see whether people are admiring his wife.

He is Mr. Eric Walraven, and his young wife was very lately Alexia Scarlett. They have been married but a short time, and London society is still ringing with the fame of their audacious escapade. It was quite romantic in every way, for the fugitives made their escape from London in a yacht, the property of one of Walraven's friends, which lay at Greenwich to receive them on the evening of their flight, and wafted them to Scotland, where they became man and wife. This was entirely out of the common way of doing things, and created quite a brilliant sensation. Now they were settled in a tiny Richmond cottage—at least, if not settled, they were for the time lodged there—and Walraven was going about London proud of himself and of his wife, delighted to exhibit his charming prize everywhere, delighted to figure in the new and striking character of the Lochinvar of a Mayfair damsel, delighted to think that he could show off an earl's granddaughter as his bride, and delighted to make her dress in any way that gave special artistic effect to the peculiar style of her beauty. Alexia, for her part, has hitherto been equally delighted, because of her newly-acquired freedom and her gratified love. She loved her husband with a passion that was ecstatic and feverish. Even now, happy though she is, she grows a little impatient because he is not by her side. She would have liked to sit at his feet for hours with her head resting on his knee. She begins to grow somewhat *distract* and even petulant, as she sees that her husband is still hanging round the chair of the fair-haired girl, whom Alexia remembers and recognizes with an odd sort of pang, thinking of the day in Paris, and how angry she was because Angelo Volney stopped to look after that shapely figure and those fair curls.

As for Walraven, he liked every one to see and know not merely that he had carried away and married the beautiful daughter of the aristocratic Lady Judith Scarlett, but likewise that he was the girl's absolute master; that he could dress her according to his own whims, and talk to her only when he liked. The conqueror would lose nearly all the joy of glory if he might not parade his captives for the public gaze, and show that they were his captives, not his equals.

Therefore Alexia was, after a while, left positively alone. The quickness and the somewhat sharp and scornful tone of her replies and remarks puzzled and disconcerted people. Though all the men admired her, most of them rather feared her. It was her aristocratic pride, some thought and said. She was Lady Judith Scarlett's daughter all over. Whereas in truth the granddaughter of a hundred earls (the Corydens go back to William Rufus at least) was only vexed because her plebeian husband whom she worshipped would not come near and allow her to bask and nestle in the light of his beautiful eyes.

Walraven looked over and saw that Alexia was gradually becoming isolated. That would never do, so he asked Isolind if he might not be allowed to make her and his wife acquainted.

Isolind was growing weary of the poet, whose fine phrases were sadly empty

and whose air and manner were not pleasing to her. Her eyes indeed had long been darting anxious and frequent glances round the room—thus far apparently in vain. She was glad to have an opportunity of speaking to Alexia, whom she remembered having seen in Paris, and whose face had a peculiar attraction for her.

So, without waiting for Walraven, and in her quick impulsive way, which seemed a little out of tone with the steady, formal movements of English society, she crossed the room and placed herself at Alexia's side. She was glad in any case to have a chance of escaping from Walraven.

"May I not introduce myself?" said Isolind in her frank, free way. "I have been talking to your husband this long time; and for many reasons I feel as if we ought to know each other. I remember so well seeing you in Paris at the Exhibition, and admiring you so much."

The demon of petulance had at that moment an unlucky hold of Alexia. She looked up coldly and said:

"Thank you. May I ask to be favored with your name?"

"I am Miss Atheling. I thought you knew my name—pray forgive me if I have intruded."

"Oh yes. Your name is known to me," Alexia replied. "I have heard of you a good deal. You are, I think, Lady Judith Scarlett's latest favorite. That isn't much of a recommendation to me perhaps; and on your own account, Miss Atheling, I advise you not to be seen speaking to me. You would lose all favor instantly in the eyes of my dear mother."

Isolind colored; the audacity of this reception surprised and hurt her a little, but she did not mean to be offended.

"Lady Judith Scarlett has been very kind and friendly to me," Isolind replied as calmly as she could. "So have many other English ladies. So have all indeed whom I have met—except you."

Isolind always went frankly to the heart of a question when she had to deal with it at all.

Alexia smiled scornfully. "I have not been quite famed for my kindness, Miss Atheling. My dearest friends will bear witness to that. As you know some of them, you ought to know so much."

"I do know some of them," said Isolind softly, as certain tender memories rushed upon her and gently disarmed any anger she might feel.

"So I have heard. Then they will readily give me even a worse character than I could give myself."

"Indeed, I never heard you spoken of by those I mean but with affection."

"Lady Judith Scarlett, for example?"

"I have not spoken to Lady Judith Scarlett of you; she did not speak of you to me, and of course I knew there had been a temporary quarrel between you."

"Temporary quarrel! When I am old enough it will have become a thirty years' war! It was not Lady Judith then who displayed all the affection? How odd! Mothers generally are very affectionate and all that, aren't they? I only ask for information, Miss Atheling. I don't know anything of the kind from personal experience. Your mother, I dare say, is very kind to you. I think I observed as much at Paris, and I believe I detested you for it; I mean I didn't quite regard you with that feeling of sisterly affection which good girls ought to feel to other good girls. You are now of course a model good girl, and people are all very kind to you."

Isolind had now ceased to feel offended or angry, and was in fact a good deal

amused by the unnecessary petulance of the young bride. Besides, she had heard something of Alexia's eccentricity and temper before; and then there were the tender memories! She laid her hand lightly, gently on Alexia's thin, white little hand, and said:

"You can't offend me, Mrs. Walraven. It is of no use trying. We are not to quarrel. I like you, and I know you have a brave and generous heart."

"I have no heart of any sort now—I have given it all away. But why do you like me? I assume now, you perceive, that you speak the truth—I think your face looks like truth. A wonder! Nine out of every ten of our wretched and detestable sex are liars! I have myself told I don't know how many delightful little fictions to my mother, and she believed them; for to do her justice, she has not the faintest idea of ever telling anything but the truth. You look truthful too. Come, then, why do you like me?"

Isolind's kind, frank eyes smiled as she replied: "Perhaps I should have said I am inclined to like you."

"Ah, yes—that makes such a difference! So many things we are inclined to do, and can't do. But I take the compliment such as it is, and make the best of it. Why are you inclined to like me?"

"Because you have individuality and a character of your own, and because I know you have courage and a heart, and because I admire your hair and your eyes and your pretty figure—and because some whom I like are attached to you! Now, have I not been frank enough? Only one little word of frankness more—I think if you knew me you would not dislike me."

"Are you not afraid to offer a friendship in that way? Afraid of coldness or rudeness, I mean? We English are so very cold and rude."

"No, not in the least afraid. I am never afraid when I am doing what I think right. If you had persisted in being rude and cold, I should not have been pained for myself; I should feel that I had not deserved it."

"As a rule," said Alexia meditatively, "I hate women. I hate their little mean ways and prides and spites, and I seldom see a woman without thinking that a whipping would do her a great deal of good. But I don't think so of you. I think there is something in *you*."

"There is good purpose at least in me; and I think there is that much in most women for all their faults, and men too. I don't hate women as a rule. I endeavor to love them."

"And men too?" asked Alexia smiling.

"Yes, and men too. Why not?"

"No 'why not' that I know of—only I hope that in some one case at least no severe endeavor will be needed. Miss Atheling, there is something about *you* that I am inclined to like. I think we had better not swear an eternal friendship; that kind of thing ends badly generally—among women at least. But I ask pardon for having been rude to you. More than that, I will do penance by compelling myself to tell you the very reason why I was rude."

"I am not curious to hear."

"You shall hear. Not because you are handsomer than I—oh, yes, nonsense—you know you are, just as you know you are taller. No, I don't dislike women for anything of that kind. First, then, Miss Atheling, I was rude because I had heard that you were the latest pet and favorite of Lady Judith Scarlett. Second, because I thought my husband talked too much to you—and he is a poet and you are a poetess, and I am not. Third, because you seemed so happy at the Paris Exhibition and so much loved and caressed by your parents; and because Angelo Volney admired you."

It must be owned that a deepening color came into Isolind's face as this last in the catalogue of reasons was set forth. Alexia did not fail to observe the flush of that emotional dawn.

"You know Angelo Volney—my brother, my more than brother—do you not?"

"Oh yes!" Isolind's eyes lighted for a moment and then dropped.

"Then you know one of the truest gentlemen alive—the finest specimen I could show you of our grand British aristocracy. Don't you think so?"

Isolind looked up amazed and hardly knowing what to answer. The saucy Alexia understood all her emotions.

"I see, Miss Atheling, you *do* know him, and he has told you more than he ever condescended to tell me. But he is none the less one of the finest gentlemen alive. I wish you saw some of the born aristocrats I know! Yes, I have heard all about Angelo's antecedents, as you have evidently, and I think him all the nobler gentleman. He is a plebeian, and so is my dear Eric, my handsome, gifted husband; and so, in one sense, was my lost father, whom every one describes as the finest of true gentlemen. The plebeians have the best of it. If you marry in England, Miss Atheling, be sure to marry a plebeian. But they tell me that in America you all adore peers and peeresses, and are in fact what we call—may I break into slang?—downright snobs. Is that true?"

"Not of the Americans I know, certainly. But we live very quietly and among quiet and rather old-fashioned people, and I can't pretend to judge of Americans in general; only I should not like to believe such a charge, and indeed I can't believe it."

"Well, let us pass for that, Miss Atheling, and come back to our possible bond of friendship. What is your name?"

"Isolind."

"What an odd, pretty name! May I call you Isolind?"

"It will give me real pleasure to hear my name from your lips."

"I like you, Isolind, very much. I do indeed. I have not talked so much and so familiarly to any woman before in all my life, I think. We must see each other often, even though you are a favorite of Lady Judith Scarlett. Tell me something about your country, Isolind. Do you all hate us and want to make war upon us and overthrow our institutions? I am sure I don't care how soon you overthrow half of them. And is it true that the men all carry revolvers, even at dinner, and that the American ladies would scream if they heard of the naked truth, and would faint if they were accused of having legs?"

Isolind smiled.

"You English people know as little of us as you do of the Chinese, I really believe," she said. "I don't think you would be surprised in the least if I were to tell you that the shores of New York bay are swarming with crocodiles, or that Bunker Hill is one of the Rocky Mountains."

"I am sure I should not be surprised," Alexia replied. "Why should any one be surprised? Are there no crocodiles in New York—and what does it matter where the Rocky Mountains are? I dare say mamma knows, and I am sure Eric does not."

Eric himself approached at this moment, and magnificently displayed his most imposing attitude before taking possession of a vacant chair near the two ladies.

"I have been gazing with admiration on the exquisite artistic combination and contrast with which you two perfect specimens of bright and dark are un-

consciously gladdening our eyes. If I were only a painter now, what a charming illustration of Morning and Night, or perhaps of Light and Darkness. Miss Atheling, does your country produce many living embodiments of fair-haired beauty at all approaching to that which I now am happily privileged to see?"

"There are fair-haired girls in America, Mr. Walraven, if that is what you mean," replied Isolind, who was repelled by the man and his compliments, and anxious to ignore the latter at least; "and many of them are very pretty."

"But you do not look like an American—at least what we have been taught here to regard as typically American. So noble and stately a presence; such a rich artistic womanhood."

"Thank you, Mr. Walraven, for the pretty compliment which I suppose is implied, but please don't compliment me at the expense of my country. Tell me I am the true type of American women, and then you may see a delighted and grateful smile."

"Beauty is of all types and tints. We consider—certainly I consider—Alexia my wife as the very perfection of the dark-haired and slender form of womanhood. A poet naturally thinks—and I do not forget that you, Miss Atheling, have been crowned with the poet's wreath—a poet naturally thinks——"

But what the poet naturally thinks did not seem destined to find expression from this authoritative mouth. For Mr. Walraven suddenly stopped in his speech, seeing a light of sudden and glad emotion flash at once over the faces of both the women he was haranguing; and Alexia actually rose from her seat and made an eager step forward to meet a new-comer.

"My dear, dear Alexia," the new-comer said, while Eric turned surprised and sharply round in his chair and confronted the speaker.

"My best brother Angelo!" And the impulsive little creature threw her arms round his neck, drew him down to her, and kissed him.

"Eric, my love, this is my earliest, for a long time my only friend—my brother, Angelo Volney! You know him well already. But you must know him better! You two must love each other. O Angelo, I am so happy!"

"How do you do, Mr. Volney?" the poet coolly said, and he shook Angelo's hand in a very calm and business-like fashion. "Often heard of you from Alexia. Hope we shall see you at our house."

"My sweetest Eric, what nonsense you talk! Of course we shall see Angelo often and often."

"That is the hope I have expressed, my love," the poet composedly observed. He was prepared to dislike Angelo. He could not forgive the interruption of his eloquent speech; he was angry that Angelo's coming should have called up such a light of joy in the eyes—of Alexia? Was the poet already jealous? Oh dear, no, not in the least. He understood Alexia's affection for Angelo perfectly well, and thought it quite right and silly and proper when he thought about it at all. He was angry that the light of joy which kindled at Angelo's approach should have gleamed from the eyes of Isolind Atheling.

Meanwhile, Isolind had drawn back a little. But Angelo's glance sought her out, and in a moment their eyes met. Now, however, she was almost encircled by a little group, and Angelo's approach was cut off for the moment. But her eyes and his, even in the short instant of time before hers drooped again, had exchanged a new pledge, and Isolind and Angelo knew that in that crowd their souls were together and alone. Once and again, during the few moments which elapsed before Angelo could approach her, those quiet signals were interchanged. What to Isolind was the babble of those around her? What to

Angelo were the chilling ways of Walraven—or even, alas that it must be said! the feverish welcome of Alexia? Love is terribly selfish—terribly self-forgetting.

“Where have you been, Angelo, that you did not come to see me before?” Alexia asked impatiently. “Did my dearest mamma forbid—did she threaten banishment or the rod, if you dared to come near her graceless daughter?”

“My dear, I have been out of town—I have been travelling for days and nights. I only got into London this evening.” And here his eyes again glanced towards Isolind. He had indeed been travelling with wild and constant speed to make his appearance that night in those rooms, where he knew Isolind would be.

“You must come at once and have a long, long talk with me, Angelo. But not now—oh, don’t be alarmed! Don’t think I haven’t eyes, sir. Go and talk to her; her cheeks have already lighted up their bonfires for your arrival! I like her, Angelo, now—although at first I thought I should hate and detest her.”

“Hate and detest whom, dear Alexia?”

“Stuff, sir, you know perfectly well—Lady Judith’s new pet from the backwoods—your charming Pocahontas—your Yankee Corinna, Miss Isolind Atheling. Don’t look so sad and angry, Angelo! I don’t mean to vex you, my dear brother. I am so happy myself—a new thing for me to say, Angelo!—that I want everybody else to be happy too.”

“And you are happy, Alexia?” the young man asked in a tone of deep affection and some anxiety as he took the poor child’s hands in his—her fragile thin white hands, on the finger of one of which it seemed so strange to see a wedding-ring shining. “You are happy at last, my dear little sister?”

“Oh, Angelo, I am as happy as any woman ever was! I never thought to be so happy! But how could I be anything else? If you only knew my Eric! Look at him! Is he not handsome and noble?”

“Yes; he is indeed very handsome.”

“I think he is like a god! Sometimes I think he is a god. You will love him, Angelo, when you know him! Will you not?”

“Any one you love, Alexia—any one who loves you—must be dear to me.”

He pressed her hand tenderly, and as he glanced around the crowded room caught a glimpse of the god-like poet bending over Isolind’s chair. The expression that came over Angelo’s face certainly did not denote unmingled approval of the husband of Alexia. But he soon forgot the poet in the light of the welcoming smile and the yet more tenderly welcoming blush and tremor which invited him to the side of Isolind.

While they talk, this pair of happy lovers, in low delighted tones—the poet having found himself plainly *de trop* and reluctantly receded—something may be said to explain the meaning of our Isolind’s appearance in London in the novel character of Lady Judith Scarlett’s friend and favorite.

When Chesterfield Jocelyn urged the removal of Isolind to Europe, the Athelings were only too glad to follow his advice. They left New York in the spring and crossed the Atlantic. Isolind now raised no patriotic objection to a landing on English soil. The voyage was happy and hopeful. Atheling’s own spirits seemed to lighten with every hour on the sea. He grew like his old gladsome boyish self by the time they landed in Liverpool. His wife was joyous in his joy. He had a youthful zest of pleasure in showing Isolind all the famous places of the old country; and the girl herself felt a thrilling delight in every scene she looked upon. “This dear old beautiful England!” she ex-

claimed many times ; " how could I ever reproach it or turn my eyes and heart away from it ! " Once, as she was wandering with her people somewhere through a sunny lane in the northern suburbs of London, she stopped and was silent for a while, and then looking up at Judge Atheling said : " I understand now why our people call England home ! All this day I have been haunted by the feeling that here I am at home—that some place like this must have been my home." Atheling's face wore so strange and embarrassed an expression that she suddenly added : " But oh, don't think I could ever compare any place with our own dear New York home ! Only there is something in the very air here which affects me with a strange, sweet, and tender sensation, as if I were looking on some long-forgotten scene of early childhood ! I feel almost like the poor girl in Cooper's novel who was stolen by the Indians when a little child—I feel almost as she might have felt when she was brought back to look upon the valley of her childhood, and asked if she had never beheld such a valley in her dreams ! I seem to have seen places like these—to have been breathed upon by an air like this, in my dreams."

Atheling was silent. His gloomy mood seemed to have seized him again for the moment, and Isolind forgot all about her peculiar sensations in the effort to brighten him once more.

In London Atheling made many acquaintances and friends who understood and esteemed him. After all, no city on the earth gives a kindlier welcome to the stranger, and opens its great arms more willingly to him, than does dear, darksome, unlovely old London. The Athelings had no end of genial invitations. And Isolind found herself in London a social success and a social sensation. The beautiful young American girl was sought after everywhere. Her face, her form, her fresh, frank, independent manners, the occasional piquancy of her somewhat aggressive patriotism, were found charming everywhere. A publisher brought out an English edition of her poems, and they were quite a success. Their freshness, courage, and simplicity pleased many a wearied critical palate. There was something about them which was essentially womanly, but not womanish. Such as they were, they were real. They were evidently written out of the fulness of the heart. They were " sung as the song-bird sings." The singer might not be a great poetess, but she was in her place a genuine poetess. So Isolind became, to her own great surprise, a celebrity of the season in London, and West End drawing-rooms were delighted to welcome her.

The Athelings were very proud of all this. The Judge used to stand for a whole evening in the heat and crowd of a fashionable party, his broad face beaming over, his very spectacles glistening with delight. He, too, was liked by every one. Educated people in London are probably more tolerant of mere peculiarities of manner and appearance than any other class of people anywhere ; and Atheling's noble heart, gentle ways, sound knowledge, and bright good sense, combined with a certain flavor of originality in his way of looking at things and expressing himself, made him respected and appreciated. Cabinet ministers would feel and show an interest in talking with him, and obtaining information about his own country. Peers of ancient title would press him with the kindest invitation to visit their country-houses. A bishop escorted the Atheling party to hear a great debate in the House of Lords.

Isolind's head was in nowise turned by the flattery of this quite unexpected success. Her heart indeed was so deeply occupied by feelings which Society's favor could not touch, that it would have kept her head right if such steadying power were needed. She knew well enough the value of her own poems. She had weighed them in the balance with other poems, and she knew that they

were wanting, and why. She thought they deserved some sympathy and a little praise, but she knew they could not live beyond their hour. For her, too, she knew that their hour had already passed away. She could make no verses *now*. Her love had taken the place of her poetry. She gave up her heart to the thought of Angelo; and her brain would not work alone. "Genius," said Isolind to herself, "is independent of all this, and works despite of heart and fate. Mine is no genius; no inspiration—and I don't care! I would rather have a touch of Angelo's hand than hold the sceptre of song. I would not give up my love for him to be another Sappho."

Meanwhile, Angelo did not appear as yet; and Isolind's eyes and heart yearned in vain. But being deeply interested in all that belonged to the education and the elevation of womanhood, especially among the poor, she was brought within the sphere of Lady Judith Scarlett's ministrations; and Lady Judith whose mind was already disposed to welcome anything from practical and progressive America felt strangely drawn towards the girl. Isolind's poems and her conversation were not without some little dash of complaint against the despotism of the Tyrant Man—poor fellow!—and they were full of very sincere if rather vague and unpractical aspirations after the elevation of woman. All this appealed to the seared and lonely heart of the proud bereaved woman who had lost and suffered so much, and who believed her sex to be the slave and victim of man's inherent selfishness and cruelty. Her pride and courage had driven her into society since her daughter's *escapade* much more than had been her wont. Lady Judith would not allow the world to suppose that the disgrace of a malign and disobedient child, could break or bend her spirit. So she went out a good deal; she met Isolind often; she would more and more have Isolind with her.

Isolind, for her part, sincerely admired the proud, sad, beautiful woman. She saw what good deeds Lady Judith could do; she had little opportunity of observing her sterner and harsher qualities. She saw that every great cause, every noble purpose, had the help and the approval of this haughty lady. We have already spoken of Lady Judith's as a "perverted, splendid nature." Isolind saw as yet nothing perverted in it. To her it was only splendid. Need it be said, that she saw in Lady Judith above all things, the benefactress who had done so much for Angelo, and to whom Angelo was so deeply devoted? Isolind could not criticize Angelo's benefactress, had she been so disposed. She could only admire and revere Lady Judith.

Meeting Lady Judith, Isolind of course met Angelo. But they met, at first, only as friends. At least no word passed between them to bespeak a dearer possibility. Their eyes and tremulous hands might tell tales to each other; but for a while there was nothing save friendship in their words.

Yet Angelo knew she loved him. It was not even from her eyes that he first learned this secret. One evening he was near her when many others were around. Isolind was seated on a sofa on which other ladies too were sitting; Angelo stood alone behind the chair of Lady Judith, which was placed near Isolind's sofa. Isolind by chance laid her bare arm and gloved hand on the arm of the sofa. Angelo was so near, so temptingly near, and there were no eyes on him! He could not help himself—he could not resist the inexplicable impulse. He laid his hand, oh ever so lightly, so gently, on Isolind's arm. He felt the sudden little tremor that passed through it—the tremor of recognition and of confession! For though his hand rested there for but some poor fractional part of a second of time, that instant of contact was enough, and Angelo Volney knew as if by a certain revelation that his love was not poured out in vain.

His course of life then became clear. He resolved to return to the United States, make a way there for himself, and win Isolind. He would not come to her as a dependant and a pauper; he would work and win her. He told her soon that he had resolved to go to America and make a living there—make a fortune if he could. Her eyes kindled with gratification and hope. He did not say that he would strive to make the fortune in order that he might win her, but she knew it, and he knew that she knew it. They made no pledge of love and constancy. But their hearts were irrevocably pledged, and each was sure of the other, and both were happy. Isolind had sense and spirit enough to honor the manhood of the lover who would not ask as a beggar for her love; and he knew that he was understood by her. What true-hearted woman of older days would not have loved her lover all the more because he would win his spurs before he sought her hand? Angelo was entering into a battle more trying to youth and love than any adventure with the Saracens or the giants, and his heart was as chivalrous as any that ever beat under the breastplate of a Lancelot or the Cid.

As yet he had not announced his resolve to his patroness. While the wound inflicted by Alexia was still open and bleeding—for he knew that it bled although the sufferer might make no sign—he could not desert her. He had, too, some hope of bringing the mother and the daughter together again. Therefore for the present he remained in Europe—not lingered, but purposely and resolutely remained. He still acted as Lady Judith's counsellor and secretary, and had just returned from Italy, where she had sent him on a business mission to her father, the solemn old Earl of Coryden. To the last Angelo would serve his benefactress. Nothing, however, could change his resolve to go away and be independent, and do battle with the giant Paynim world for his true love.

Happy for that night were Isolind and Angelo. They sit and talk together low-toned as long as may be, and all the world and the future seem sunny and musical and radiant with the rainbow of hope. Love's roseate colors and youth's purple steep their hours in glowing, glorious hues. When they parted for the night, the pressure of the hand was to each a new delight, making parting itself sweet and ecstatic.

Angelo walked home. It was a soft and beautiful night, still in the spring or in the faint flush of summer's first dawn. There are such nights when London is delightful, and a walk through the quiet streets, in the soft, bland air, already redolent in anticipation of the breath of summer, is as pleasant as any ramble through rustling woods or over breezy downs. To Angelo just now the air was all balmy with hope and happiness, and the streets were more musical than Paphian groves or the valley of Tempe.

When he reached home—he still called Lady Judith's house his home—and passed by his benefactress's room, he saw that light was still burning there. Glancing in, he saw Lady Judith seated at her desk reading a letter by the soft light of her shaded lamp. The light fell upon her sad and beautiful face, which, now that she was alone, wore less perhaps than it was wont of a cold or stern expression. The lines of the face looked deeper and darker, the cheeks more wan, the eyes more hollow than Angelo was used to see them. Unspeakable pity and tenderness filled the heart of the young man as he saw that time and sorrow were, for all her courage and stern self-control, working their will at last upon the noble face of the proud woman who, to him at least, had been so good. He longed to throw himself on his knees before her and ask her forgiveness, since he too must desert her.

Lady Judith heard his step, and without looking up called him in her clear, firm voice: "Angelo!"

He came in and stood by her chair.

"I am glad you have come ; I have been waiting for you. I want to speak to you. I have had a letter, Angelo, from Charles Escombe."

"Poor fellow !" Angelo said involuntarily.

Lady Judith looked up quickly. "He is fortunate, Angelo—fortunate, though he does not think so now. He ought to thank the kind Heaven that has saved him from a partnership of misery. He is a good young man, and I am sorry for his pain."

"How does the poor fellow—I mean how does Escombe bear it ?"

"He writes bravely enough," Lady Judith answered with a sigh. "He does his best. But he is not coming home just yet. He is going to California, and thence will sail for China and Japan. He will go round the world, in fact. He will come home cured, I hope, and able to take his place and do his duty in life. I think it is rather a weak thing to go wandering round the world merely to shake off the burden of a disappointment. Better to shake it off by some work of active good. But Charles is not very strong, though he means well always. There is his letter, Angelo—you can read it. Whom did you meet to-night ?"

"For one, Lady Judith, I met Alexia."

"Indeed. And her husband ?"

"Yes—him of course."

"Any one else ?"

"She was looking pale, poor child !"

"Who was ?"

"Alexia, Lady Judith."

"Mrs. Walraven, you mean ?"

"Your daughter, Lady Judith—your daughter Alexia ! It pierced my heart to see her."

"Why so, Angelo ? Has she not made her choice ? Is she not happy ? Is she already disappointed ?"

"Oh, no. She does not say so at least, and she never was able to disguise her real feelings."

"You do injustice to her talents, Angelo. She had greatly improved of late in the art of deception."

"She declares that she is very happy, and she appears to love that fellow—I mean her husband—passionately."

"I am glad. It is the duty of a wife always to love her husband, I believe, without the slightest regard to his merits or personal character. So good a daughter ought to make a model wife. But why, then, do you feel so miserable on her account ?"

"Because I know she will yet be unhappy, very unhappy ! I watched that man, and his demeanor towards her ; and towards others. I looked in his eyes, and noted his expression ; and I wish he had been dead before Alexia ever saw him. If he is not destined to make her unhappy, then I shall never again try to find a man's character written in his face."

"My good boy, I dare say he will make her unhappy. Nothing is more likely. We are all made unhappy by some one, unless when we are making others unhappy. Why is Mrs. Walraven to be exempt ? Is it because of any special grace about her, or that she has done her duty so much better than anybody else ?"

"Lady Judith, she has been very foolish and wilful, but she has not been wholly to blame ; nor is she the only one to blame."

Lady Judith's eyes flashed, but she retained her composure.

"I am to blame, Angelo, you would say? I did not understand or appreciate her—did not fondle her pretty wilfulness, and try to humor her into love and obedience? Is that what you mean?"

"Yes, dear Lady Judith, something like that."

"Angelo Volney, I don't think the less of you because you defend my daughter and accuse myself. You were always a brave lad, not afraid to side with a losing cause. But between my daughter and me no man could possibly judge, nor woman either, indeed. Heaven alone must decide between us, and condemn me if I have not at least faithfully striven to do my duty. I am not afraid to stand the test! Now then, tell me who else was there to-night?"

"But you will forgive this poor girl. You will see her; you will help her in life? Oh, Lady Judith, listen to the pleadings of your own good and generous heart—how good and generous Heaven and I alone can know! Don't be unforgiving. The more you are in the right, the better you can afford to forgive. She is destined to misery if you cast her off."

Lady Judith rose from her seat and stood with one arm resting on the marble chimney-piece. She was not wholly composed. Her lips trembled slightly; her bosom heaved and fell. A moment passed before she could speak. Then she said, in cold distinct tones:

"Angelo, we must finish this subject once for all. It is idle to talk of my casting my daughter off. She cast me off. Let us strip this whole affair, if you please, of all romance and melodrama, and look at it as it is. I never cast off my daughter. She deliberately deceived me; made her choice and left me. She gave herself over to an adventurer—a swindler—who only takes her because he believes he and she can prey upon my supposed weakness, and that he will become rich with my money. Is not that the plain truth?"

Angelo was silent. He feared only too much that it was the plain truth.

"Very well. Do you think I will allow this man to win his base game? Never, Angelo! He has played and lost! No power on earth shall ever induce me to grant him the reward of his villany! Let him support his wife as he has taken her; let her share his fortunes as she has chosen him. Is there anything unjust in that? Let us talk no more of my casting her off. I will not enrich a swindler merely because he has cheated me out of my daughter—that is all."

"But you will see her—you will not refuse to receive her?"

"Surely I will not refuse to receive her. I hope and trust I have forgiven her. Whenever Mrs. Walraven pleases to visit me, I shall of course receive her. Not him, Angelo—not him! If you are good-naturedly acting as their emissary, please to remember that I will not see him! But you do not really suppose that Mrs. Walraven looks forward with any particular longing to a meeting with me? You are a child, Angelo. Let them know as my certain determination what I have already told you, and you will hear no more of any loving desire for the joy of an interview with me. No, Angelo, I can't hear any more. You must spare me now. I too have my feelings, and weaknesses, and sufferings, although I don't pose myself as a heroine of romance. I have something else to say to you. Whom did you see to-night besides Mrs. Walraven—I mean what woman?"

Angelo colored. He knew the meaning of the question and he did not think of evading it.

"Miss Atheling was there, Lady Judith."

Lady Judith smiled a faint, sad smile.

"I am glad to hear of her, Angelo. I like her much. She seems a good, dutiful, faithful girl, and she has spirit and brains. Women without heads are to me the most contemptible creatures. I like her in many ways. But there is one thing, Angelo, which gives her a peculiar value in my eyes."

"What is that, Lady Judith?"

She laid her hand gently, almost fondly, upon the young man's shoulder, and looked into his face with great pitying eyes.

"Because you love her, my poor boy, and because she loves you. Oh, Angelo, many, too many, have been false and ungrateful to me! You have been true—although I have loved and served you. Since you two have set your hearts upon each other, and fancy you can only be happy by being man and wife"—Lady Judith paused, and slowly repeated the words "man and wife—O my God!—I should like to help in making you happy, even in your own way!"

LATE GERMAN NOVELS.

THE war, in shutting us out from any fresh flow of French literature, has not checked the current of German books; which is shown by the imprint of 1870 and 1871 on many volumes of German novels.

Among the latter is to be distinguished a collection of agreeable stories by E. von Dincklage.¹ Its title, "Recovered Waifs," is well chosen to express the "flotsam" picked up, and worth preserving, after the ebb of the magazines and periodicals in which they have appeared. These stories are original, lively, and varied in their subjects, and show a quiet humor. The first, "Angela Wilms"

¹Geborgenes Strandgut, von E. von Dincklage.
Leipzig. 1871. Boston: Schoenhof & Moeller.

and the Prince of Orange," is a little picture of Dutch life on the bank of a canal in the northern part of the Netherlands.

In "Ein Alter Name" we step into higher life, among counts and baronesses, as its title might suggest. For the sake of preserving the inviolability of the family name, the second son of a noble family, Hector Harden, persuades his elder brother to break off his engagement to a young girl whose genealogy does not satisfy Hector's aristocratic views for the head of the household. As time passes on, however, the elder brother dies, and Hector bears the responsibility of the family reputation. After two or three serious flirtations, and many serious resolutions to lead a nobler life, that shall correspond with his noble name, he ends, at the age of forty, by marrying the pretty daughter of a miller, who has money enough to pay up his debts. There is much wit and facility in the manner in which the retributions of this story are brought about. For example may be given the death of Count Hector's only son, whom, in despair, he was preparing to take away from his plebeian mother, that he might be educated among his own noble relations. The boy was found drowned in a ditch, where he had been setting up a little water-mill, built by himself, — the noble scion of all the Hardens betraying by his very death that he had a miller for his grandfather! Throughout the book the comic comes in by the side of the tragic in a way which is very true to life. In this story, Hildegard, the fascinating and passionate heroine, sacrifices all the rest of the characters to her selfishness, but herself lives very comfortably; and it is given to her to preach composedly the moral at the close: —

"Yes, Hector, occupation is the secret power that can cover our old genealogical trees with leaves once more. Why should we try to rebuild our house with new beams and rafters, or look for support from some other noble house? If there were another Harden living, I would say to him, 'You inherit a name; never part with one letter of this, your best inheritance, but borrow no title from it. Be what you are; do not trouble yourself with what others are; do what you can, with God's help; let your honor be your shield, and your own acts your seal of nobility; be not only a nobleman by birth, but by choice. An ancient name is a symbol of the faith which your ancestors held in the right and honorable; swear to protect that symbol as the soldier defends his colors.'"

"But why, Hildegard, in God's name, did not you tell me all this while there was yet time?" groaned Hector.

"My poor friend," replied his sister-in-law, "because I must first learn from you what is the worm that gnaws at our old family tree, and how we ourselves have struck the dull axe of indolence into its roots. What a pity that our wisdom first gains experience when, faint and weary of life, it has no longer the strength to escape its results! And yet, since we are no longer able to become happy, a better thing remains to us, — to help, to counsel, others. Give me your hand, Hector; the last two Hardens will die with dignity when the death-hour strikes."

Germany is still attempting to settle in its literature the question of what shall be the position of its nobility.

NAHES AND FERNES,¹ "Far and Near," is the title of a book containing two stories by Harkländer, who has been called the Dickens of Germany. There are not many points of resemblance to Dickens, except that Harkländer evidently has an eye for the humorous, and shows a close observation of things of the present day. We have had lately so many

¹Nahes and Fernes. Von F. W. Harkländer. Stuttgart: 1870. Boston: Schoenhof & Moeller.

German historical romances, and biographies in the form of novels, that such stories as these come in with a striking contrast. In a little novel of Harkländer's, "*Behind Blue Spectacles*," "*Unter blauen Brillen*," he brings his hero, a young diplomat, down to a railway station, in search of the heroine, whom he finds is to leave by an express-train. The young man is sufficiently acquainted, on account of his diplomatic position, with the conductors of the train, to have it delayed a moment while he inquires if two ladies, one wearing green spectacles, are in any of the compartments. "Oh, yes!" and he is speedily shoved into a car, and the train starts. But, alas! what is his disappointment to find himself shut in with two strange ladies, one indeed wearing green spectacles; but he is quite *de trop*, as he soon discovers from the sour expression of the gentleman who accompanies them, a suitor of the younger lady. It is an express-train, and a long journey must be made before there is any stop!

Harkländer excels in depicting these familiar railway scenes, and in his descriptions of travel. He has a very careful account of the passage in a steamer from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia, in one of these stories in "*Far and Near*," called "*Among the Pope's Zouaves*," where the picturing is so careful one might almost fancy it the first scene of *Monte Cristo*. It gives almost a touch of sea-sickness.

His descriptions of the group in the saloon are very accurate, including "the richly-carved piano, in front of which a light blonde Englishwoman had taken her seat, and with some elderly ladies, who sat and stood about her, with a soft accompaniment, and in a still softer voice, toned out, 'This is the Sabbath morn';" for which this was by no means precisely the occasion, since it was not the Lord's

Day, nor were they just now out in the wide fields."

"We enter upon such a party," he goes on to say, "with something the feeling with which we regard a landscape completely unfamiliar, when one can scarcely believe that in a short time every path, every ascent, will be as well known to us as if we had always trodden them. So it is with the different members of such a party as this. We do not know much about them, except the way this woman or that man goes coursing up and down the deck, or how another talks at table to the ladies in his neighborhood. Perhaps another appears every morning in a gray plaid, at noon always in a dress marked out in dark squares, in the evening in light costume; or there are the elderly ladies, who, every evening, camp out on deck for an hour or two to look at the moon, the glittering stars, and the black smoke that fumes from the chimney, mingled with myriads of sparks, dying far away in the distance, like a black rift of clouds, and lost in the night. Or there is a very young married couple, sitting side by side like two inseparables, one face looking into the other. The lady may be seen alone in the evening, carefully wrapped to the chin in a plaid, while he, smoking a cigar, plunges up and down the deck before her, stopping a while at every turn, opposite her, to whisper a few words into her smiling face. One knows little, in fact, of all of these; yet we have made a certain kind of acquaintance with their exterior peculiarities, and have lived with them as with real acquaintances; and we should be disappointed if, for instance, the shabby gentleman, whom we have been in the habit of seeing without a trace of linen, or in slippers of patent leather, with red stockings, should appear in any different guise, or if the inseparables should sit by each other no longer, or if, instead of the old ladies sitting on the deck, their places should be taken by the Americans now drinking their champagne with cognac: so, in short, in a few hours we are acquainted with all without knowing any; and we should find it very disagreeable if suddenly another set of people should make their appearance,

with whom we should have to begin over again in the same way."

the Austrian army, and George, Prince of Prussia.

The dear old "Almanach de Gotha"¹ appears again as young as ever, in its one hundred and eighth year, in spite of the changing dynasties of the century and of the present time.

"In consequence of the great struggle, still unfinished, which is taking place between Germany and France," says the preface, "and the political changes that this has occasioned in the latter State, we have been able to consecrate to this country only a very incomplete article."

The members of the French government, as late as the 4th of September, 1870, are given, with the list of the military and consular officers, &c., to which is added a statistical notice of Alsace and Lorraine. The historical parts of the Almanac usually terminate at the end of June; but a supplement to this volume brings up the events of the war to the capitulation of Metz. Under the head of Egypt is a little statistical article on the Suez Canal; and much has been added to the usual contents.

The editors congratulate themselves that, by enlarging the pages, yet diminishing their number, they have succeeded in making this annual less voluminous, and, "we dare to hope, more agreeable to the amateurs of the Almanac."

The illustrations are interesting, beginning with the portrait of King William of Prussia, not then emperor, followed by a pretty head of Elizabeth, Princess of Roumania, the portraits of Abdul-Aziz-Khan, — who does not look out of place among the sovereigns, — Albert, Archduke of Austria, field-marshal and inspector-general of

¹ Almanach de Gotha, 1871. Gotha: Justus Perthes. Boston: Schoenhof & Moeller.

MAUD AYLMEYER'S BEAUTY.

BY VERNE ARGELYN.

In the narrow strip of grave-yard, which modern improvement has left to an old church, what was once the neighborhood of London, but is now part of the huge metropolis itself, may be found, by careful search, a square stone, cracked across and half-covered with earth and dark-yellow grass. Its barely legible inscription reads:

THE AYLMEYER FAMILY.

It covers the mouth of a vault, unopened for a century. One hundred years ago, when the church was the center of a scattered country village, the last and loveliest of the Aylmeyer was laid under that stone.

Maud Aylmer was so beautiful, that it was an event in one's life to have seen her. Old men remembered, at three-score-and-ten, the "sudden awe and adoration" that fell upon them, when, as little boys, they first saw this woman; and ever afterward, when they heard of angels, they thought of her.

She was of medium height, with a figure inclined to fullness, but perfect in all its proportions. Nature had exaggerated nothing, left nothing unfinished in her; from her stately head, crowned with abundant chestnut hair, to the arched instep of her small, plump foot, there was no fault to be found. But it was the beauty of Venus rather than Diana.

This beautiful creature had but one passion—inordinate, insatiable, unscrupulous love of admiration.

She was the daughter of a country gentleman, who lived on his small estate near a village not far from London. Estate and village have long ago been swallowed up in the growth of the city. On the site of Aylmer Hall is built a row of splendid shops with plate-glass fronts on their ground floors; and a roaring thoroughfare takes the course of the main cross-walk in the beautiful, old fashioned garden, and runs right over the spot where stood the lattice summer-house, buried in roses and honeysuckles, in which the beauty of Aylmer so often sat with her guests and admirers.

Her mother was a confirmed invalid, her father a jovial squire, given to good dinners and fox-hunting. Both thought this child of their old age a faultless angel, and all she did was right in their eyes.

A lady of some rank and fashion, a distant relative of the Aylmeyer, struck with Maud's great beauty, had carried her to London and presented her at court. Having no daughters herself, this lady was charmed to chaperon so brilliant a *debutante*, for Maud was instantly the most admired young lady in London. Lady Hyde made the visit as long a one as possible, nor was Maud unwilling to stay. The life of a reigning belle charmed and fascinated her, and developed to its full extent the ruling passion of her life. At balls, theatres, conversations, in the drives of the Park, in the social circle, everywhere, she was followed, flattered, and adored. Many offers of marriage were made her in her first season, but none that satisfied the ambition her zealous chaperon had inspired; and Maud herself had fixed upon a coronet as the price of her charms.

Lady Hyde admired the nonchalance and self-possession of her *protege*, and wondered that the adoration she received did not turn her head. The fact was that Maud's vanity, deep, broad, calmly flowing, like some majestic river, felt no increase from the drops of flattery with which she was sprinkled. Incense was her due, admiration the feeling she was born to inspire. She was good-humored, because entirely satisfied with herself and her position; she made no pretensions, they were unnecessary, since the first place was yielded her as her right. She had no affectations, they were uncalled-for, when she had only to come, be seen, and conquer.

And so the young Earl of Lilberne, unwilling to confess that he loved a woman for her beauty alone, extolled to himself the amiability, simplicity, and good sense of this "wild rose, unconscious of her own charms." But he would not offer himself to her at once; he wished to owe his success to his merit, not to his coronet; and, besides, as he really loved her, he actually doubted whether she would accept him, in spite of his earldom and his rent-roll!

When, at last, Maud's dotting parents, unable to spare any longer their darling, their youngest, and last remaining child, recalled her to their lonely home, the earl begged leave to visit her there. Leave granted readily, but not too readily; with the fine instinct of a born coquette, she acted the modest reserve

he expected of her, and allowed him to think he was making only very gradual advances in her favor. She meant to marry him, unless a marquis or a duke should step in before him; she was sure her fish was caught—so she let him play. There was no hurry.

And in the meantime she amused herself. Many others besides the earl asked permission to visit her. She held court in old Aylmer Hall, unchaperoned, unquestioned, enjoying a degree of liberty unusual to English girls in that age, too common among American girls in this. Mrs. Aylmer never appeared. The squire, absorbed in his farming, his field-sports, and his boon companions, knew no more of his daughter's visitors than she chose to tell in answer to his boisterous questions. "How many offers had you to-day, Maudlin? Has a duke come to cut out your ear? Who was that fine young spark I met in the Lime Avenue?" To which Maud would give jesting answers that told nothing, for she knew her father was indiscreet over his bottle.

So she was left to herself—given over to her own devices. Trained in the usages of good society, she acknowledged the existence of others by the ordinary courtesies of life, but she had no friend, she loved no one. She regarded all young men as her possible victims, all young women as her probable rivals, and all other people as nonentities. She had no accomplishments, except coquetry, of which she was mistress—no intellectual or industrial pursuits. She seemed to have no religion, no serious thoughts. She only worshiped her own beauty, only craved an acknowledgment of the power it gave her over every man she met. She was a flirt from her cradle. Her only aim in life was to attract passionate admiration. This desire grew with what it fed upon, and absorbed the current of her being. It was not enough that the men she chose to fascinate should think her the loveliest of women, should worship her as a queen, and diffidently offer themselves to her in marriage. At first that triumph was enough, but she grew weary of its sameness. She began to torment her lovers, to keep them in suspense, and fill them alternately with hope and despair. She became a consummate actress, and could call at will a soft blush to her shell-tinted cheek, or suffuse her melting gray eyes with tears. She went further; in *tele-a-teles* with an adorer, in the large, lonely house and bowery garden; she was not chary of words of love, and even permitted caresses that thrilled the heart of their bestower, to whom, perhaps, the next day in

public, she would scarcely speak, for her caprice knew no bounds.

In London, at the house of a lady who decorated her parties with lions, and especially loved mysterious lions, Maud had met Robert Greville. The hostess, circling round her rooms, and causing her guests to open wide eyes of wonder, as she whispered little scraps of the history of one to another, saw Maud look toward the pale young man with keen, black eyes, and instantly proceeded to astonish her with an account of him.

"That is a very mysterious person, Miss Aylmer. A young Englishman, educated in Germany. He spends most of his time traveling, nobody knows where. He disappears for months, and then suddenly comes back to London; and he knows everything that has happened in his absence. They say he studies magic, and has sold his soul to Satan. He rarely goes into society. I got him to come to-night by promising that he should meet Dr. —." (She named the most distinguished physician and chemist of the day.) "He has not spoken to any lady but me to-night. They say he hates women, and has never been in love."

It was not an uncommon thing for some mischievous wag to hoax this good lady with wild stories about innocent, unpretending people, to make them "lions" in her eyes. She was once made to believe that an honest gentleman, a chance acquaintance of hers, had been suspected of murdering his wife. Of course, she had him at her next *soiree*, and circulated the delightful horror. In a day or two, by accident, it came to the ears of its hero, and his rage can be imagined.

Her embellished edition of Robert Greville's history was drawn from a parallel source. The facts were that his foreign education had rather spoiled him for English society; he had a taste for scientific experiment, and a distaste for the boisterous vices and amusements of the age; and a moderate fortune enabled him to spend his time as he pleased. He rather cultivated his reputation for eccentricity; it amused him and gave him more liberty.

One word in Mrs. L——'s sketch decided Maud. "He has never loved." She signified her royal pleasure that he should be presented to her. "He shall love me," she said to herself.

And so he loved her. He came to Aylmer oftener than the earl, than any other visitor. Maud took care, however, that the earl and he should never meet.

The Earl of Lilberne loved Maud Aylmer like

a knight of old. He endowed her with all manner of imaginary virtues and perfections, and treated her as he would have treated a queen. Robert Greville soon divined or discovered her character, but he could not resist the spell of her loveliness; he adored her and despised her. Maud speedily found that with him she had no part to act, he knew her thoroughly; and since he admired her none the less, she liked him the better for it; it put her at ease.

He worked on her foibles to win her favor. He praised her beautiful hand, and she let him take it in both his, and pose the taper fingers, resting on his palm, in the position in which they ought to be sculptured. She let him hold it, and comment, and comment on the delicate rosy nails, the blue veins lacing the pearly wrist; and she hardly withdrew it when he pressed the soft palm with passionate force to his lips.

He expressed a wish to see her rich chestnut hair unconfined; and by an unaccountable accident, on his next visit, the structure into which it was erected gave way, and the whole apparatus of pins and combs had to be taken out. The glorious masses of softness and lustre fell over her white shoulders and reached below her waist. Could Robert resist drawing a long tress through his hand, to admire its color and texture? And could Maud refuse when he begged her for a little lock that could not be missed? She gave it to him, and her soft gray eyes met his with a look so sweet, so like a soul looking out of them, (only I think there was none,) that he began to think he was mistaken, after all; she had a heart, and he was winning it.

In short, he lost his head, as she meant he should, and fell deeper and deeper in love with her.

He asked her to be his wife. She refused, but in a manner that encouraged him to yield to her winning prayer "not to cease to be her friend, to visit her as usual." Yet he had been so sure of success that he was enraged with her; and once, as he rode home, he raised his right hand to heaven to swear that he would never see her again; but at that instant there rose before his mind's eyes the look in Maud's when she gave him the tress of hair; the oath was unsworn; and on the day when she allowed him to visit her, he presented himself as usual. Maud had expected him, and he imagined her blush of triumphant vanity was one of pleasure.

During his absence, the Earl of Lilberne had offered himself to Miss Aylmer, and been

accepted. There being no reasons for delay, as early a day was fixed for their marriage as the necessary preparations would permit. And Maud wore on her finger the earl's circlet of blazing diamonds, everywhere but in Robert Greville's presence.

To keep up the pretence of friendship while he was winning his way further, Greville tried to interest Maud in topics foreign to her daily life; in her acquaintances in London, in his travels, and even in his scientific pursuits.

One day he brought her, in a sealed glass-case, a damask rose, with a bud or two, and a spray of green leaves.

"How long has it been gathered, do you think?" he asked.

"Since this morning," answered Maud.

"At Damascus, in a huge field, which was one sea of roses, I cut that blossom six years ago."

Maud looked up in silent wonder.

"I have discovered a method of embalming flowers. That rose will keep its freshness till it crumbles into dust."

She raised her eyes to the large mirror.

"If you could find a secret to keep me beautiful forever! I shall grow old——" She stopped and shuddered.

"I could make your beauty imperishable, but you must die first. Do not grieve, sweet Maud; you have many, long years of youth and beauty before you. And to those who love you, you will never grow old."

Maud smiled with moist eyes. Not the involuntary thrill in your voice, Robert Greville, but the thought that her beauty must fade, brought those tears.

"Will you give it to me?" she said, holding the rose. "You never gave me anything."

Before her tears and her smiles, all his resolutions melted.

"I have given you my life, my soul!" he cried. "Maud, you must love me. It is impossible that love like mine should meet no return. Tell me that you only refuse me to try me. Maud, no woman was ever loved as I love you; no other man can ever worship your beauty as I do. I note its smallest detail; I watch with untiring delight each attitude, gesture, and glance, revealing some new grace and charm. Be mine; let me dedicate my life to your happiness. I shall only live to love you; your lightest whim shall be my law, to worship you shall be my religion. Speak to me, Maud!"

It pleased the lovely actress to hide her triumph in a veil of the deepest sadness.

"Do you really love me so much, Robert?" she asked, in a low, sweet, moved voice.

He threw himself at her feet, and covered her hand with kisses.

"Maud, I no longer know myself; you possess me like an evil spirit. I cannot forget you one moment. As I walk through the crowded, noisy streets, your image rises before me. I see you, I feel your presence as plainly as I do this instant; and I hear nothing, see nothing that passes around me. Then I suddenly wake as from a dream, and remember where I am. Do you doubt my devotion? What can I say or do to prove it?"

She moved away from him and averted her head. A glittering tear fell between him and the light. He followed her and clasped her in his arms.

"My darling, why do you weep? Have I offended you? I would die sooner than cause those lovely eyes to shed one tear. Tell me what grieves you?"

And while she pretended to weep, he patted, and caressed, and soothed her like a child.

Then he urged his suit again. But she pressed her hand on his lips.

"Do not ask me to marry you, Robert. Do not ask me why I am so sad. Only love me, and do not leave me."

His warmest pleading could not force an explanation, either in this interview or in others that followed. She treated him like an accepted lover; received him with delight, parted from him with every sign of sorrow, and seemed perfectly happy in his presence; but at any mention of the future, she relapsed into tears or agitated silence. The vain beauty's plan of campaign was to persuade him that she was being forced to give her hand to another, while she loved him. She was preparing for a grand coup. She wanted to see his rage and despair when she told him at last of her approaching marriage; and to make his fall greater, by contrast, she was now raising him to the seventh heaven by leading him to believe she loved him, and that only some slight or imaginary obstacle separated them. She had not intelligence enough to appreciate the danger of thus trifling with a man of Greville's violent passions and headstrong temper; and she was equally incapable of appreciating the moral turpitude, and the shameful indelicacy of her conduct.

As for Greville, though he had surrendered himself soul and body to his passion; though he believed in Maud's love, glimpses of the truth would sometimes flash across his usually

acute mind. An uneasy fear haunted him; he half felt himself deceived, and at times, knowing Maud's character, he cursed himself for being her slave; and when he dwelt on her possible deceit, a movement of rancorous hate stirred within him.

It is in such crises in a man's life that the value of principle makes itself felt. Robert Greville had no fixed principles, no religious faith. "The honor of a gentleman was his guarantee of well-doing to the world and himself; and that is but a feeble barrier against furious passions and fancied impunity.

In the meantime the marriage preparations advanced a pace. Maud secluded herself from ordinary visitors, and revelled in the joys of new millinery. The earl refurnished his London mansion with lavish magnificence, fondly planning a wonderful surprise for his simple country beauty.

Greville heard nothing of these things, from the fact that he had altogether abandoned the London society which he never willingly frequented. His friends believed him to have gone abroad.

The day came on which Maud must tell Greville the secret he had so often plead for in vain.

After much cogitation as to the manner in which she should break the news to him, she decided to rush in the room, and, in a voice strangled with sobs, to cast her announcement, like a bomb-shell, in his face.

But on the day before this momentous interview, Greville, in glancing over a London paper, caught at Maud's name under the heading, "Approaching Marriage in High Life." The account was too minute and circumstantial to admit a doubt of its truth. The day was named, the bishop who was to officiate, the bridesmaids and groomsmen, and, according to the fashion of the times, the amount of settlement upon the bride. Greville drank to the dregs the full cup of bitterness, in the certain knowledge that he had been duped and played with by a woman whose intellect he despised, and whose character he did not respect. Rage, mortification, wounded pride, disappointed passion, tore his heart like vultures.

When Maud entered the room in which he awaited her, the ghastly pallor of his face, the wild brightness of his eyes, startled her out of all power to act the little scene she had proposed to herself. She saw he already knew what she was about to tell him.

She advanced with downcast eyes, and when near him, suddenly raised to his face her

sweetest, saddest look, and offered him her hands, pressed together as if supplicating pardon. He seized them in one of his, and laid the other on her shoulder.

"Are you going to marry the Earl of Lilberne on this day five weeks?" he asked, in a low, stern voice.

"They made me promise," was her faltering answer.

"Who?"

"My father and mother, and Lady Hyde."

"How long ago did you promise?"

She antedated her engagement two months, to cover the time of her refusal of himself. Greville was, by chance, aware that at the period she named, the Earl of Lilberne, on public business, was absent in a distant part of the kingdom. That her parents were forcing their petted darling to marry against her will, was a transparent absurdity. If any softer feeling had survived the shock in Greville's mind, this deliberate attempt to deceive him still, banished it forever. Maud would have risked less by making no excuse, dropping all further pretence. But she rushed on to her ruin.

A strange change came over Greville's face; he fixed a cold, hard, curious look on Maud's face. "Has she really a soul?" he asked himself. He relaxed his grasp of her hands. She drew them away, and laid her arms lightly round his neck.

"Robert, do not look at me so," she cried; "pity me, and forgive me!"

"Pity you, my lady countess!" he said, in a jesting tone. "Why, no, I shall congratulate you, and envy your husband. A coronet will become this white brow rarely." He clasped her waist, smoothed back her rich hair, and pressed his lips to her forehead. "What if I were to tell him how often I have kissed it?"

A blush of anger and alarm—not shame—rose to the roots of her hair. She made a vain effort to release herself.

"But you are a gentleman, Robert; you will not do that," she said, anxiously.

"No, you are right, I will not do that. Maud, tell me, do you love the earl?"

"You know I do not. Let me go."

The coquette felt greatly piqued. Her prey seemed to have escaped her. He was giving her up without a struggle, without one word of anger or regret.

"One moment. When shall I see you again, Maud?"

"I cannot see you again."

"But you must, darling." Never had his

voice been tenderer or more impassioned. "Can you ask me to take leave of you forever, at the very moment when I find I must lose you? Give me a little time to learn to hear our parting. See me again, sweet Maud. I wish to see you once more, looking your loveliest. Let me see you in your wedding-dress. Meet me in the garden summer-house the night before your marriage."

The poor, vain fool refused, hesitated, and at last consented.

The appointed night came. The household, wearied with a thousand bustling preparations, were locked in the slumbers of midnight. Only the bride-elect was waking. She moved with noiseless steps about her chamber, of which the windows were carefully darkened. She stood at last before her long mirror, the light from the two full branches of wax-candles falling splendidly on her perfect figure, arrayed in a glistening satin robe. A coronet of pearls confined her filmy veil of priceless lace; pearls decked her bosom, her wrists. Never had she looked so lovely. The shell-pink of her cheek deepened to damask, fire kindled in her eyes as she thought of the morrow, and the long array of triumphs before her.

She still hesitated whether to go and meet Robert. A long look into her mirror decided her. Some one must admire her to-night. She might not look as well in the morning.

She laid aside her pearls, the earl's costly bridal-gift; she covered the splendors of her dress with a long, dark cloak, softly opened and closed her door, stole on tiptoe past the chambers of the young girls who were to be her bridesmaids on the morrow, slowly and with great precaution slipped back the bolts of a side-door, and entered the garden.

It was a bright moonlight night in June. Dreading the light, equally fearful of the heavy shadows cast by tall box-hedges, shrubs, and vine-covered frames, Maud sped on to the lattice arbor. At the entrance she timidly called his name. A dark figure rose from a seat and advanced toward her. She entered, dropped her cloak, and stood before him in the blaze of moonlight.

"My God! How beautiful she is!" said Robert Greville's voice.

"I cannot stay a moment, Robert; I am afraid," said the gratified coquette.

"Sit down here. No, you will not stain your dress. I will spread your cloak on the seat. Take leave of me now. I have loved you better than my own soul, Maud. You will never see me more. Farewell!"

"Farewell!" she echoed.

He clasped her in his arms, and pressed a long, burning kiss on her lips, and then on her eyes. He closed each white lid with a kiss, and as he did so, he poured between her parted lips the contents of a small vial held in his right hand. So deadly was the poison that she had not time to shriek or struggle. One convulsive shudder shook her frame, and she sank, a corpse, at his feet.

The murderer wrapped her in her cloak, and keeping in the shadows, bore her to the door in the wall by which he had entered. A small, covered carriage, drawn by a single horse, waited him there. He laid the body in it, then locked the gate, as he had opened it, with an instrument, the key being inside, returned to his carriage, and drove away slowly, noiselessly over the green turf of the garden-lane at full speed, when he reached the turnpike.

On the morrow, when the bride's chamber was found vacant, and no trace of her could be discovered, the consternation and confusion of the household transcends description. Mrs. Aylmer's delicate health gave way at once; she was seized with a mortal illness, and died within the week. No conjecture furnished a clue to Maud's disappearance. Maud had no female friend, no confidant. The servants hardly knew Robert Greville's name. He had not been to the house for five weeks, and no one dreamed of suspecting him. His name even was not called; and the earl, who had a society acquaintance with him, did not know that he visited Maud at home, as she had contrived that they should come on different days. The inefficient detective-police of the time could give no aid. The earl was frantic with grief, and set on foot every possible means of search all over the kingdom, and even in those cities on the Continent, with which communication was more frequent. All in vain.

Weeks, months, years, rolled on. Poor old Squire Aylmer, the last of his line, followed his wife into the tomb, where five sons and daughters had gone before them, and Aylmer Hall passed into the possession of an heir-at-law.

The Earl of Lilberne, long constant to the memory of his lost love, and in his heart of hearts cherishing her image to his dying day, married at length a woman less beautiful than Maud, but more worthy of his noble heart. So free was she from petty jealousy, that she called her little daughter by Maud Aylmer's name.

Since the time he had first met Maud in London, Robert Greville's friends had never seen him. At rare intervals they heard from

him abroad. They believed him to lead a wandering life in foreign lands.

Twenty years had passed since Maud Aylmer disappeared, when, on a summer morning as bright as the last she looked upon, the Earl of Lilberne, followed by a servant, was riding in one of the oldest parts of London, through a street which, long ago deserted by business and fashion, presented now an appearance of utter loneliness and desolation. Grass grew in the gutters; the rare passers-by seemed alarmed at their own footsteps. The gloomy houses, brown with age and want of paint, with dusty, iron-barred windows in the basements, and battered blinds, generally kept closed, on the upper stories, were fit refuges for crime in concealment, or poverty that is yet too proud to make its wants known.

The unusual circumstance of a crowd before one of these houses, induced the earl to send his servant forward to ascertain its cause. The groom returned with the information that a man had been found dead in the house, whether by murder or suicide no one knew. The coroner had been sent for, and the crowd was awaiting his arrival. As the earl drew nearer, he perceived an old man standing in the door-way, and with great difficulty keeping the crowd from entering; with voice and gestures he urged them to keep back; that he had had the care of the premises, and was responsible for them until he could transfer them to the proper authorities. The earl, being a magistrate, dismounted and came to the old man's assistance, announcing his rank and authority. The crowd respectfully drew back. Standing beside the old custodian, the earl, by question, drew from him the following account of the late occupant of the house.

The dead man's name was Richard Graynor. From his pursuits and the drugs and instruments with which he filled his house, he was supposed to be a physician. Indeed, when called upon by his poorer neighbors, he would sometimes visit them and prescribe for them, and was always charitable to distress. He owned the house, had owned it, the old man had heard among the neighbors, for five-and-twenty years. He himself living nearby, had been employed to perform the necessary housework and attendance for twelve years. No woman ever entered the mansion. The master got his meals at a chop-house. He never spent a night there, though for twenty years he had lived in the house, with occasional absences of a week three or four times a year. But—here the old man lowered his voice and drew nearer

the earl—the there was a chamber in the house which he had never entered. The master kept it locked, and the key in his own possession. Two days before he had seen Dr. Graynor for the last time alive. He seemed well, and in no respect changed from his ordinary manner and appearance. Yesterday, on reaching the house to perform his usual duties, the old man found the door locked, and the windows barred. As Graynor had not forewarned him of an absence, he grew uneasy. On the present morning, finding the house still closed, he had, assisted by some of the neighbors, forced the door and entered. They passed through the lower rooms, which were bare apartments, furnished only with presses, tables and shelves, filled with books, strange instruments, jars and vials of drugs and liquids. They ascended to the second floor. Graynor's chamber-door was locked; that being also forced, the old man observed with wonder that the door of the mysterious inner-chamber was open. They entered; the windows of this apartment were sealed up, and covered by hangings of black, that draped the four walls; the ceiling was painted black, and felting of the same hue served as a carpet. In the center of the room stood a long and narrow table, or high box, covered with a pall of black velvet. At one end of this seeming bier, on each side, was an iron frame, supporting a large lamp. There was but one other object in the room. In a carved chair of black wood, beside the bier, with his arms folded upon the velvet pall, and his head bowed down on them, rested the body of Richard Graynor, cold and dead.

The old man and his assistants had fled from the house and given the alarm but a short time before the earl rode up.

The coroner having arrived and selected such persons as he chose to accompany him, and placed a guard to exclude others, the earl ascended with the party to the chamber of death. Lights had been provided, and it occurred to some one to light the lamps in the frames, and replace their alabaster globes—a soft but splendid radiance, like brightest moon-

light, filled the room. The body was that of a man prematurely old, and wasted by disease or care. It was found impossible to ascertain whether death had been produced by poison or natural causes. The face was calm as a sleeping child's.

When the dead body had been removed to the next room, the earl, standing at the head of the bier, drew back the pall that covered it.

Motionless, for an instant, he gazed at the object revealed to him, and then, with a hollow groan, he sunk senseless upon the floor.

For before him, in that unearthly radiance, under a case of glass as clear as air, lay the form of his lost love, Maud Aylmer, as young, as fresh, as beautiful, as on that day, twenty years ago, when he bade her farewell for a night, believing he should claim her as his bride on the morrow. In her glittering bridal-robe she lay, with her long chestnut hair unbound, and flowing in graceful tresses around her. Her marble neck and shoulders were bare; one rounded arm lay by her side; the other little hand, resting on her breast, held the stem of a damask rose that seemed just culled.

But the miracle of the embalmer's art had been to preserve the shell-pink of her cheek, the scarlet of her full lips, and even the rose-tint of her pearly nails. It seemed impossible that she should be dead.

A series of intelligent investigations identified the so-called Graynor with Robert Greville. His periodical absences were visits to Paris, to receive his remittances. His relations seized his property, and forgot him as speedily as possible. His wonderful art died with him—no record was left of it.

By the reverent care of the Earl of Lilberne, the body of Maud Aylmer was laid in the tomb of her ancestors, with the pomp and ceremony due to a countess. The old country church has been absorbed into the city; its grave-yard has been built upon; but the Aylmer vault remains, and in its dark recesses, still untombed, perhaps, by time and decay, reposes that masterpiece of the Divine Artist—**MAUD AYLMER'S BEAUTY.**

"MODERN ATHENS."

"Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy trade his labor plies;
There Architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendor rise:
Here Justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod;
There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks Science in her coy abode." BURNS.

IN the county of Mid-Lothian, and about two miles from the Frith-of-Forth, is situated "Modern Athens," the metropolis of Scotland. Having heard much of the unrivaled beauty of Edinburgh, I was somewhat fearful that on seeing it I should be disappointed; but, instead of this being the case, I am now ready to say, the half was not told me. On my arrival in the city I took the advice of one who has rambled over not a little of the world, and, by experience, has learned the art of sight-seeing. "It would be wise," she says, "in travelers to make it their first business in a foreign city to climb the loftiest point they can reach, so as to have the scene they are to explore laid out as in a living map beneath them. It is scarcely credible how much time is saved, and confusion of ideas obviated by this means."

After learning that the Castle was the highest point in the city, and having secured a room in a good temperance hotel, I started out with guide-book in hand to see the Queen of the British Isles. Crossing over the deep ravine, which divides the old city from the new, and, after spending considerable time and strength in climbing, I found myself on the very summit of this once strong fortification. Here, elevated three hundred and eighty-three feet above the level of the sea, is a point admirably fitted to gratify the taste of the most fastidious spectator:

"St. Margaret! what a sight is here!
Long miles of masonry appear;
Scott's Gothic pinnacles arise,
And Melville's statue greets the skies,
And sculptured front and Grecian pile
The pleased yet puzzled eye beguile."

Right well was I paid for my time and toil spent in working my passage up to this lofty rampart. The view which spread itself out before me was novel, romantic, beautiful. At my feet lay the city, with its gigantic buildings, wide and narrow streets, squares and gardens, monuments and towers, all scattered round in seeming wild confusion. Running between ancient and modern Edinburgh is a deep ravine, once a hiding-place for the burglar and bandit—now the highway of commerce and travel. On the north there is a gentle declivity, leading to the village or port of Leith, a broad estuary laughing in the sunlight, and all around are

noble residences, with handsome lawns and well-kept walks. On the east is Arthur's Seat, kingly and majestic, Salisbury Crags, bold and rugged, and Carlton Hill, covered with monumental glory.

The Old Town presents a jumbled and confused appearance, which, contrasted with the elegance and regularity of the New, form a picture of much beauty. Indeed, it would be impossible for any one at all susceptible of the beautiful in Nature or art to stand here without being over-charmed, yea, ravished with the sight. I believe that for picturesqueness of situation and scenery, mountains and valleys, rocks

and glens, and of the sea itself, within hearing and seeing distance, Edinburgh has no equal!

"Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and towers!"

To give a minute description of every thing that attracts the eye would be to give a description of the whole, for "every prospect pleases," and would require a large volume. I shall only attempt to sketch a few of the many places of interest connected with "Auld Reekie," in the order in which I saw them.

On the west terminus of High-street, on a lofty rock that rises on three sides several hundred feet above the level of the ground,



EDINBURGH (NEW TOWN) FROM THE CASTLE.

stands Edinburgh Castle. Tradition says that it was once occupied as a fortification by the aboriginal tribes, long before the conquest of the country by the Romans: if so, its situation must have rendered it impregnable. But much of the early history of this ancient stronghold is unknown—time kindly shuts out many of the dark actions of the past. When Dr. Johnson visited the Castle the guide mentioned that tradition asserted that a part of it had been standing three hundred years before the birth of Christ. "Much faith," replied the Doctor, in his usual manner, "is due to tradition, and that part of the fortress that was standing at so early a period must, undoubtedly, have been *the rock upon which it is founded!*"

On my way up to the top from the lower yard I met fifteen or twenty soldiers; some on

duty and others lounging lazily around. They were dressed, not in kilts, as I expected to see them, but in the English red and black. Having passed through the outer and inner yards, and then up a long circuitous alley, I found myself in a broad, open space, with soldiers, citizens, and great guns. On the Bomb Battery is quite a large cannon, called "Mons. Meg." It is eighteen feet long, hooped like a barrel, and can carry a ball five feet in circumference, according to history. Mons. Meg was forged at Castle Douglas in 1489, and presented to James II by the M'Lellans, when he was besieging the Castle of Threave. "Meg" was rent in 1682, when firing a salute in honor of the Duke of York's visit to the city. Too great a quantity of powder had been put in, and, as the charge was made by an Englishman, the

Scotch say that it was done out of malice, there being no cannon in England so large. At the south-east corner of the Castle top is a little room, not more than twenty feet square, and, adjoining it, a bed-room not ten feet square, where Mary, Queen of Scots, became a mother. Here James VI first saw the light; and tradition says that when he was eight days old he was let down from the little chamber window in a basket, two hundred and fifty feet, and carried off to Sterling Castle, there to receive Catholic baptism. On the wall of the chamber is the prayer Mary is said to have offered up on the birth of her son. It is painted in old English. The following is a copy of it:

"Lord Jesu Christ, that Crownit was of Thronise,
Preserve the Birth whois Bodyie heir is borne,
And send Hir Sonne Successione to Reigu still
Long in this Relme, if that it be Thy will;
Also Grant, O Lord, what ever of Her proseed,
Be to thy Glorie, Honor and Prais sobeid."

"Year 1566—Birth of King James—Month 19 Junii."

The room in which the Scottish Regalia are stowed is on the east side of the quadrangle; but not having an order from the Council Chamber, I was unable to see it; and my time being limited I did not think it provident to go and get one. The Regalia consist simply of a crown, scepter, sword of state, and other jewels—symbols of Scotland's ancient glory—now of her submission! These were long supposed to have been lost, but, after lying in an old oak chest from the date of the Union—1707 to 1810—they were brought to light by Sir Walter Scott.

While on my way down from the airy tops, I

thought, if the old Castle could but speak, what tales she might tell me of olden times. These walls, now weather-beaten and time-worn, once surrounded infuriated mobs, and by them have passed the funeral train of successive generations. And over these streets have marched kings and queens—some in honor and some in dishonor. Yes, and greater than kings or queens; for here, upon these pavements, Buchanan, and Robertson, and Hume, and Mackenzie, and Ramsey, and Chalmers, and Knox, and Miller, and Burns, and Scott, have often strolled! Visions of the past come up before me—a sacred antiquity looks out from every crevice, centuries have left their traces on these pillars, and touching memories are inscribed on every stone!

Passing down High-street, toward Canongate, my attention was called to the first house on the right, a miserable-looking old structure, but worthy of a passing notice. This was once the residence of the first Duke of Gordon; and in the gable wall is to be seen a cannon ball, which is said to have been shot from the Castle, while the Pretender had possession of the town. Continuing my journey down the street I passed the Canongate Church, where repose the bones of Ferguson, the poet, and Adam Smith, the political economist. And a little farther down, where the street contracts into a narrow lane, called the Neitherbow. Here, at the commencement of this narrow street, stands a queer-looking old building, projecting nearly half-way across the street, called—



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE.

This is the house of all others in Edinburgh I wanted to see most. Here, in this quaint old building, lived and labored one of the boldest spirits of the Reformation—a man over whose grave the Regent of Scotland triumphantly pronounced this noble eulogium: "Here lies he who never feared the face of man;" next to the house stands the church in which he preached fearlessly to kings and queens, and in which it is said the second Reformation received new life through the action of a woman. Jenny Geddes had brought her stool with her to Church on the memorable day in 1637, when the obnoxious liturgy of Laud was to be introduced into Scotland by authority. The Bishop of Edinburgh had just asked the Dean to read "the collect for the day," when Jenny exclaimed, "Colic, said ye; the de'il colic the wame o' ye; wud ye say mass at my lug?" and having finished her speech she lifted her stool and sent it flying at the Dean's head.

There is nothing very remarkable about Knox's house except its great antiquity.

"Time consecrates:

And what is gray with age becomes religious."

Over the lower door are the nearly obliterated remains of the following inscription: "LYFE. GOD. ABOVE. AL. AND YOUR NICHTBOR AS. Y'R. SELF." On the corner which puts out into the street, under a sort of canopy, is a figure of a man on his knees—supposed to represent Moses on the Mount receiving the law—with hand raised and finger pointing to a stone on which is cut the name of God in three languages, thus:

Θεος.	Deus.	God.
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Above the inscription is a coat-of-arms, to which no clew can now be found. It is a wreath of flowers encircling three trees and three crowns, bearing initials J. M. and A. M. at the four corners.

What changes has the hand of old Time brought about in this street! Here, in these dingy houses that surround me, once lived proud princes and nobles, now filled with the poorest of the poor. Here, where once was heard the voice of song and the merry laugh, now only the wail of want and misery. Princes, knights, and nobles have given place to toiling artisans and emaciated children of poverty. Here was once witnessed the clash of arms; here foe met foe in deadly grasp, and here the gathering war-clouds of angry passion often emptied themselves without law or justice. Sir Walter Scott thus refers to such:

"When the streets of high Dunedin
Saw lances gleam and falchions redden,
And heard the Slogan's deadly yell."

On most of the old houses may be seen rudely carved inscriptions—some in old English, but the majority of them in Latin, telling of the times previous to the Reformation. Few of these can at all be deciphered; the waste of years and the hand of the scavenger have put out of sight many records of the past.

"Time lays his hand

On pyramids of brass, and ruins quite
What all the fond artificers did think
Immortal workmanship: he sends his worms
To books, to old records, and they devour
Th' inscriptions. He loves ingratitude,
For he destroy'd the memory of man."

Having satisfied myself in looking at the exterior of Knox's house, I passed up the outside stair, at the top of which is a door opening into a small hall; here I was met by the lady who has the house in charge, and who, for sixpence, showed and explained to me every thing from sitting-room to garret. From the hall below there is a narrow, circular stairway, leading first to a room fitted up as a museum, and then higher still to the chamber in which the Reformer slept. The recess in which stood his bed was pointed out. Here he laid down the armor and took up the crown. Just a little before he died he said to his wife, who stood by, "Read me the chapter [17th chapter of John] where I first cast anchor." Dr. Preston being with him offered up prayer, and then asked him if he heard it. "Would God," said he, "that all men could have heard it as I have," and then added, "I praise God for the heavenly sound." His friend, Richard Bannantyne, drawing near his bed, said, "Now, sir, the hour that you have longed for, to-wit, an end of your battle, has come; and seeing now all natural powers fail, remember the comfortable promises which oftentimes ye have shown to us of our Savior Christ; that we may know ye understand and hear us, make us some sign." Upon this he lifted up his hand twice, and died without a single struggle.

"Is that a death-bed where the Christian lies?

Yes, but not his; 't is Death himself there dies!"

John Knox is not dead! He still lives. Lives in the hearts of Scotia's sons and daughters: Lives to-day in the actions of a Protestant world more powerful than ever!

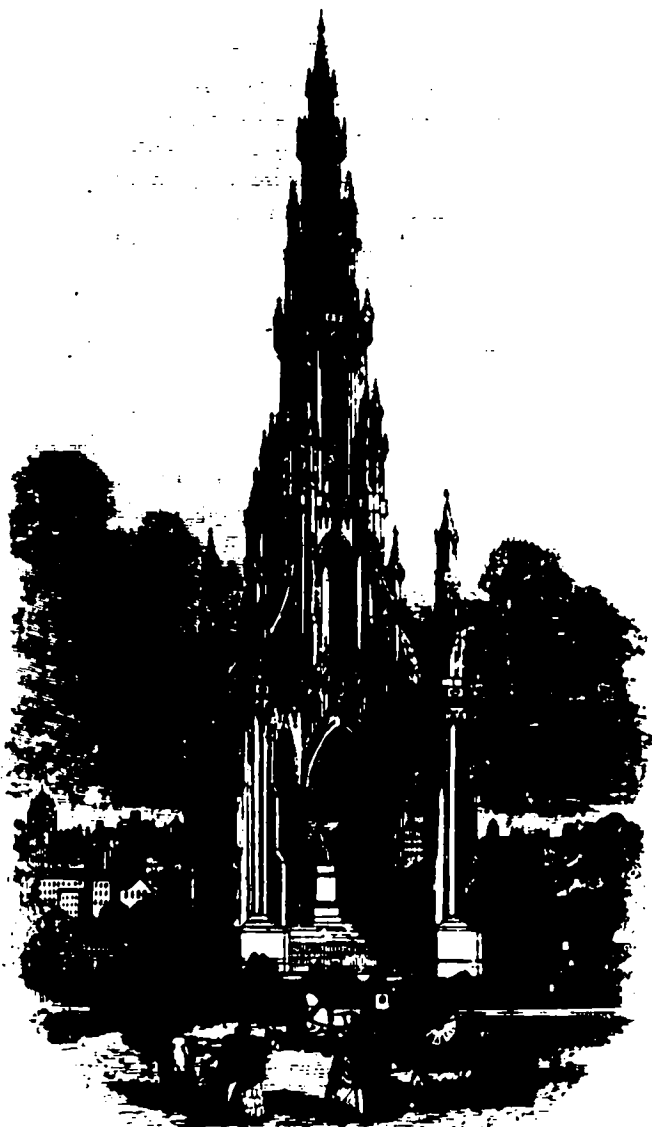
From the bed-chamber I was taken into a little room not more than six or eight feet square, called the studio; here he was wont to clothe himself with strength for the battle. On the window of this little room is a likeness of Knox; also his crest, the year of his birth, 1505, and of his death, 1572. Here, too, is an old chair, said to be the only article of furniture in the house which belonged to him. My

guide called it his study-chair. I took a seat in it for a little while and thought of the inspiration which filled the soul, nerved the arm, and made brave the heart of the great Reformer.

If the date on the window be correct, Knox came into the world just twenty-two years later than Martin Luther, and four years earlier than John Calvin. He was the leading spirit of the Reformation in Scotland, as Luther was in Germany, and Calvin in Switzerland—men raised up and anointed from on high to battle with error in high places.

The highest point in the new town has an elevation almost equal to the Castle Summit of the old, and is called "Carlton Hill." The Scotch have been trying, it would seem, to cover it, like the Acropolis of Athens, with monuments of their warriors, statesmen, and poets. Of these the most conspicuous are Lord Nelson's and the National Monument. The former is about one hundred and twenty feet high, which, with the hill, gives it an altitude of over five hundred feet above the level of the sea. It is built after the form of a light-house, and serves the double purpose of monument and prospect-tower for sight-seers. By the payment of a sixpence the visitor is admitted to the summit, from which there is a magnificent panoramic view of surpassing beauty and variety. On the flag-staff there is a large time-ball, which drops exactly at one o'clock, Greenwich time, and in connection with this there is a gun fired by electricity at the same moment from the Castle.

But the most noteworthy object on Carlton Hill is the national monument—a monument to the nation's folly, for having commenced the work without counting the cost or measuring their strength. After the battle of Waterloo gratitude welled up within the Scottish heart, and they "resolved, at a great public meeting in Edinburgh, to erect some public building which should perpetuate the remembrance of events, in which the heroism of Scotsmen was so conspicuous." The work of erecting the same was commenced in 1822, during King George's residence in Scotland, and the idea was to produce an exact model of the Parthenon



SIR WALTER SCOTT'S MONUMENT.

at Athens. At the expiration of two years over ninety thousand dollars was spent in the erection of three steps and ten exterior columns, and, for want of funds, here it has rested for almost fifty years, and doubtless will rest for many more. It has been thought by some that the monument, as it now stands, is more picturesque than if completed, but I can't see it in that light. It is all very well for the Scotch to make the best of their misfortune. The fox said, "The grapes are sour," when he found out he could not reach them, and we often find out what we will do by learning what we can't do.

But the handsomest monument in the city is Scott's, situated on the finest street in the empire, and well worthy of such a place. It was erected in 1844 at an expense of over one hundred thousand dollars. This stately pile, rising in rich artistic beauty, might almost be worshiped without sin, for its like is not in heaven above, nor on the earth beneath, nor in

the waters under the earth. It was designed and partly built by George Weikle Kemp, a self-taught genius, who fell into the Union Canal and was drowned before its completion, but his name and fame will live long as the monument stands. In form it resembles an open spire about two hundred feet high, and has in its base a beautiful groined arch, in which is a colossal statue of Sir Walter and his dog "Maida" in gray marble, sculptured by Steel. In each front of the monument, above the principal arch, are six small niches, making a total of twenty-four in the main structure, which are mostly filled up with statues, cut in red sand-stone, of the most familiar characters in Scott's works. There is also an inside stairway which leads up to a gallery a few feet from the top, from which place some think the best view of the city may be had, but I don't believe it.

As a whole the monument is not to be equaled in the British Isles, if in the world. The gardens around the slope, on the brow of which it stands, are elegantly laid out and free to all. To the right of the monument, as you stand facing the old town, on one of the bridges spanning the vale, is built the art gallery, a solid stone structure pillared on every side, and might well be called the Parthenon in miniature. The view from this place at night is one of the finest I have ever witnessed. Facing the east, on the right, are the houses of the old town, running up eight, ten, and even twelve stories high, and then rising one above another as if desirous to reach the skies, and these being crowded with the poorer classes from the cellar to the garret, every room has its separate occupant, and consequently every window in this immense pile of buildings is illuminated. On the left is Prince-street, with its long row of well-lighted, beautiful stores looking over the flower and tree filled valley. The illumination of the old city is the consequence of poverty and wretchedness, and in the new of wealth and luxury; but both uniting make an illuminated picture of remarkable effect. Here poverty and wealth have met together, wretchedness and luxury have kissed each other.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

WHAT a delightful trait in the Anglo-Saxon race is its readiness to take an interest in other people's affairs, and to exhibit its sympathy in the form of sermons bearing indelible marks of the stones from which they have been extracted! All the nations of the earth have heard it proclaim, "Humani nihil a me alienum puto"—"Everybody's business is mine." From our own experience during the war of the rebellion we know how sweet such sympathy is, coming from a cognate branch of the same family. We have not yet had a good opportunity of repaying John Bull in kind, but France has given us such a chance of disburdening our minds as we may scarcely hope to meet again, and we have profited by it to the fullest extent. Prostrate France, bestridden by her victor, has been incapable of making a refractory sign while we have poured into her ear the words of wisdom. "Cease," we have cried, "to struggle: there is not a single chance for you; and if there were, you would be very wrong to try it. Remember your thefts in old days from the Holy Roman Empire—that sublime institution which claimed secular authority over Christendom, and of which the North German Confederation is the legitimate heir. Restore the stolen goods to Prussia, which, as the executor of the empire and the trustee of the confederation, will take excellent care of them. Remember your unwarrantable interference with Germany in the time of Maria Theresa and the Great Frederick, when you aided Prussia, at her solicitation, against the empire, and the empire, at its solicitation, against Prussia. Make reparation to Prussia *and* the defunct empire, which have made up their little differences and are now united. Remember your ill-behavior at the time of your revolution, when, instead of heeding the mild advice of innumerable German princes, though backed

by military demonstrations, you kicked out, upsetting not only the arrangements made for your welfare, but many of the Serene Highnesses themselves. Pay compensation to Prussia, which has now got possession of said Highnesses' territories. Remember how, when Prussia declared war against Napoleon I., the latter, instead of waiting like his good nephew to be thrashed at home, marched brutally to Jena, and thence to Berlin. Can you do less in the way of reparation than open the gates of Paris to König-Kaiser Wilhelm? We say nothing about your interference between us and England at the time of our first family difficulty. Perhaps you think we owe you a debt of gratitude for that: if so, can we better pay it than by giving you the good counsel of which you are so much in need? Besides, Prussia is fighting the battles of civilization—as witness her Krupp guns, her admirably organized army and your own devastated territory. Contrast your moral and intellectual condition with hers. You write naughty, fascinating novels, poems and plays: Prussia writes none—at least none that any of us ever reads. You break the seventh commandment: Prussia has a system of easy divorces which takes away even the temptation. But what need to go on? Repent, disgorge, humble yourself as all people, save Anglo-Saxons, should do when they are down. If, indeed, there were any hope of your rising— But no: we know your condition. German professors have told us your past history, and German bulletins your impending fate. The Army of the Loire has been annihilated, the Army of the North driven into Belgium: the towers of Notre Dame de Paris are tottering under the bombardment which has so long been going on. *Therefore* lie still, make no effort, kiss the feet of the conqueror, humble yourself in the sackcloth of Eugénie and the smoking ashes of Bazeilles."

I HAD secured my passage in the Scotia, which was to leave Liverpool on November 2, and was spending a week in London prior to the day of sailing. In my quiet lodgings in Sackville street I had heard no news; so it was with interest, and some vexation, that I saw one morning in the *Times* the announcement that a farewell banquet, to be given to Charles Dickens previous to his departure for America, was to come off on the evening of November 2.

For a moment I was completely dispirited at remembering I should be leaving the British Channel at that very hour. There were only three days to elapse, and I could not reasonably expect the steamship company to transfer my state-room on so short a notice; and besides, there was no assurance of a ticket to the dinner at this late hour. Yet to miss such an occasion without an effort was not to be thought of. I hastened into Piccadilly, to the nearest cab-stand, and on lifting my finger a Hansom wheeled from the line and brought up at the curb in a twinkling.

I drove straight to the publishers' who held the tickets. In answer to my application a clerk said the number had to be limited to five hundred, and they had all been taken on the first announcement.

"I am very desirous of going: is there no chance for me between now and then?"

The only encouragement he gave me was to add fuel to the flame of my desire by saying, with considerable fervor, "This is a very remarkable occasion: there will probably be assembled at Freemasons' Tavern a greater number of distinguished people than were ever under one roof before."

"Yes, I know," I interrupted, "and possibly out of that great number there will be some one who can't go; in which case I beg you to secure the place for me."

And then I pleaded my nationality in a faint-hearted way, with the feeble hope

that it might beguile him into making an effort for me. He opened a blank book at this, and showed me that nineteen applicants for such chances had been ahead of me. "But I'll put you down for the twentieth if you wish," he said, in a tone that left no room for hope.

I left the shop, determined to remain in London and trust to luck, if I could do so without sacrificing my passage. A telegram was at once sent to Liverpool, asking the favor of a transfer to the Cuba, which was to sail a week later. Then, having dismissed the cab, I strolled along the Strand as far as Wellington street, when it occurred to me that possibly some clerk in the office of *All the Year Round* might be in possession of a ticket and be indifferent about using it; but I was told there was no chance outside the publishing house. Into the Strand again I pushed along, not yet quite disheartened. There must be some way open for one so bent on admission, I thought — some magic words to open the door of this Freemasons' cave. "Let me see — 'Open wheat,' 'Open rye!' Open — open guineas!"

In two minutes more I was again in a Hansom, driving smartly for the publishers'.

"Open wheat, open rye," I murmured to the clerk.

"No one has yet returned a ticket," he responded.

"Open guineas!" I exclaimed. Whereupon, after consultation with a brother clerk, he said to me, "It's possible one may turn up by evening; and if it should, I'll send a note to your lodgings."

I thanked him, drove away, and — well, I got the ticket! Somebody from the country, I think, who couldn't come to town on that evening. The following telegram soon justified my venture, and put me in everlasting good-humor with the steamship company: "Berth cancelled, and transferred to Cuba."

Out of the fog and into the crowded cloak-room of Freemasons' Hall I stepped before the clock struck seven. A

letter B on my dinner-card denoted the section to which the holder was assigned; so when the ushers invited Section B, I followed a number up to the banquet-hall, where five hundred Britons, in dress coats and white cravats, were taking their seats at the long tables. The dinner committee, composed of Wilkie Collins, Fechter, and other personal friends of Dickens, were so business-like in their arrangements that the throng fell into their places with the greatest ease and order. While awaiting the arrival of the guest, I had leisure to observe the apartment and the people about me. In each panel on the walls was inscribed in gold letters the title of one of Mr. Dickens' most famous works. It was pleasant to watch the countenances of his countrymen as they read with new ardor these titles—to see them lighten with interest or broaden into smiles as the immortal names of *Nicholas*, *The Christmas Carol*, *David* and *Pickwick* met their eyes.

It is not hard to detect a stranger; so my table companion, assuring himself of my case, politely offered to point out any lions that might be in sight, either couchant or prowling about. Men were passing quickly from one table to the other, talking in high good-humor. "Do you see that stout man who has just left his seat?" The man described stopped near us, and, leaning over, began to tell something with immense glee to a listening group seated at table—stout of body and big of head, with uncommon spirit and animation. "That's Mark Lemon," my friend said as he turned from them shaking with laughter. How well his name fits his office! I thought, as I saw for the first and last time the editor of *Punch*, in the not inappropriate function of being the spirit of mirth at a banquet.

At this moment something like an announcement was heard at the door: a stir was in the room, and the whole assemblage rose and broke into applause. Mr. Dickens entered, accompanied by Lord Lytton, and followed by a score of gentlemen. Very serious was his expression as he walked by the

ranks of men clapping their hands vehemently. He seemed to be striving to keep down the emotion caused by this warm reception, and looked neither to right nor left as he traversed the long room. Bulwer walked close at his elbow, and while the applause deepened looked about him as if in a picture-gallery, stroked his beard, and threw his glances indifferently around, now on the people, now up at the inscriptions, as though he would say, "I am determined not to appear to accept one grain of this applause for myself."

A minute, and they had passed, the group of eminent men crowding after so quickly that only a few could be named for me: "The lord chief-justice, who is sure to speak. The somewhat spare man, carrying his head bent, is Sir Charles Lyell, the geologist. That large man, nearly seven feet high, is 'Jacob Omnium' of the *Times*, one of Thackeray's friends. And there is Sir Edwin Landseer." Amazing! I thought, as I looked upon the old man who half a century ago painted Dandie Dinmont's terriers, Pepper and Mustard. My companion brought me abruptly out of the past by exclaiming, "Look quickly if you would see the handsomest man in England—the man with no beard, just passing! That's Millais, the artist."

I looked, and saw one of the noted trio of Pre-Raphaelites. His face is indeed uncommonly handsome, and not of the florid English type. But I thought, as they hurried by, that they all looked somewhat low-spirited—like men who had been waiting longer than usual for dinner.

Lord Lytton occupied the chair, with Mr. Dickens on his right and the lord chief-justice on his left. Behind the chair was the royal standard crossed with the stars and stripes, above which was a wreath encircling the monogram of the guest; while surmounting these, and almost directly over the head of the author, were the glittering letters that form the magic name of "Pickwick."

And now the clink of soup-plates peals a welcome alarum, and the Army, the Navy, the Bench and the Bar, princes,

potentates and warriors, fell to, with great alacrity. Oh the clatter, the murmur, the hum of a great dinner! What a sight is that of five hundred men feeding at table! How pleasant to observe the measureless content that rests upon each countenance!

"Stick to the claret, for the sherry at these public dinners is always risky," said my neighbor. I obeyed him, and with the aid of certain glees and madrigals that were sung at intervals, made the time pass till the main business was reached. This was entered on by ceremoniously getting through the usual loyal toasts and offering congratulations to the royal family.

There is one wholesome practice which prevails in England that must always startle an American when he witnesses it for the first time. It is that of coughing down a speaker who is becoming prosy. Accustomed to our own social timidity, that compels us patiently to endure the droning of some diffusive bore through a long hour, one is astounded when a whole audience is taken with a violent catarrhal trouble, that makes such a clamor as to drown the speaker and force him to capitulate. On this occasion, after the British flag had been waved long enough, and over barbarous Abyssinia in particular, a certain Captain Somebody of the Navy kept on carrying it round the world, with a running talk on ships and naval reforms generally. A shot or two having no effect, he received a broadside which sunk him at once, and silence for a moment settled over him. The same fate awaited Mr. Tom Taylor, the dramatic writer. Having been for some years actively interested in the organization and drill of volunteer rifle companies, it fell to his lot to return thanks for the toast to the volunteers. Hearty cheers awarded his earlier remarks, which were pertinent and telling, but instead of wisely stopping, he diffused his critical observations over such a wide surface that he had to be admonished by a scathing fire. Heedless of this, he went on, all reason having apparently fled, and fatuously strove to

withstand the tremendous volley which now assailed him. He staggered for an instant, and then dropped into his seat.

Arriving now at the chief toast of the evening, the chairman arose and began to address the eager company. At first we could hear no more than some vocal sounds, but presently could distinguish some inflections of voice. Lord Lytton was manifestly speaking, for he was making gestures and uttering sounds, and everybody was trying to hear his words, but without success. There sat several hundred men with their faces aslant, intently and respectfully listening to an inarticulate gurgle. His voice was not weak, and he used it with some force and deliberation, but he seemed to be engaged in swallowing his words as fast as they were formed. Now and then his arms would move and his slender body swing forward and backward with the energy of his thought. If a word was caught, the meaning of a sentence was conjectured, and applause would follow. Then drawing himself erect, as if he thought all his eloquent remarks were distinctly heard, he would lift high his narrow shoulders, as though gathering for a fresh burst. And when it came my attentive ear was obliged to turn away baffled. Upon pointedly addressing a gentleman who sat near him at table, it was obvious to some that he was making a direct appeal to Matthew Arnold in support of some proposition that never had an audible existence. But it required the morning journals afterward to tell us that Bulwer addressed him as "one distinguished for the manner in which he has brought together all that is most modern in sentiment with all that is most scholastic in thought and language."

We furthermore had it verified that his oration was a glowing panegyric on Dickens, to whom he turned on closing and looked down upon him. Aided by this action, we could gather that he proposed "a prosperous voyage, health and long life to our illustrious guest and countryman, Charles Dickens."

Mr. Dickens was on his feet in an instant, and in that voice now so well

known, with the least touch of huskiness in it, confessed that the composure which he was used to command before an audience was so completely shaken that he could only hope they might see in him now "some traces of an eloquence more expressive than the richest words." It was not alone owing to the deep stillness and the close attention of the audience that every word he spoke was so readily heard. His voice was not sonorous, nor did he employ what commonly passes for elocution, but by a distinct and forcible enunciation, and putting a slight stress upon a suggestive word, often at the close of a sentence, he would drive it home to the hearer, laden with all the meaning he intended, and sometimes perhaps more than the printed text would suggest.

In a bold figure, while referring to the emotions which his reception by this great assemblage aroused, he said: "The wound in my breast, dealt to me by the hands of my friends, is deeper than the soundless sea and wider than the whole catholic Church!" The intense energy and dramatic fervor with which this was uttered sent a thrill through the entire company. Yet considerable laughter immediately followed, showing that the sentiment was extravagant enough to be regarded as a *bon mot*. He told them of "the great pressure of American invitations, and of the hearty and homely expressions of personal affection for him which it would be dull insensibility in him not to prize." Further, he promised to use his best endeavors "to lay down a third cable of intercommunication between the Old World and the New."

As this was a company of Englishmen, it was no doubt in excellent taste for the speaker to say the following words of the nation he was about to visit: "I know full well that whatever little moths my beamy eyes may have descried in theirs, they are a kind, large-hearted, generous and great people." But somehow I was a little uncomfortable under this, and, though quite unwarrantably, felt as if I were a representative, a sort of accidental ambassa-

dor, with imputed national sensibilities. The very folds of our flag that hung there seemed to become sentient, and indeed capable of hearing what was said. But this little conceit speedily gave place to a pang of regret as the address was now about to end. With the quotation from that wise little atomy, Tiny Tim, of "God bless us every one!" Mr. Dickens resumed his seat.

There was a moment of stillness before any applause, and the company maintained their listening attitude, reluctant to part with him. Mr. Trollope, soon following, sensibly limited himself to few words, and those were in denunciation of a certain prophet of our day, whose bitter lamentations were unnecessary and disagreeable. Mr. Trollope was sufficiently lucid for everybody to know that he meant Thomas Carlyle. It was in this eccentric mode he returned thanks for the toast to Literature. The closing address by the lord chief-justice, looked to with interest, was a fulsome panegyric on the chairman. Lord Lytton was lolling his fatigued frame in an arm-chair, with his head on one side as if asleep. The orator talked to him and at him. Standing close at his side, he seemed, even by the gestures of his hands, to be baling out eulogy and deluging Bulwer with it. But the statesman-novelist never once moved his tired head. If, as is said, Bulwer is so deaf that he could not hear a word of it, the situation becomes ludicrous. The banquet was over, and the scene shifted to London streets.

Early on the following Saturday morning I went on board a little ferry-boat at the Liverpool wharf, and deposited my hat-box at the foot of a huge, pyramidal pile of luggage that stood on the centre of the deck. The things had been hastily heaped together, and the pile was crowned by another hat-box, which was rendered unsteady by the motion of the boat. Presently it toppled, and after making one or two ill-considered movements, rolled steadily to the bottom, where it was arrested by my own hat-box, against which it leaned trust-

ingly. On its lid was painted in large black letters the name "Charles Dickens." This little incident informed us of the precious freight the Cuba was to carry, and was read as a happy augury of a pleasant ocean voyage.

"That's him now, a-coming down the plank," said a rough-looking man to a knot of others. Approaching the tug at a fast walk was a man of medium height, with weatherbeaten, ruddy face and light blue eyes. He was dressed in a heavy, double-breasted pea-jacket, and wore a Derby hat. It is the first mate hastening aboard, I should have said had I not seen him before. This apparently seafaring man was the only passenger to whom anxious farewells were said; and as a rosy young girl clung tearfully about his neck in daughterly fashion, the rigging became suddenly interesting to me, and my notebook was closed.

When fairly on our way it was apparent that Mr. Dickens' known pedestrian habits were invincible by wind or wave. To and fro, between the wheel-house and the smoke-stack, he paced the deck for hours every day. These walks were mostly alone, for the reserve with which he obviously sheltered himself was respected from beginning to end. It was only in those accidental encounters or inevitable juxtapositions arising on shipboard that he was addressed by his fellow-passengers. But he rarely spoke first, save in the morning salutation on deck. He never once joined the shivering group that clustered about the smoke-stack for warmth, but paced and paced, engaged apparently in serious thought. "I wish he would begin to lay the cable now," thought I, "according to his promise at the banquet; it would be such an excellent chance while he has us here so handy on shipboard." But night fell and day rose—mists drove and the sun shone, and the steamer went booming along, and the passengers chatted and walked and ate and drank, and still the great envoy made no sign of laying the cable.

It was the most natural thing in the world for everybody aboard to want to

say something to him. And what could be more natural than that the restraint, which was self-imposed out of consideration for his comfort, should give way on the least provocation? There, walking back and forth daily among them, went the man who had probably given them more pleasure and delight than any other living—had cheered them in calamity, had heightened their joys, had cleared their vision to see the beauty and goodness that may lie in common surroundings, and created a gratitude in their hearts that cannot be measured. So in the course of three or four days all had a speaking acquaintance with him, and whoever joined him found him easy of approach and not averse to talk.

"I have knocked about the Channel a good deal, and have learned in that way," he explained to one who marvelled at his knowledge of sailor-craft. Whenever the heavy tramp of the gang was heard as the men reeled in the wet log-line, there stood Mr. Dickens watching it as it was pulled tight and dripping along the deck. Among the first to know what run the ship had made, few could ever carry him the news, spite of the uncertain hours at which the log was heaved. How distinctly I recall his figure as he climbed up the ladder to the deck! First his low-crowned round hat appeared; then his ruddy face lit with his marvelously blue eyes; then his double-breasted seaman's coat. On sunny days he would carry up in his hand a huge book bound in blue. On the cover was stamped a gilt picture of an elephant with uplifted trunk chasing a boy. It was a book on India. He would place this big volume on a bulkhead or bench, and sit down by it as if he contemplated reading. But he never read a page of it while on deck. His quick glance was up at the sails, the mystery of ropes, the clouds, the way of the wind, and everywhere but on the book.

On a day when the ship rolls heavily men's faces are often portentously long at dinner in the saloon. "If I could only keep my feet till the bell rings, I

should get safely through," I observed one day.

"Take hot negus for lunch: it will keep you up much better than the ale," Mr. Dickens replied. Then, pursuing the subject, he said: "My worst time is in the morning when I get up: how do you manage then?"

"Watch the towels, and the moment they stop swinging make a dive for the lounge, seize my flask and take one spoonful of brandy."

"But only one; for if you take more," he said, curving one eyebrow and smiling, "you are defeated. That's my plan also, and it works very well."

Of course I prized hints from this source, especially as they had a smack of the "Markis o' Granby" and the "Maypole." The chat turned on travel, on winter climates, went back to Europe, trundled down to Italy and his long residence at Genoa, and the beauty of the Riviera. The lovely features of the Cornice were tossed from hand to hand, as though we were capping verses. "How picturesque those villages!" said he. "And what a balmy air!" exclaimed another. "And that blue sea in front!" pursued Dickens. "And the shining orange groves!" "Yes, and backed with those rich hills!" he added with almost lyric fervor. At this moment a new-comer broke in with some odious remark about the number of "knots she's running." He flung his great cobble-stone into the smooth flow of talk, and there was an end of it.

One evening I was sitting alone on deck while teapots and lighted candles were being placed in the saloon below. Some one was climbing up the ladder, and I perceived the outlines of Mr. Dickens' hat and coat. He took a camp-stool and sat near me. After a word or two we traveled ahead of the ship to America.

"How far is it from New York to Philadelphia? or, rather, how long is it? for it's absurd in these days to ask how far." After the comforting assurance that it was only three hours and a half, I asked him whether he remembered a certain venerable lady of Phil-

adelphia whom he had met when here before. He said, "Perfectly well: indeed I never *forget anything!*" and repeated with some emphasis that he had a great memory.

He knew the capacity of the opera-houses in the Eastern cities, and remarked that he preferred a small or medium-sized hall to read in—"a room in which everybody can see my face," he said, "for so much depends on the face and the lighter shades of voice."

"What do you mean by a *good* audience?" he asked.

"*Good* refers to size rather than quality, and mostly means a full house."

At this moment a lady, wrapped in water-proof and hood, came up and sat down on the deck by us. And then arose questions about Miss Adelaide Procter and other writers.

"Did you know Mrs. Browning?" asked the lady passenger.

"Oh yes, indeed!"

"Do tell me something about her!"

"Well, she was one of the smallest women you ever saw, and was ill a good deal. It was very funny to see the way Browning used to carry her about all over Europe." The talk fell on Browning's plays, *Colombe's Birthday* and *The Blot in the 'Scutcheon*—"that remarkable thing in literature, a tragedy without a crime!" somebody said. Mr. Dickens warmly assented to the praise given to the dramatic fragment.

"Notwithstanding its beauty, I suppose Browning never intended it to be acted?" asked one.

"Oh yes," he replied: "Browning requested me once to fit it for the stage, and I did so. It was not the fault of the play that it was not successful: it was because the audiences were not up to it."

However skeptical I may have felt about this criticism, I said nothing, and Mr. Dickens expressed still further his admiration of Browning. He asked me if I had read the poem "Rabbi Ben Ezra." I had not, whereupon he commended it warmly, and advised me to read it.

I had but one more talk with him, and that a brief one. One afternoon, during a walk together on deck, I said, "Mr. Dickens, if you don't object to my asking you something about your books—"

"Not at all," he said, cordially.

"I would ask you to give me a word to characterize certain qualities which the style assumes occasionally." I hated, I said, to employ the word melodramatic, feeling it to be inappropriate, but could find no other, and asked if he objected to it in any case.

"What do you mean when you say melodramatic?" he inquired.

"When the style rises above the level of common prose, and the sentiment lifts itself out of the region of common things, and the sentences actually become rhythmical. There is something of it in 'the storm' in *David*"—he nodded affirmatively—"in 'An Italian Dream' in the *Pictures from Italy*; the chapters on 'Monseigneur' in the *Tale of Two Cities* possess it; and the passages wherein Lucie Manette hears the echoes of hurrying footsteps where no footsteps are, are all musical and suggestive of more than they say."

"Yes, I recognize—I understand you perfectly; but that which you mean I should not call melodramatic: I call it *picturesque*."

Then dwelling on this for a moment, "Let me tell you," he said, "the definition I gave to an English artist the other day, who asked me to explain the difference between the theatrical and the dramatic in a picture. I said, If any of the figures in the scene look as if they thought they were being looked at, if their expression in the least shows them to be aware of spectators, I should call it theatrical. But when they do their part with unconscious energy, and are wholly subject to the governing emotions of the scene, it is dramatic."

He was elaborating this definition, when a large man joined us and put his clumsy foot into the talk and trampled it shapeless.

When within sixty miles of Boston a pilot-boat came tossing around, with a

pilot in her dressed in black cassimere trousers, a neat overcoat and heavy kid gloves. The first question he asked as he reached the deck was whether Mr. Dickens was on board.

And now we took our last dinner, the captain's dinner; at the close of which Mr. Dickens agreeably surprised the company by making a spirited little speech, and proposing the health of the captain in such genial words as to overcome that officer's wonted taciturnity. A few hours after this we were in Boston Harbor, where a band of gentlemanly marauders boarded the steamer, seized their prize and bore him away.

C. M. W.

SOME PROS AND CONS OF TRAVEL ABROAD.

BY ALICE A. BARTLETT.

It was at Cologne that the idea of saying my say on some of the effects of European travel came into my head. Almost simultaneously came the thought, can any one want to know what a young and foolish American woman thinks about that or any other thing? No; I suppose not. And so, for a moment I gave it up. Then, as I remembered that I was on my way home for the third time, and that, after all, I was neither so young nor so foolish as I once was, I took courage, and said, "Well, let it go as mere veal; and why should not subjects be treated once in a while from the calf point of view? In fact, considering the vast number of American calves who come abroad, why is it not the view which will address itself to the greatest number, and, possibly, do them the greatest good? And then I decided to do it, and to keep before me

as imaginary listeners that wonderful, ever-increasing, unaccountable, and uncounted 'army, the women travelers from the other side of the Atlantic.

Whence do they come, and why, these innumerable women? There is not a *table-d'hôte* in Europe at which they do not sit in rows. There is not a picture-gallery in which they do not herd together in gay, fashionably-dressed groups; nor a public promenade or ball at which they are not the prettiest and the most numerous of young people. They travel with or without matrons; they have good or bad manners, as the case may be; but they are there, unmistakable, national, irrepressible. Some are invalids; some mere pleasure-seekers; some intent on art, and others not; some make you ill with horror, others make you proud to call them fel-

low country-women. There is no possible kind of woman which can not be found among them; and yet they are in a certain way alike, at least in not resembling the women of any other nation in such a way as to deceive an intelligent foreigner. In Switzerland, last summer, a very clever Polish lady, who had been asking many questions about America, finally posed me by saying, "There is one thing I cannot understand; perhaps you will have the goodness to explain it to me. It is *la demoiselle Américaine*. Where are the men of America and the married women?"

Not long after, a French lady, almost the most intelligent woman I ever met, asked me the same thing, and added some not unjust criticism upon the ways and manners of the majority of the *demoiselles Américaines* she had seen.

Again, I happened to go for a few moments to the house of a friend in Italy, on the same evening with three other American girls, and this is what a *grande dame* who had seen much of many societies said of us, her German husband agreeing with her. She said, "I cannot believe that those were unmarried women. It is not possible. You are fooling me. But they come into the room with perfect composure, they walk up to you calmly to say good evening, they converse fluently on any subject that arises, their manners prove them to be married women."

"And yet," said my friend, "I assure you that they are, one and all, unmarried."

The countess shrugged her shoulders. "Of course, since you say so, I must believe," she said; "but I do not understand your *demoiselle Américaine*."

I could tell a dozen similar sto-

ries out of my own experience, all leading to the same general result; namely, that the young women of America have made a certain impression in Europe, that they are regarded as a class apart, and that even when they are accepted as all right, they are not thoroughly understood. Even those who behave much like other women, whether their lives be gay or quiet ones, can be distinguished from both the English and Continental *jeune fille*. It is perhaps somewhat in the favor of the Americans that the difference is noted, and they are of course received everywhere with respect and pleasure. No women, it is conceded, are more truly charming and dignified, and they do much to remove the bad impression caused by another class of their country-women.

For it is impossible to deny that the idea of the *demoiselle Américaine* most prevalent among Europeans, as a whole, from servants up to the very pope himself, is derived from a class of young girls who have made our name almost a social reproach and by-word. Being the most numerous, the most evident, and by far the most startlingly un-European of our travellers, they are naturally regarded as the true type; and the mild wonder expressed by the persons I have quoted above is changed into positive disgust and terrible misunderstanding when they become the subject of remark. The impression they and theirs have made is so deep that one is not ashamed — no, never that — of being an American, but one is at any rate conscious of it, and has, in meeting new people of other nations, a feeling that one is at somewhat of a disadvantage, and will create a favorable impression, if at all, against great odds. This is a hard subject to

treat of without getting accused of snobbishness; but I speak not as a critical outsider, looking down from a seat of scorn, but as myself a *démou-selle Américaine*, standing in the crowd with the others, loving them well enough, and caring enough for what is thought of them by nice people all over the world, to run the risk of saying unpalatable things.

And these girls to whom I now refer, how shall I describe them to stay-at-home Americans? For there is no need of further description to those who have lived, even a short time, in European cities and watering-places. I should say of them, in the first place, that they belong in a social division, the members of which, in other countries, do not travel, or, if they travel, do not make themselves conspicuous; and I can imagine a party of them starting forth somewhat in this wise. Papa, as a rule, stays at home. He has his newly-made money to look after, and mamma and the girls must get through the unknown regions as they best may without him. Mamma is a well-meaning woman, of vulgar features and vulgar mind. She has had no education to speak of, either intellectual or social, and she is as unfamiliar with the queen's English as she is with her own gorgeous new clothes. She knows this, and so do her daughters; and the result is, that the poor woman is sadly set upon by those young persons, who conceive themselves to be quite up in the ways of the world, and make her accept their *dicta* as to what is right and proper, however much her own homely sense of the fitness of things may revolt. So, at the very start, they are as good as without a matron; for I opine a matron to be, a lady who not only accompanies, but also guides and controls, her charges, and who, in the words of the French advertisements,

sait conduire une jeune personne dans le monde.

But these young women mean to be controlled by no one. They are a social law unto themselves, and have come abroad to have a good time in their own loud, silly way. They have an idea that Europe is bristling with lovers and adventurers; and they intend to have at least a fair share of both. They also suppose that their own personal appearance, their clothes and the other evidences of their wealth, are matters of interest and admiration to all beholders. They are utterly ignorant of what is really worthy of admiration in women, and I presume have no idea whatever that they are not behaving themselves with the most distinguished propriety and grace. I can only liken them, in the other sex, to some wretched boy, who thinks he is seeing life like a gentleman, because he smokes and drinks and gambles, and is familiar with low amusements.

Is it a wonder, that, with this fearful lack of education, they do strange and untoward things? I think the wonder is that they get along as well as they do; and my only feeling in regard to them is one of sorrow and despair. Yes, despair; for I see no way in which their numbers will ever be thinned, or their manners mended. America will continue to produce them indefinitely, I suppose, at least in our day; and out of the same mould the same cast will always come. Nor can you make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. They must be left to themselves; and in time, let us hope, all persons on the other Continent will know, what some have already found out, that they are not fair representatives of American women, and have no place in polite society at home.

Dismissing them from consideration, and without entering upon the question of the fast girl, who is the same all over the world, I want to say a few words of, and to, much nicer girls. For I am afraid that some of them come to Europe without understanding that customs differ, and that if they go into foreign or Anglo-foreign society they will be judged according to the laws of the place in which they are. What a girl can do without notice, or at least with impunity, in her own land, at once condemns her in another. Whether the one nation or the other has the most sense and right on its side is not the question. The question is, whether the girl wishes to keep her reputation, or lose it, in the eyes of a certain number of people.

For it sometimes comes to this. In ignorance, or in an uncontrolled pursuit of pleasure, American girls accept invitations which the men giving them would not dare suggest to any respectable country-woman of their own, and do things which in foreign eyes admit of but the worst interpretation.

And, because this fact has been forced upon my notice, I would say to any girl going abroad for the first time, find out how your American freedom may be misunderstood, — find out in how different a relation women stand to men in foreign society, and in what a different light they are regarded by them in many instances, and under many circumstances; and when you have found these things out, which you must do from some one who really knows, govern yourself accordingly. Give up any pleasure, no matter how tempting, which you cannot have without sacrificing your dignity; remember that going to Europe does not mean one long picnic; and do not deceive yourself into thinking that it

makes no matter if you go a little far in having a good time, as long as you are on your travels. It makes more matter than ever then; and moreover, to add a lower motive, whatever you do of an extraordinary nature will be eagerly seized upon to make piquant items in home letters, which, as we all know, are well read and handed round among many people.

I would beg American girls, for their own sakes, for the sakes of their families and friends, and for the sake of the country they ought to care for, whether they do or not, to pay some heed to what I say, and, whether they accept it as true or not, to look upon it at least as one side of an important question. I am myself so convinced that I am not mistaken, that I would not allow any young girl who might be under my control to go abroad without a matron who would keep her well in hand, and I should insist upon her having such a matron irrespective of my own confidence in her education and intentions; for I believe that a girl is exposed to influences in Europe which are almost unknown to her at home, and that she may be much hurt by them, perhaps without knowing it herself.

And there comes a question of widest range. Is it, on the whole, good for us to go abroad?

This is a point upon which I do not pretend to have a definite opinion; but I disagree with the majority in so far that I think it an open question.

To continue with my imaginary young girl, what would it do for her, this tour in Europe?

It would cultivate her taste in matters of art. She would see the originals of the casts and engravings which had been familiar to her from childhood; and, if she knew the beautiful when she saw it, she would derive

keen delight from them. Nor could she help getting more or less historical and general information rammed into her little head. She would see with her own eyes that there are other great nations besides her own, and she would in a measure learn how they live in public. This she would necessarily do, whether she saw any thing of their more private life or not. She might also, perhaps, improve her school-acquired knowledge of modern languages; and I hope she would have "a jolly good time" climbing mountains and sailing seas.

Well, and what then? What does the other side of the account show? I much fear that it shows that there is more than a possibility of her returning to America with two changes wrought in her mind and soul. One is, that her religious ideas would be more or less disturbed, of which more hereafter. And the other is, that she might have become possessed with a notion which seizes upon the best of people, old and young, and which it is very hard to combat, because it is founded, according to those who hold it, upon high and beautiful principles. They say, and undoubtedly believe, that persons of feeling and cultivation, of delicate tastes and artistic sensitiveness, persons who know how to enjoy the beautiful and free in full sympathy with it, can live happily, or as they put it in their miserable cant, can do justice to their souls, only out of America. And having this idea, my young girl would, when she came home, turn up her pretty nose at her own country, and long for Germany or Italy or France; and, if she could, she would in the end, whether married in the mean time or not, swell the disgracefully long list of American residents abroad. I say disgracefully long, and I mean disgracefully

long. For is it not a disgrace to us that so many of our best people desert the land which gave them birth, and to which they owe the fruit of the knowledge and cultivation they may have acquired, and, of their own choice, live in countries which are more "agreeable" to their æsthetic or lazy or pleasure-loving theories of life? Is it not a disgrace that any American can look at his great, pathetic country, struggling and fermenting and boiling over with contending elements, needing, if ever country needed, the influence of a class of educated, moderate, truly liberal, patriotic, and cultivated men and women, and then go and spend the best years of his life in idling at some European capital?

Something is radically wrong when such a thing is common; and rather than have even my one young girl swell that list I would have her give up seeing Europe. Laugh at me if you will, call me old-fashioned and absurd, but I confess I think it is a national calamity that we should expatriate ourselves so easily and so complacently.

These things might happen to any girl who went through Europe merely as a tourist, speaking no tongue but her own, and mixing in no foreign society. But let us suppose her to speak French with facility, to enter into conversation with the men and women of all nations whom she may meet in such ways as render conversation possible, to be invited to houses where she will make the acquaintance of others, and, in short, to see people as well as things. I think that in this case there will be another danger, and that the one last mentioned will be much increased. The Anglo-Saxon theory of life, which is in all human probability the one she has

imbibed, may, I think, be shaken to its very foundations, if she comes into familiar contact with that other theory which we are accustomed to express by the one word "French." I do not mean by this that she will become an unprincipled and immoral woman of her century, or that she will see impostors or fast people. On the contrary, I think that one reason why she may be influenced by her foreign acquaintances is, that they will probably be such charming, affectionate, graceful, and gracious persons, that she will say to herself that they, rather than her old friends, have found out how to live and think. She may have begun to suspect this from her acquaintance with modern literature, and will only go on in a way already entered upon, when she sees in real life what she has long known to exist. The result may be, after all, only that she will look at things in a more cosmopolitan way, and become tolerant where she was once condemnatory. Whether this is a change for the better or for the worse, whether the less fine natures will stop at a certain point or go beyond it, is a question which I should ponder deeply before I sent my young woman forth. Most parents and guardians do not trouble themselves much about it; and they may be justified in their serene ignoring of such abstract possibilities, especially in view of the difficulty of protecting any one from any thing in these days. I do not pretend to judge. I merely state my own unsettled state of mind with perfect frankness; and any one who can make any thing out of it is welcome to do so, though he laugh at me all the while. There is something in it, probably, or why should I, who am by birth and education a Yankee of Yankees, rushing

in too often where angels fear to tread, have been brought round, by what I have seen and heard, to such an antiquated stand-point? Perhaps some one will answer, because you have seen Europe and care no more about it, or because you have seen it under sad or disagreeable circumstances and take a bilious view of the whole thing. Not so, kind friend. No one ever travelled more comfortably and pleasantly than I have; and I like Europe very much, and am well while there. I never even lost a piece of luggage to sour my mind; and as to the people I have met, they have been only too good to me. It cannot be accounted for in that way: so let's give it up, and proceed to the consideration of that change in religious ideas of which I have spoken. A difficult subject, truly, because there is no particular starting-point to it.

What I mean is, that, out of ten Americans coming to Europe, not more than two would have the same belief, probably, and that consequently it is hard to describe a change which must effect the people experiencing it so very differently. A Unitarian would take it one way, an Episcopalian another, a Congregationalist another; but they would all feel it more or less in the same direction, namely, in their mental altitude in church. I do not believe it is possible for the generality of mankind to go, day after day, to *look on* at church ceremonies, without coming to regard them as entertainments of a more or less pleasing nature, according to their degree of gorgeousness or strangeness, or the beauty of their musical rendering. The idea that they are offered to God gets very dim or entirely disappears. People rush for places where they can best hear the singing,

or fight with more vigor than politeness for good positions whence to see the show that is going on at the altar; they discuss the quality of this or that voice, or wonder aloud what on earth the meaning of such and such a ceremony is, and then, perhaps, vote the whole thing a bore, and go out into the piazza to look at Punch and Judy, and criticise their performance in the same spirit. Do this almost every day, and the fine edge of one's courtesy and reverence — the idea that, the church-door entered, one is peculiarly in the presence of God, and must think of him and of the inward and outward service due him — soon wears off; and from a worshipper one turns into a critic, and, even in one's own church, cannot shake off wholly the frame of mind into which one has fallen. Some people undoubtedly regard their Roman Catholic brethren as poor fools, so out of the pale that their worship can be looked at only as a curiosity, and think that it is quite right to gad about from one of their churches to another, as to so many concert-rooms or menageries; but let us hope that this favorite form of Protestant narrow-mindedness is on the wane, and that, by and by, we shall all recognize the fact that the great ceremonies of the Church are not solely for the amusement of foreign Pharisees. In the mean time, may we be duly thankful if we are preserved from becoming connoisseurs in ritual, and if we keep a bit of our Yankee sabbatarianism even, as we run the gauntlet of years of wandering far from our own safe parishes! For it is a sad thing, I think, for the Northern mind to become infected with the Southern carelessness, cheerfulness, childlikeness, lightness, whatever you choose to call it,

in regard to religious matters, without the Southern fervor and piety. Either may be good in its way; but if you lose the sturdiness of the one, and fail to get the sentiment of the other, where are you? You are in the state in which many European loungers are, — a state which some people would, and others would not, deplore, and which my pen is neither sufficiently strong nor delicate to describe.

These are mere suggestions of pros and cons which would come into my mind, in considering whether my young girl should go forth on her travels in the height of impressibility, or not. I do not pretend that they have a more serious claim to either interest or attention.

And now how about the women in failing strength, the women with aching backs and delicate lungs and depressed nervous systems, who flock to Europe in search of health? I have seen that sad procession drag itself slowly along, from England to France, from France to Switzerland, to Germany, to Italy; and though I have seen some of its number return well women, at least for the time being, I have, I think, seen more who seemed falling in the very streets with fatigue and hope deferred, and were stuck fast in some hole far from the sought-for climate, unable to go farther, and unable to return. It almost seems as if the doctors at home, when they are at their wit's end, said, "Well, suppose you try travelling in Europe," and so slipped their desperate cases comfortably out of the way. Travelling in Europe! All very well for those who have a certain amount of strength, though I have remarks to make even for them; but for those who have not, it makes me ache to think of them.

Do they know what distances are in Europe? Do they know that when they see in books of travel sentences like these, "On Tuesday we were in Munich, and Wednesday saw us gliding in glorious moonlight down the Grand Canal," or, "We ran down from Rome to Naples for a week, and saw Pæstum, Pompeii, Baïæ, &c., &c.," such sentences are a delusion and a snare? Not that the writers did not do it; but they have forgotten that it took them nearly twenty hours of hard travel to get from Munich to Venice, and that, strong as horses though they were, the week at Naples almost killed them, and was one continued rush from beginning to end. No one thinks of mentioning such small matters in the enthusiasm of remembering how enchanting the places were; and so we get an impression that in some delicious way we can be wafted from spot to spot, and that when we have once landed at Liverpool, Italy is only round the corner, as it were. Not so, not so! Let me give one instance, the route I have just been over myself, — the present direct mail-route from Florence to London, — not much longer than the old one. We travelled harder than one wanted to, twelve, fifteen, twenty hours at a time, stopping only three times to rest the whole way, and we were eight days doing it. It would have been an impossible journey for a real invalid, and we were not well rested for days. And yet no one thinks much of going from England to Italy. If you travel slowly, you have to keep at it indefinitely, or else you never get anywhere; and there are not always pleasant stopping-places *en route*, either. Moreover, you may have twenty maids and twenty couriers; but they cannot make the distance one mile less, or persuade the trains not to start

at four o'clock in the morning, or take your fair share of dust and glare and jolting for you. I have no doubt that they would make the journey easier in some ways; but your own body you will carry with you wherever you go, and they cannot make it ache any less by getting tickets and lugging shawl-straps. I think the amount of suffering gone through by sick people on their travels is something dreadful to contemplate. Every doctor should be obliged by law to keep for his patients' use a Railway Guide of Europe, and to tell them how many hours and how many changes of trains there are in getting to his favorite climate. Then I think fewer sick people would leave their comfortable American homes in search of three months of good weather.

For that is about what it amounts to, after all. I would like to see any one get much more of really good weather at once; at any rate, unless they sacrifice every thing else to it, and chase it furiously wherever they think they can see it flying before them. Three months out of doors instead of three months in a furnace-house is worth a great deal, however.

Do not, therefore, understand me as saying that it is not worth while to go to Europe for change of climate. For all but the very ill I think it is the one thing to do; for though better climates can be found in islands of the sea, and in our own distant States, perhaps, one cannot exist on mere climate, and in Europe there is a great deal thrown in besides. Beautiful architecture and beautiful pictures and statues do pay. This is a short way to put a great subject, but it conveys my meaning. Indeed, I have sometimes thought, also, that I could be a better woman if I lived in the same town

with a Gothic cathedral or Fra Angelico's pictures.

Some people think, or say they think, that it is not necessary to know even one foreign tongue in order to travel in Europe. Now, I do not wish to deny that many parties of Americans, and more of English, do go from one end of the Continent to the other, and, for aught I know, to the East also, without making themselves intelligible to any one human being in any language but their own; but I maintain, that, in order to travel comfortably and profitably in any land, one should know the language of that land.

A courier in some measure supplies the want: but couriers are only for the rich, and even with the relief they afford in the mere business of going about, a traveller must lose much of what really constitutes the charm of seeing new places unless he speaks at least French; for without it he is cut off from communication with the greater part of the civilized world. He loses much interesting information from guides and such people, who are often very intelligent and characteristic; and he loses entirely the pleasure of conversation with most of the foreigners he may meet. I confess that I am very fond of foreigners, and have had such pleasant times talking with them, that my Europe would seem very blank if the hours so spent were blotted out, even the casual half-hours on steamboats and diligences and in railway carriages. So to me that would be sufficient motive to learn a tongue.

But if one has to buy one's own tickets, and pay one's own bills, and do one's own daily chaffering? Ah, then it is that the tongues come in! I have never observed, some people's opinion to the contrary notwithstand-

ing, that speaking the English language very loudly and slowly made Frenchmen or Italians understand it. This may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true. Neither have I ever observed that the greater number of persons one comes into business relations with have been taught that language in their youth. These are facts; and taking my stand upon them, I boldly declare that you will have much extra trouble and expense, and innumerable petty annoyances and embarrassments, if you attempt to travel alone without knowing tongues. I have seen them that have done it, and I know. Do not believe any one who tells you the contrary; no, not even though he tell you he has done it himself. I will not say he lies; but I will say he forgets, or imagines that every one suffers as he did.

I must tell one instance of minor inconvenience. Said a friend to me, "I was at one end of the town, and suddenly remembered that I had an important engagement two miles on the other side. I hailed a small carriage, and told the man where to go. He started, but he went so slowly that I was in a perfect fever lest I should lose my appointment. Then I remembered having heard people who knew Italian say, '*Piano, piano*, coachman!' So I said it, with much energy and expression. But he only went more slowly. '*Piano, piano!*' I cried again. 'But yes, *piano, ecco!*' the man replied, pointing smilingly to his horse, who was just not walking. This kept on for some time; and then I saw that things were getting desperate, and that, moreover, every time the horse attempted to go faster the driver pulled him in. '*Piano, piano*, coachman; you *must piano!*' I said once more. The result of this last appeal was a dead walk. Of course

I was too late; for, though I waved my arms frantically and imitated the motion of a whip, it had no effect, — we walked the entire two miles. This seemed really so strange, that I inquired when I got home what could have been the matter with the man, — whether he was drunk, or what. I then found out that '*Piano, cochiere, piano,*' means, 'Gently, O coachman! gently.'" Now, this might have happened in a case of life and death.

And here, in closing, let me lay a tribute at the feet of the French and Italian nations. I would I could make them to know that at least one woman appreciates the politeness, the courage, the wonderful self-control, with which they listen to us. When I think how I can listen to a person who speaks English badly only for a little while, and then have to mumble my words so that he cannot understand me and has to give it up; that I do this deliberately, though I know he is dying to practise his Eng-

lish on me; and that I am not ashamed of myself for doing it, — I have no words in which to express my respect and admiration for the victims of my own and my countrymen's linguistical acquirements. Moreover, I think there can be no just measuring of their sufferings by our own, because bad English cannot grate on the ear half so painfully as bad French or Italian or Spanish, — its very nature, especially its having no genders, making mistakes in euphony less marked.

Truly, there should be some great Anglo-Saxon monument of contrition erected at a central point on the Continent, anywhere but in Switzerland, where every one speaks so badly that it makes no difference, — some column of remorse, or arch of gratitude, to commemorate the sweet heroism of the Latin race as exhibited in centuries of listening to our rendering of their beautiful mother tongues.

May, 1871.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

THE CRYPTOGRAM.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB," "CORD AND CREESE," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVIII.
FROM LOVE TO VENGEANCE AND FROM VENGEANCE TO LOVE.

ON the night of this last event, before she retired to bed, Hilda learned more. Leaving Mrs. Hart's room, she called at the housekeeper's chambers to see if the missing woman might be there. The housekeeper informed her that she had left at an early hour that morning, without saying a word to any one, and that she herself had taken it for granted that her ladyship knew all about it. Hilda heard this without any comment; and then walked thoughtfully to her own room.

She certainly had enough care on her mind to occupy all her thoughts. The declaration of Gualtier was of itself an ill-omened event, and she no longer had that trust in his fidelity which she once had, even though he now might work in the hope of a reward. It seemed to her that with the loss of her old ascendancy over him she would lose altogether his devotion; nor could the remembrance of his former services banish that deep distrust of him which, along with her bitter resentment of his rebellion, had arisen in her mind. The affair of Mrs. Hart seemed worse yet. Her sudden appearance, her sharp questionings, her cold incredulity, terminated at last by her prompt flight, were all circumstances which filled her with the most gloomy forebodings. Her troubles seemed now to increase every day, each one coming with startling suddenness, and each one being of that sort against which no precautions had been taken, or even thought of.

She passed an anxious day and a sleepless night. On the following morning a letter was brought to her. It had a foreign post-mark, and the address showed the handwriting of Gualtier. This at once brought back the old feelings about Lord Chetwynde, and she tore it open with feverish impatience, eager to know what the contents might be, yet half fearful of their import. It was written in that tone of respect which Gualtier had never lost but once, and which he had now resumed. He informed her that on leaving Chetwynde he had gone at once up to London, and found that Lord Chetwynde was stopping at the same hotel where he had put up last. He formed a bold design, which he put in execution, trusting to the fact that Lord Chetwynde had never seen him more than twice at the Castle, and on both occasions had seemed not even to have looked at him. He therefore got himself up very carefully in a foreign fashion, and, as he spoke French perfectly, he went to Lord Chetwynde and offered himself as a valet or courier. It happened that Lord Chetwynde actually needed a man to serve him in this capacity, a fact which Gualtier had found out in the hotel, and so the advent of the valet was quite welcome. After a brief conversation, and an inquiry into his knowledge of the languages and the routes of travel on the Continent, Lord Chetwynde examined his letters of recommendation, and, finding them very satisfactory, he took him into his employ. They remained two days longer in London, during which Gualtier made such good use of his time and opportunities that he managed to gain access to Lord Chetwynde's papers, but found among them nothing of any importance whatever, from which he concluded that all his papers of any consequence must have been deposited with his solicitors. At any rate it was impossible for him to find out any thing from this source.

Leaving London they went to Paris, where they passed a few days, but soon grew weary of the place; and Lord Chetwynde, feeling a kind of languor, which seemed to him like a premonition of disease, he decided to go to Germany. His first idea was to go to Baden, although it was not the season; but on his arrival at Frankfort he was so overcome by the fatigue of traveling that he determined to remain for a time in that city. His increasing languor, however, had alarmed him, and he had called in the most eminent physicians of the place, who, at the time the letter was written, were prescribing for him. The writer said that they did not seem to think that this illness had any thing very serious in it, and simply recommended certain changes of diet and various kinds of gentle exercise, but he added that in his opinion *there was something in it, and that this illness was more serious than was supposed.* As for the sick man himself, he was much

discouraged. He had grown tired of his physicians and of Frankfort, and wished to go on to Baden, thinking that the change might do him good. He seemed anxious for constant change, and spoke as though he might leave Baden for some other German city, or perhaps go on to Italy, to which place his thoughts, for some reason or other, seemed always turning with eager impatience.

As Hilda read this letter, and took in the whole of its dark and hidden meaning, all her former agitation returned. Once more the question arose which had before so greatly harassed her. The disappearance of Mrs. Hart, and the increasing dangers which had been gathering around her head, had for a time taken up her thoughts, but now her great, preoccupying care came back with fresh vehemence, and resumed more than its former sway. Mrs. Hart was forgotten as completely as though she had never existed. Gualtier's possible infidelity to her suggested itself no more; it was Lord Chetwynde and Lord Chetwynde only, his sickness, his peril, his doom, which came to her mind. On one side stood Love, pleading for his life; on the other Vengeance, demanding its sacrifice.

Shall he live, or shall he die?

This was the question which ever and over rang in her soul. "Shall he live, or die? Shall he go down to death, doomed by me, and thus end all my hope, or shall he live to scorn me?" In his death there was the satisfaction of vengeance, but there was also the death of hope. In his death there was fresh security for herself; but in his death her own life would lie dead. On each side there were motives most powerful over a mind like hers, yet so evenly balanced that she knew not which way to turn, or in which way to incline. Death or life?—life or death? Thus the question came.

And the hours passed on; and every hour, she well knew, was freighted with calamity; every hour was dragging Lord Chetwynde on to that point at which the power to decide upon his fate would be hers no longer.

Why hesitate?

This was the form which the question took at last, and under which it forced itself more and more upon her. Why hesitate? To hesitate was of itself to doom him to death. If he was to be saved, there was no time for delay. He must be saved at once. If he was to be saved she must act herself, and that, too, promptly and energetically. Her part could not be performed by merely writing a letter, for the letter might be delayed, or it might be miscarried, or it might be neglected and disobeyed. She could not trust the fulfillment of a command of mercy to Gualtier. She herself could alone fulfill such a purpose. She herself must act by herself.

As she thought of this her decision was taken. Yes, she would do it. She herself would arrest his fate, for a time at least. Yes—he should live, and she herself would fly to his aid, and stand by his side, and be the one who would snatch him from his doom.

Now, no sooner was this decision made than there came over her a strange thrill of joy and exultation. He should live! he should live! this was the refrain which rang in her thoughts. He should live; and she would be the life-giver. At last he would be forced to look upon her with eyes of gratitude at least, if not of affection. It should no longer be in his power to scorn her, or to turn away coldly and cruelly from her proffered hand. He should yet learn to look upon her as his best friend. He should learn to call her by tender names; and speak to her words of fondness, of endearment, and of love. Now, as deep as her despondency had been, so high rose her joy at this new prospect; and her hope, which rose out of this resolution, was bright to a degree which was commensurate with the darkness of her previous despair. He shall live; and he shall be mine—these were the words upon which her heart fed itself, which carried to that heart a wild and feverish joy, and drove away those sharp pangs which she had felt. And now the love which burned within her diffused through all her being those softer qualities which are born of love; and the hate and the vengeance upon which she had of late sustained her soul were forgotten. Into her heart there came a tenderness all feminine, and a thing unknown to her before that fateful day on which she had first seen Lord Chetwynde; a tenderness which filled her with a yearning desire to fly to the rescue of this man, whom she had but lately handed over to the assassin. She hungered and thirsted to be near him, to stand by his side, to see his face, to touch his hand, to hear his voice, to give to him that which should save him from the fate which she herself had dealt out to him by the hands of her own agent. It was thus that her love at last triumphed over her vengeance, and, sweeping onward, drove away all other thoughts and feelings.

Hers was the love of the tigress; but even the love of the tigress is yet love; and such love has its own profound depths of tenderness, its capacity of intense desire, its power of complete self-abnegation or of self-immolation—feelings which, in the tigress kind of love, are as deep as in any other, and perhaps even deeper.

But from her in that dire emergency the one thing that was required above all else was haste. That she well knew. There was no time for delay. There was one at the side of Lord Chetwynde whose heart knew neither pity nor remorse, whose hand never faltered in dealing its blow, and who watched every failing moment of his life with unshaken determination. To him her cruel and bloody behests had been committed in her mad hour of vengeance; those behests he was now carrying out as much for his own sake as for hers; accomplishing the fulfillment of his own purposes under the cloak of obedience to her orders. He was the destroying angel, and his mission was death. He could not know of

the change which had come over her; nor could he dream of the possibility of a change. She alone could bring a reprieve from that death, and stay his hand.

Haste, then—she murmured to herself—oh, haste, or it will soon be too late! Fly! Leave every thing and fly! Every hour brings him nearer to death until that hour comes when you may save him from death. Haste, or it may be too late—and the mercy and the pity and the tenderness of love may be all unavailing!

It was with the frantic haste which was born of this new-found pity that Hilda prepared for her journey. Her preparations were not extensive. A little luggage sufficed. She did not wish a maid. She had all her life relied upon herself, and now set forth upon this fateful journey alone and unattended, with her heart filled with one feeling only, and only one hope. It needed but a short time to complete her preparations, and to announce to the astonished domestics her intention of going to the Continent. Without noticing their amazement, or caring for it, she ordered the carriage for the nearest station, and in a short time after her first decision she was seated in the cars and hurrying onward to London.

Arriving there she made a short stay. She had some things to procure which were to her of infinite importance. Leaving the hotel she went down Oxford Street till she came to a druggist's shop, which she entered, and, going up to the clerk, she handed him a paper, which looked like a doctor's prescription. The clerk took it, and, after looking at it, carried it to an inner office. After a time the proprietor appeared. He scanned Hilda narrowly, while she returned his glance with her usual haughtiness. The druggist appeared satisfied with his inspection.

"Madame," said he, politely, "the ingredients of this prescription are of such a nature that the law requires me to know the name and address of the purchaser, so as to enter them on the purchase book."

"My address," said Hilda, quietly, "is Mrs. Henderson, 61 Euston Square."

The druggist bowed, and entered the name carefully on his book, after which he himself prepared the prescription and handed it to Hilda.

She asked the price, and, on hearing it, flung down a sovereign, after which she was on the point of leaving without waiting for the change, when the druggist called her back.

"Madame," said he, "you are leaving without your change."

Hilda started, and then turning back she took the change and thanked him.

"I thought you said it was twenty shillings," she remarked, quietly, seeing that the druggist was looking at her with a strange expression.

"Oh no, madame; I said ten shillings."

"Ah! I misunderstood you," and with these words Hilda took her departure, carrying with her the precious medicine.

That evening she left London, and took the steamer for Ostend. Before leaving she had sent a telegraphic message to Gualtier at Frankfort, announcing the fact that she was coming on, and asking him, if he left Frankfort before her arrival, to leave a letter for her at the hotel, letting her know where they might go. This she did for a twofold motive: first, to let Gualtier know that she was coming; and secondly, to secure a means of tracking them if they went to another place. But the dispatch of this message filled her with fresh anxiety. She feared first that the message might not reach its destination in time; and then that Gualtier might utterly misunderstand her motive—a thing which, under the circumstances, he was certain to do—and, under this misapprehension, hurry up his work, so as to have it completed by the time of her arrival. These thoughts, with many others, agitated her so much that she gradually worked herself into an agony of fear; and the swiftest speed of steamboat or express train seemed slow to the desire of that stormy spirit, which would have forced its way onward, far beyond the speed which human contrivances may create, to the side of the man whom she longed to see and to save.

The fever of her fierce anxiety, the vehemence of her desire, the intensity of her anguish, all worked upon her delicate organization with direful effect. Her brain became confused, and thoughts became dreams. For hours she lost all consciousness of surrounding objects. Yet amidst all this confusion of a diseased and overworked brain, and amidst this delirium of wild thought, there was ever prominent her one idea—her one purpose. How she passed that journey she could not afterward remember, but it was at length passed, and, following the guidance of that strong purpose, which kept its place in her mind when other things were lost, she at last stood in the station-house at Frankfort.

"Drive to the Hôtel Rothschild," she cried to the cabman whom she had engaged. "Quick! for my life!"

The cabman marked her agitation and frenzy. He whipped up his horses, the cab dashed through the streets, and reached the hotel. Hilda hurried out and went up the steps. Tottering rather than walking, she advanced to a man who had come to meet her. He seemed to be the proprietor.

"Lord Chetwynde!" she gasped. "Is he here?" She spoke in German.

The proprietor shook his head.

"He left the day before yesterday."

Hilda staggered back with a low moan. She did not really think that he could be here yet, but she had hoped that he might be, and the disappointment was great.

"Is there a letter here," she asked, in a faint voice, "for Lady Chetwynde?"

"I think so. I'll see."

Hurrying away he soon returned with a letter in his hand.

"Are you the one to whom it is addressed?" he asked, with deep respect.

"I am Lady Chetwynde," said Hilda, and at the same time eagerly snatched the letter from his hand. On the outside she at once recognized the writing of Gualtier. She saw the address, "Lady Chetwynde." In an instant she tore it open, and read the contents.

The letter contained only the following words:

"FRANKFORT, HOTEL ROTHSCHILD,
October 30, 1899.

"We leave for Baden to-day. Our business is progressing very favorably. We go to the Hôtel Français at Baden. If you come on you must follow us there. If we go away before your arrival I will leave a note for you."

The letter was as short as a telegram, and as unsatisfactory to a mind in such a state as hers. It had no signature, but the handwriting was Gualtier's.

Hilda's hand trembled so that she could scarcely hold it. She read it over and over again. Then she turned to the landlady.

"What time does the next train leave for Baden?" she asked.

"To-morrow morning, at 5 A.M., miladi."

"Is there no train before?"

"No, miladi."

"Is there no steamer?"

"No, miladi—not before to-morrow morning. The five o'clock train is the first and the quickest way to go to Baden."

"I am in a great hurry," said Hilda, faintly. "I must be called in time for the five o'clock train."

"You shall be, miladi."

"Send a maid—and let me have my room now—as soon as possible—for I am worn out."

As she said this she tottered, and would have fallen, but the landlady supported her, and called for the maids. They hurried forward, and Hilda was carried up to her room and tenderly put to bed. The landlady was an honest, tender-hearted German. Lord Chetwynde had been a guest of sufficient distinction to be well remembered by a landlady, and his ill health had made him more conspicuous. The arrival of this devoted wife, who herself seemed as ill as her husband, but who yet, in spite of weakness, was hastening to him with such a consuming desire to get to him, affected most profoundly this honest landlady, and all others in the hotel. That evening, then, Hilda's faith and love and constancy formed the chief theme of conversation; the visitors of the hotel heard the sad story from the landlady, and deep was the pity, and profound the sympathy, which were expressed by all. To the ordinary pathos of this affecting example of conjugal love some additional power was lent by the extreme beauty, the excessive prostration and grief, and, above all, the illustrious rank of this devoted woman.

Hilda was put to bed, but there was no sleep for her. The fever of her anxiety, the shock of her disappointment, the tumult of her hopes and fears, all made themselves felt in her overworked brain. She did not take the five o'clock train on the following day. The maid came to call her, but found her in a high fever, eager to start, but quite unable to move. Before noon she was delirious.

In that delirium her thoughts wandered over those scenes which for the past few months had been uppermost in her mind. Now she was shut up in her chamber at Chetwynde Castle reading the Indian papers; she heard the roll of carriage wheels; she prepared to meet the now-come face to face. She followed him to the morning-room, and there listened to his fierce maledictions. On the occasion itself she had been dumb before him, but in her delirium she had words of remonstrance. These words were expressed in every varying shade of entreaty, deprecation, conciliation, and prayer. Again she watched a stern, forbidding face over the dinner-table, and sought to appease by kind words the just wrath of the man she loved. Again she held out her hand, only to have her humble advances repelled in coldest scorn. Again she saw him leave her forever without a word of farewell—without even a notice of his departure, and she remained to give herself up to vengeance.

That delirium carried her through many past events. Gualtier again stood up before her in rebellion, proud, defiant, merciless, asserting himself, and enforcing her submission to his will. Again there came into her room, suddenly, and like a spectre, the awful presence of Mrs. Hart, with her white face, her stern looks, her sharp inquiries, and her ominous words. Again she pursued this woman to her own room, in the dark, and ran her hands over the bed, and found that bed empty.

But Lord Chetwynde was the central object of her delirious fancies. It was to him that her thoughts reverted from brief wanderings over reminiscences of Gualtier and Mrs. Hart. Whatever thoughts she might have about these, those thoughts would always at last revert to him. And with him it was not so much the past that suggested itself to her diseased imagination as the future. That future was sufficiently dark and terrible to be portrayed in fearful colors by her incoherent ravings. There were whispered words—words of frightful meaning, words which expressed those thoughts which in her sober senses she would have died rather than reveal. And any one been standing by her bed-side who knew English, he might have learned from her words a story of fearful import—a tale which would have chilled his blood, and which would have shown him how far different this sick woman was from the fond, self-sacrificing wife, who had excited the sympathy of all in the hotel. But there was none who could understand her. The doctor knew no language beside his own, except a little French; the maids knew nothing but German. And so it was that while

Hilda unconsciously revealed the whole of those frightful secrets which she carried shut up within her breast, that revelation was not intelligible to any of those who were in contact with her. Well was it for her at that time that she had chosen to come away without her maid; for had that maid been with her then she would have learned enough of her mistress to send her flying back to England in horror, and to publish abroad the awful intelligence.

Thus a week passed—a week of delirium, of ravings, of incoherent speeches, unintelligible to all those by whom she was surrounded. At length her strong constitution triumphed over the assaults of disease. The fever was allayed, and sense returned; and with returning sense there came the full consciousness of her position. The one purpose of her life rose again within her mind, and even while she was too weak to move she was eager to be up and away.

"How long will it be," she asked of the doctor, "before I can go on my journey?"

"If every thing is favorable, miladi," answered the doctor, "as I hope it will be, you may be able to go in about a week. It will be a risk, but you are so excited that I would rather have you go than stay."

"A week! A week!" exclaimed Hilda, despairingly. "I can not wait so long as that. No. I will go before then—or else I will die."

"If you go before a week," said the doctor, warningly, and with evident anxiety, "you will risk your life."

"Very well then, I will risk my life," said Hilda. "What is life worth now?" she murmured, with a moan of anguish. "I must and will go on, if I die for it—and in three days."

The doctor made no reply. He saw her desperation, and perceived that any remonstrance would be worse than useless. To keep such a resolute and determined spirit chained here in a sick-chamber would be impossible. She would chafe at the confinement so fiercely that a renewal of the fever would be inevitable. She would have to be allowed her own way. Most deeply did he commiserate this devoted wife, and much did he wonder how it had happened that her husband had gone off from her thus, at a time when he himself was threatened with illness. And now, as before, those kindly German hearts in the hotel, on learning this new outburst of conjugal love, felt a sympathy which was beyond all expression. To none of them had there ever before been known any thing approaching to so piteous a case as this.

The days passed. Hilda was avaricious about every new sign of increasing strength. Her strong determination, her intense desire, and her powerful will, at last triumphed over bodily pain and weakness. It was as she said, and on the third day she managed to drag herself from her bed and prepare for a fresh journey. In preparation for this, however, she was compelled to have a maid to accompany her, and she selected one of those who had been her attendants, an honest, simple-hearted, affectionate German girl—Gretchen by name, one who was just suited to her in her present situation.

She made the journey without any misfortune. On reaching Baden she had to be lifted into the cab. Driving to the Hôtel Français, she reached it in a state of extreme prostration, and had to be carried to her rooms. She asked for a letter. There was one for her. Gualtier had not been neglectful, but had left a message. It was very much like the last.

"BADEN, HOTEL FRANÇAIS, November 2, 1899.
"We leave for Munich to-day, and will stop at the Hôtel des Etrangers. Business progressing most favorably. If we go away from Munich I will leave a note for you."

The letter was dated November 2, but it was now the 10th of that month, and Hilda was far behind time. She had nerved herself up to this effort, and the hope of finding the object of her search at Baden had sustained her. But her newfound strength was now utterly exhausted by the fatigue of travel, and the new disappointment which she had experienced created discouragement and despondency. This told still more upon her strength, and she was compelled to wait here for two days, chafing and fretting against her weakness.

Nothing could exceed the faithful attention of Gretchen. She had heard at Frankfurt, from the gossip of the servants, the story of her mistress, and all her German sentiment was roused in behalf of one so sorrowful and so beautiful. Her natural kindness of heart also led to the utmost devotion to Hilda, and so far as careful and incessant attention could accomplish any thing, all was done that was possible. By the 18th of November Hilda was ready to start once more, and on that morning she left for Munich.

This journey was more fatiguing than the last. In her weak state she was almost overcome. Twice she fainted away in the cars, and all of Gretchen's anxious care was required to bring her to her destination. The German maid implored her with tears to get out at some of the towns on the way. But Hilda resolutely refused. She hoped to find rest at Munich, and to stop short of that place seemed to her to endanger her prospect of success. Again, as before, the strong soul triumphed over the infirmity of the body, and the place of her destination was at last attained.

She reached it more dead than alive. Gretchen lifted her into a cab. She was taken to the Hôtel des Etrangers. At the very first moment of her entrance into the hall she had asked a breathless question of the servant who appeared:

"Is Lord Chetwynde here?"

"Lord Chetwynde? No. He has gone."

"Gone!" said Hilda, in a voice which was like a groan of despair. "Gone! When?"

"Nearly a week ago," said the servant.

At this Hilda's strength again left her utterly, and she fell back almost senseless. She was car-

ried to her room. Then she rallied by a mighty effort, and sent Gretchen to see if there was a letter for her. In a short time the maid reappeared, bringing another of those welcome yet tantalizing notes, which always seemed ready to mock her, and to lure her on to fresh disappointment. Yet her impatience to read its contents had in no way diminished, and it was with the same impetuous fever of curiosity as before that she tore open the envelope and devoured the contents. This note was much like the others, but somewhat more ominous.

It read as follows:

"MUNICH, HOTEL DES ETRANGERS,
November 9, 1899.

"We leave for Lausanne to-day. We intend to stop at the Hôtel Gibbon. It is not probable that any further journey will be made. Business most favorable, and prospects are that every thing will soon be brought to a successful issue."

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE ANGUISH OF THE HEART.

As Hilda read these ominous words a chill like that of death seemed to strike to her inmost soul. Her disappointment on her arrival here had already been bitter enough. She had looked upon Munich as the place where she would surely find the end of her journey, and obtain the reward of her labors. But now the object of her search was once more removed, and a new journey more fatiguing than the others was set before her. Could she bear it?—she who even now felt the old weakness, and something even worse, coming back irresistibly upon her. Could she, indeed, bear another journey? This question she put to herself half hopelessly; but almost immediately her resolute soul asserted itself, and proudly answered it. Bear such a journey? Ay, this journey she could bear, and not only this, but many more. Even though her old weakness was coming back over her frail form, still she rose superior to that weakness, and persisted in her determination to go on, and still on, without giving up her purpose, till she reached Lord Chetwynde, even though it should only be at the moment of her arrival to drop dead at his feet.

There was more now to stimulate her than the determination of a resolute and invincible will. The words of that last note had a dark and ominous meaning, which affected her more strongly by far than any of the others. The messages which they bore had not been of so fearful an import as this.

The first said that the "business" was progressing very favorably.

The second, that it was progressing most favorably.

This last one told her that the business would soon be brought to a successful issue.

Well she knew the meaning of these words. In these different messages she saw so many successive stages of the terrific work which was going on, and to avert which she had endured so much, at the cost of such suffering to herself. She saw the form of Lord Chetwynde failing more and more every day, and still, while he struggled against the approach of insidious disease, yielding, in spite of himself, to its resistless progress. She saw him going from place to place, summoning the physicians of each town where he stopped, and giving up both town and physicians in despair. She saw, also, how all the time there stood by his side one who was filled with one dark purpose, in the accomplishment of which he was perseveringly cruel, and untriflingly patient—one who watched the growing weakness of his victim with cold-blooded interest, noting every decrease of strength, and every sign which might give token of the end—one, too, who thought that she was hastening after him to join in his work, and was only delaying in order to join him when all was over, so as to give him her congratulations, and bestow upon him the reward which he had made her promise that she would grant.

Thoughts like these filled her with madness. Wretched and almost hopeless, prostrated by her weakness, yet consumed by an ardent desire to rush onward and save the dying man from the grasp of the destroyer, her soul became a prey to a thousand contending emotions, and endured the extreme of the anguish of suspense. Such a struggle as this proved too much for her. One night was enough to prostrate her once more to that stage of utter weakness which made all hope of travel impossible. In that state of prostration her mind still continued active, and the thoughts that never ceased to come were those which prevented her from rallying readily. For the one idea that was ever present was this, that while she was thus helpless, her work was still going on—that work which she had ordered and directed. That emissary whom she had sent out was now, as she well knew, fulfilling her mandate but too zealously. The power was now all in his own hands. And she herself—what could she do? He had already defied her authority—would he now give up his purpose, even if she wished? She might have telegraphed from London a command to him to stop all further proceedings till she came; but, even if she had done so, was it at all probable that he, after what had happened, would have obeyed? She had not done so, because she did not feel in a position to issue commands any longer in her old style. The servant had assumed the air and manner of a master, and the message which she had sent had been non-committal. She had relied upon the prospect of her own speedy arrival upon the scene, and upon her own power of confronting him, and reducing him to obedience in case of his refusal to fall in with her wishes.

But now it had fallen out far differently from what she had expected, and the collapse of her own strength had ruined all. Now every day and every hour was taking hope away from her, and

giving it to that man who, from being her hero, had risen to the assertion of mastery over her. Now every moment was dragging away from her the man whom she sought so eagerly—dragging him away from her love to the darkness of that place to which her love and her longing might never penetrate.

Now, also, there arose within her the agonies of remorse. Never before had she understood the fearful meaning of this word. Such a feeling had never stirred her heart when she handed over to the betrayer her life-long friend, her almost sister, the one who so loved her, the trustful, the innocent, the affectionate Zillah; such a feeling had not interfered with her purpose when Gualtier returned to tell of his success, and to mingle with his story the recital of Zillah's love and longing after her. But now it was different. Now she had handed over to that same betrayer one who had become dearer to her than life itself—one, too, who had grown dearer still ever since that moment when she had first resolved to save him. If she had never arrived at such a resolution—if she had borne with the struggles of her heart, and the tortures of her suspense—if she had fought out the battle in solitude and by herself, alone at Chetwynde, her sufferings would have been great, it is true, but they would never have arisen to the proportions which they now assumed. They would never have reduced her to this anguish of soul which, in its reaction upon the body, thus deprived her of all strength and hope. That moment when she had decided against vengeance, and in favor of pity, had borne for her a fearful fruit. It was the point at which all her love was lost loose suddenly from that repression which she had striven to maintain over it, and rose up to gigantic proportions, filling all her thoughts, and overshadowing all other feelings. That love now pervaded all her being, occupied all her thoughts, and absorbed all her spirit. Once it was love; now it had grown to something more, it had become a frenzy; and the more she yielded to its overmastering power, the more did that power enchain her.

Tormented and tortured by such feelings as these, her weary, overworn frame sank once more, and the sufferings of Frankfort were renewed at Munich. On the next day after her arrival she was unable to leave. For day after day she lay prostrate, and all her impatient eagerness to go onward, and all her resolution, profited nothing when the poor frail flesh was so weak. Yet, in spite of all this, her soul was strong; and that soul, by its indomitable purpose, roused up once more the shattered forces of the body. A week passed away, but at the end of that week she arose to stagger forward.

Her journey to Lausanne was made somehow—she knew not how—partly by the help of Gretchen, who watched over her incessantly with inexhaustible devotion—partly through the strength of her own forceful will, which kept before her the great end which was to crown so much endeavor. She was a shattered invalid on this journey. She felt that another such a journey would be impossible. She hoped that this one would end her severe trials. And so, amidst hope and fear, her soul sustained her, and she went on. Such a journey as this to one less exhausted would have been one memorable on account of its physical and mental anguish, but to Hilda, in that extreme of suffering, it was not memorable at all. It was less than a dream. It was a blank. How it passed she knew not. Afterward she only could remember that in some way it did pass.

On the twenty-second day of November she reached Lausanne. Gretchen lifted her out of the coach, and supported her as she tottered into the Hôtel Gibbon. A man was standing in the doorway. At first he did not notice the two women, but something in Hilda's appearance struck him, and he looked earnestly at her.

An exclamation burst from him.

"My God!" he groaned.

For a moment he stood staring at them, and then advanced with a rapid pace.

It was Gualtier.

Hilda recognized him, but said nothing. She could not speak a word. She wished to ask for something, but dreaded to ask that question, for she feared the reply.

In that interval of fear and hesitation Gualtier had leisure to see, in one brief glance, all the change that had come over her who had once been so strong, so calm, so self-reliant, so unmoved by the passions, the feelings, and the weaknesses of ordinary humanity. He saw and shuddered.

Thin and pale and wan, she now stood before him, tottering feebly with unsteady step, and staying herself on the arm of her maid. Her cheeks, which, when he last saw them, were full and rounded with the outlines of youth and health, were now hollow and sunken. Around her eyes were those dark clouded marks which are the sure signs of weakness and disease. Her hands, as they grasped the arms of the maid, were thin and white and emaciated. Her lips were bloodless. It was the face of Hilda, indeed, but Hilda in sorrow, in suffering, and in grief—such a face as he had never imagined. But there were some things in that face which belonged to the Hilda of old, and had not changed. The eyes still flashed dark and piercing; they at least had not failed; and still their penetrating gaze rested upon him with no diminution in their power. Still the rich masses of ebony hair wreathed themselves in voluminous folds, and from out the luxuriant black masses of that hair the white face looked forth with its pallor rendered more awful from the contrast. Yet now that white face was a face of agony, and the eyes which, in their mute entreaty, were turned toward him, were fixed and staring. As he came up to her she grasped his arm; her lips moved; but for a time no audible sound escaped. At length she spoke, but it was in a whisper:

"Is he alive?"



HILDA'S ARRIVAL AT THE HOTEL GIBBON.

And that was all that she said. She stood there panting, and gasping for breath, awaiting his reply with a certain awful suspense.

"Yes, my lady," said Gualtier, in a kind of bewilderment, as though he had not yet got over the shock of such an apparition. "He is alive yet."

"God be thanked!" moaned Hilda, in a low voice. "I have arrived in time—at last. He must be saved—and he shall be saved. Come."

She spoke this last word to Gualtier. By her words, as well as by her face and manner, he saw

that some great change had come over her, but why it was, he knew not yet. He plainly perceived, however, that she had turned from her purpose, and now no longer desired the death of the man whom she had commissioned him to destroy. In that moment of hurried thought he wondered much, but, from his knowledge of the recent past, he made a conjecture which was not far from the truth.

"Come," said Hilda. "I have something to say to you. I wish to see you alone. Come."

And he followed her into the hotel.

THE IMPROVED AMERICAN.

THOSE Americans who have traveled over Europe during the past three or four years, expecting to be shocked by the vulgar display of their countrymen and countrywomen, and shamed by their gaucheries, have been pleasantly surprised to find their expectations unrealized. The American in Europe is now a quiet person, who minds his own business, takes quickly to the best habits of the country in which he finds himself, pays his bills, and commands universal respect. The vulgar displays on the continent are now made mainly by men who were born there, and who, having made money in America, have returned to their early homes to show themselves and their wealth. These people do more to bring America into disrepute in Germany than all the native Americans have ever done; and many of them, we regret to say, have been sent there by the American government as consuls and other governmental agents whose end in securing such appointments was simply that of commanding respect and position in communities in which neither they nor their friends had ever had the slightest consideration. In railway carriages and diligences and steamers the American is always a courteous and well-behaved person, who bears with good-nature his full share of inconveniences, is heartily polite to ladies of all nationalities, is kind to children, and helpful to all. He and his wife and daughters are invariably more tastefully and appropriately dressed than their English fellow-travelers, and at the *table d'hôte* their manners are irreproachable, while very little that is pleasant

can be said of the "table manners" of the subjects of the Kaiser William. In brief, the traveling American is greatly improved, and it is time that he were relieved of the lampoons of ill-natured correspondents and penny-a-liners, and placed where he belongs—among the best bred of all those who are afloat upon the tide of travel.

Again, those who have visited the various American watering-places during the past season, have not failed to remark that a great change has occurred among the summer pleasure-seekers. At Newport and Saratoga the efforts at vulgar display, which were frequent during the last years of the war and the first of peace, have been entirely wanting. A "stunning toilet" was never trailed through the halls and parlor of the Ocean House but once, by the same person, during the past season. The eminent respectability and quietness of the surroundings were such a rebuke that the wearer disappeared the next morning, or subsided into the universal tone. The vulgar love of the dance and the display which it involves, in all the popular places of resort, have almost entirely disappeared. With the most inspiring bands of music there has been no dancing during the season, except at the small family hotels* in out-of-the-way places. Bathing, driving, walking, rowing, sailing, bowling, and croquet, and pic-nic have given a healthful tone to the sea-side and inland places of recreation, and dress and dancing have been at a discount. People speak of this change as if it were a fashion of the year, but in truth it is the evidence of an improvement in the national character and life. We are less children and more men and women than we were—finer and higher in our thoughts and tastes.

There are other signs of improvement in the American, and these relate mainly to the female side of the nation. The American woman has long been regarded by Europeans as the most beautiful woman in the world. This she is and has been for twenty-five years, without a doubt; and as the circumstances of her life become easier, her labor less severe, and her education better, she will be more beautiful still. America never possessed a more beautiful generation of women than she possesses to-day, and there is no doubt that the style of beauty is changing to a nobler type. The characteristic American woman of the present generation is larger than the characteristic American woman of the previous generation. It comes of better food, better clothing, better sleep, more fresh air, and less of hard work to mothers during those periods when their vitality is all demanded for their motherly functions. We venture to say that the remark has been made by

observers thousands of times during the past summer, at the various places of resort, that they had never seen so many large women together before. Indisputably they never had.

The same fact of physical improvement is not so apparent among the men, and the cause is not too far off to be found. It need not be alluded to, however, until something has been said about the reasons of the superior beauty of American women over those of other Christian nationalities. The typical American woman is not, and never has been, a beer-drinking or a wine-drinking woman; and to this fact mainly we attribute her wealth of personal loveliness. In America it has always been considered vulgar for a woman to be fond of stimulating liquors in any form, and horribly disgraceful for her to drink them habitually. As a rule, all over the country the American woman drinks nothing stronger than the decoctions of the tea-table, and those she is learning to shun. She is a being raised to maturity without a stimulant, and as this is the singular, distinguishing fact in her history, when we compare her with the woman of other nations, it is no more than fair to claim that it has much to do with her pre-eminence of physical beauty.

This will appear still more forcibly to be the case when we find that physical improvement in the American man is not so evident as it appears to be in his wife and sister. The American man is better housed, better clothed, and better fed than formerly, but his habits are not better. Our students are done with bran-bread and scant sleep, and are winning muscle and health in the gymnasium; but they smoke too much. The young men in business everywhere understand the laws of health and development better than the generation that preceded them, but they drink too much. This whole business of drinking is dwarfing the American man. It stupefies the brain and swells the bulk of the Englishman and the German, but it frets and rasps and whittles down the already over-stimulated American. The facts recently published concerning the enormous consumption of liquor in America are enough to account for the disparity between the degrees of physical improvement that have been achieved respectively by the two sexes. The young American who drinks habitually, or who, by drinking occasionally, puts himself in danger of drinking habitually, sins against his own body beyond the power of nature to forgive. He stunts his own growth to manly stature, and spoils himself for becoming the father of manly men and womanly women. The improved American will not drink, and he will not be improved until he stops drinking.